Private Library
PROPERTY OF
M. GERBRICK.
No. ..... Price. .....

A BRAVE DOG.

(Page 48.)

FINISHING TOUCHES.

(Page 48.)

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
The Institute of Museum and Library Services through an Indiana State Library LSTA Grant

http://www.archive.org/details/woodshouseholdma00newb

WOOD'S

# HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.

VOL. 14. JANUARY, 1874. NO. 1.

## THE GLORIES OF THE YO-SEMITE.

MAJOR J. H. DURHAM.

Since our Government set apart a portion of territory, five miles in width by fifteen in length, as a National Park, including that wonder of wonders, the Yo-Semite valley, much has been said and written in attempted description of that grand combination of precipice and cataract, of dome and spire, of towering peak and granite wall, and yet the half has not been told, nor can it be described too often. The ennobling influences arising from a study of nature in its "grandest moods," is too often overlooked; and no one, until he has visited the sublimer scenes of our mountain regions, can comprehend the elevating and soul-expanding effects that lift us at once into an atmosphere of purer thought, and upon a more elevated plane of enjoyment. No portion of the world contains the marvellous in natural scenery in greater profusion than do our ranges of western mountains; and preëminent among these grandeurs is the extraordinary cañon of the Yo-Semite. It is no part of our purpose in these papers to enter into any detailed description of the routes to the valley, nor the hotels at which the tourist may find the "comforts of a home," nor yet the trials of mountain staging, or fatigues of a horseback ride in the Sierras, but rather to set before our readers such a description as will convey to their minds something like an accurate understanding of the situation of the valley, and *what it looks like.* The Yo-Semite is nearly due east of San Francisco, one hundred and fifty-five miles, and lies directly across or at right angles with the axis of the Sierra Nevada range. Its general direction is north-east and south-west, and its extent is six miles in length, and from half a mile to a mile in width, and is as deep as it is wide. It lies on the north fork of the Merced river, (River of Mercy) which takes its rise near the base of Mt. Starr King, in what is called the little Yo-Semite valley, and flows down into the valley proper over a series of irregular steps, varying from three hundred to seven hundred and fifty feet in height. Winding down through the valley, it flows out of it through a deep, narrow cañon, presenting the usual V shape of those mountain gorges, and about two thousand feet in depth. The river so nearly fills this outlet from side to side that there is no such thing as entering the valley by following the stream from below. The Yo-Semite is very irregular in shape or outline, owing to the fact that in places it widens out to a mile, and in others it narrows to one-sixteenth of a mile in width. There are also at various points, huge projections standing out from the valley wall, while at others there are immense recesses let back into its sides, which serve to break up anything like uniformity in the outlines of the upper edge or lip of the valley. The walls of the Yo-Semite vary in height from 3500 to 6000 feet, and the astonishment of the tourist is wonderfully increased as he sees how nearly they approach to being almost perpendicular. In some places a decided slope to the wall is noticed, while again it becomes absolutely vertical, and in other places far overhangs its base. In many, and indeed in a majority of places, a stone dropped from the lip of the wall would first strike from a half to a mile below. It is hard for us to conceive of a precipice one mile in height, and in order to a

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by SAMUEL E. SHUTES, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

more complete realization of the immense depth of the valley, let the reader just think that it would take twenty-two St. Pauls, or from forty to fifty of our ordinary church edifices, one placed upon the other, to reach to a level with that vast wall at its average height. The chromo which the enterprising publisher of this magazine has sent to his subscribers, will perhaps serve to illustrate my idea. On the left of the view is El Capitan, or in the Indian tongue, Tutochanula; the angle of the rock presented to view is more than 4000 feet in height, while in the distance, on the right, is the Half Dome, which is fully 6000 feet high, and so in proportion are the different parts of the valley presented to view. Another comparison to which the attention of the reader may be called is that many of the trees seen in the bottom of the valley are from 275 to 300 feet in height, and yet it will be noticed that they make no show of size, when compared with the immense walls by which they are surrounded. Hereafter, tourists will take the Coulterville route to the valley, as there they can go by rail, and avoid many of the fatigues incident to the other route; but as for myself, I should visit the valley by one route, and return by the other, in order to see as much of that wonderful country as possible. Visit the valley in May or June, by all means, as the difference in size and consequent grandeur of those mountain torrents that precipitate themselves over the valley wall is very great; indeed, some of the most picturesque and beautiful of those streams are dry later in the season, that in May are foaming torrents, and add greatly to the effect. Speaking of these matters no further at this time, we will at once suppose ourselves upon what is known as Inspiration Point, on the southern side of the valley, first reached by the Mariposa trail, and getting our first look into the gigantic chasm. Below us lies the valley, spread out like a smooth green cushion, showing neither elevation nor depression—dark green, except where the natural meadows show their lighter tints, and bring out the darker foliage into bolder relief. From our right, as far as we can see up the valley, the Merced comes winding gracefully along, and although a broad, deep stream, it has seemingly dwindled to a few inches in width, looking like a narrow ribbon of silver bent into a thousand graceful curves, now almost touching one and then the other wall of the valley, while a million sparkles come up from its gleaming surface, a grand aureola crowning its beauties at every turn. We are completely fascinated by the scene. It matters not where else we may have traveled, or what of nature in its wildest moods we may have seen, here is something so inexpressibly grand, so majestic, so solemn, so unutterably magnificent, that all ideas fail, and we gaze spell-bound and in silence down into the mighty chasm that yawns at our feet. We forget that we are standing upon one of the granite pillars of the earth, but we are so fascinated by the prospect beneath, that we are impressed by the idea that the earth has suddenly dropped from our front, and has just been stopped a mile beneath us, leaving us on an elevated pinnacle that is even now tottering to its base, and will soon hurl us into the yawning gulf beneath; and we instinctively start back from its edge, and it is only by repeated trials that we can endure an approach to the verge of the precipice, and a calm look into the valley. We are apt to employ our first lucid moments in rolling a boulder over the edge of the precipice, to see a little cloud of dust rise half a mile below, where it has impinged against some projecting ledge, and then, bounding off, has dropped from a quarter to half a mile further before reaching the bottom of the valley and remaining at rest. Around the base of the projection upon which we stand is a forest of sugar pines and firs of enormous height, but to our perceptions they are no taller than the grass and flowers that fringe the banks of the river, or variegate the natural meadows of the cañon. The hotels and houses of refreshment look like white specks upon a huge cushion of dark green, or like gleaming pebbles showing but half their surfaces above a mossy bed of darkest green verdure, while the various cataracts that are to be seen from this point, seem like little avalanches of snow that have been suddenly precipitated over the wall in attenuated streams, and held suspended by an invisible power. The name of "Inspiration Point" is a misnomer; but that of the "Stand Point of Silence," which has been bestowed by some one who possessed a keen appreciation of the proprieties, is one that we at once understand, and the fitness of which is fully exemplified on the spot. Among the scores who, for the first, are standing here upon the dizzy verge of the Yo-Semite, no word will be spoken; for no one is master of language that will portray his feelings, or give utterance to the emotions that clog

the heart and choke the utterance. Every term heretofore used to express our feelings of admiration is suddenly rejected as being too poor and barren to express the feelings of a heart and brain already strained in the endeavor to comprehend that which, in the newness of our introduction, is so bewildering; and so, with a strong effort, we choke down our emotions, or, as many have done, and will do hereafter, give them vent in tears.

We turn regretfully away, and resume our journey down along the valley wall, until we arrive at the point of entrance, or rather where we commence to climb down along the rough and steep pathway that leads to the bottom of the valley. It requires no little nerve to ride calmly down either of the trails that lead into the Yo-Semite. Both are but rough, irregular projections of the valley wall, varying greatly in width; in some places as broad as an ordinary wagon road, and in others, narrowing to but a few feet across. In any party some will be found who cannot by any means be induced to attempt the descent on horseback, or astride of a mule, while no one is absolutely devoid of a feeling of fear, at some points of their downward course, and one foot is loosened in the stirrup, ready for a spring, should a single misstep of the animal indicate anything like danger. The descent is a sort of irregular stair, and for two-thirds of the way down is fully as steep at intervals. Some comparatively level places are found where we may dismount and rest; then perhaps a descent of two hundred feet in five hundred, or a descent of four hundred feet in a thousand. In many places the path is fringed with bushes, whose stunted forms are deeply rooted in the crevices of the rocks, while again you are clambering along the bare granite. Here, perhaps, the track is ten feet in width, while there it narrows to three or four. There the view is shut out by a fringe of bushes, and you no longer look over the edge into the chasm beneath, while here you are riding along the very brink of a bare wall, where, if your nerve is steady enough, you can look down a couple of thousand feet, and speculate upon the chances of your horse making a misstep, and landing you at the base of the cliff. Finally, however, the slope becomes more gentle, and we reach a bubbling spring of purest crystal, pass through a dense grove of towering pines, and we find ourselves down upon the bottom of the valley, surrounded by granite walls that tower to the clouds, and we can readily fancy that we are about to be entombed in a vast sepulchre, long, and wide, and deep enough to bury the nations of the whole earth.

We are now just at the portal of this gorge of sublimity, that contains wonders of which we can convey only the faintest idea. Yo-Semite must be seen, measured, studied, conned over from day to day for weeks, aye, months, to be appreciated. We must have time to digest, to arrange, to analyze, and to compare, and let our minds work themselves out clear, ere we can fully comprehend the vastness of what lies before us, and even then we despair of conveying anything like an intelligible picture to the mind of another.

Only those who see the Yo-Semite simply because it is "the thing," and stay there but two or three days, feel themselves qualified to "tell all about it;" while those who have staid the longest, and observed with the greatest care, have found the greatest difficulty in attempting to portray its grandeur. Taking the road that leads along the base of the southern wall of the valley, keeping on the right bank of the Merced as we ascend, we stop to gaze for awhile upon the beautiful cataract of "Po-ho-no," or "Bridal Veil." More than forty feet in width where it rolls over the lip of the precipice, it dashes out from the wall, describing a magnificent parabola, and spreading out fan-like to four times its upper width, it reaches the rocks below at a depth of nine hundred and sixty feet. Light and fleecy as gossamer, it has been aptly named "Bridal Veil." The resistance of the atmosphere to the descending column reduces it to a spray ere it strikes the rocks below, that is whirled, and eddied, and driven to and fro by the varying currents of air, until it seems a vast veil of snowy lace that, suspended to a cloud, is but a toy for the summer breeze. There is a fascination in the graceful movements of Bridal Veil that will long hold us spell-bound in a fairy realm; whose firmament, arched and emblazoned by a thousand rainbows, is at once a scene of beauty and grandeur, never to be forgotten. But we pass on, and for a moment gaze upward to the giddy height of the "Three Graces," and then we stand spell-bound by that gigantic group, known as the "Cathedral Rocks," consisting of the "Dome" and the "Spires." The "Dome" is a circular pillar of bare granite, rising to a height of nearly

three thousand feet from its base, a gigantic obelisk that at once strikes the beholder dumb with its massive presence. At some points of view, its summit rounds regularly upward until it reaches a sort of wedge, or prism-shaped rock, that surmounts the dome, and gives to it a most peculiar appearance. Connecting the dome with the wall proper is a huge triangular shaped rock, designated as the "Great Spire," that raises its summit still eight hundred feet higher than the dome; behind these rocks, and clinging as it were to the edge of the wall, are the "Spires," that at one point of view exactly resemble the spires of a gothic cathedral, and attain an altitude of eight hundred feet above their bases. The beholder will be differently impressed at different times, as he views the Spires under the changing lights and shadows. Further up on this side of the valley stands "Sentinel Rock," or, by some, "Cathedral Tower," from its resemblance to a gigantic watch-tower. Standing at one corner of an immense building of solid granite, twelve hundred feet in height, which is surmounted with an irregular parapet, with ruined embrasures and crumbling towers, it looks not unlike some of those half-ruined castles of feudal times, seated half way up a mountain side, with its tower standing out in bold relief from its massive walls. To get the grandest view of this wonderful pile, one should see it as the full moon is rolling along upon the southern wall of the valley, softening away the rough outlines of the rugged rocks, bringing the whole group out in bold relief, and sending the deep, dark shadows entirely across the valley, and half way up the opposite wall, making one almost wonder if the tower is not inhabited by some of those old crusader knights, whose torches will soon be gleaming upon the battlements. Back of this group, "Sentinel Dome" rears its lofty head, while still further along, "Glacier Point" presents a lofty, squarely-cut wall of rock, from the summit of which some of the finest views of the valley are obtained. At this point, the Yo-Semite proper branches into three separate and distinct cañons, the one on the right being commonly known as the "South Fork" cañon, but which we prefer to designate by the Indian name of the "Illillouette." It is very difficult for visitors to explore this cañon, from the fact that its mouth is blocked up with an immense pile of *talus*, or *débris*, which has from time to time been precipitated from the walls above, having evidently been detached and broken off by the action of frost, or other eroding causes. At the head of this cañon, however, is a magnificent fall, of some seven hundred feet in height, which can best be viewed from above, owing to the fact that a small family of grizzlies make it their home in the cañon at the base of the fall, not adding anything, however, to its attractions as a place of resort. Passing across the mouth of the Illillouette, we make our way up the main cañon, down which flows the Merced itself, in order to reach the magnificent cataract known as "Vernal Fall." It is only by infinite toil that we reach the base of this descending sheet of water, but it amply repays for the toil and trouble, and often dangers encountered. A sheet of water more than four rods in width comes leaping down from a height of four hundred feet, in an uninterrupted fall, and striking a shelving rock at its base, glides down in a stream as transparent as a current of liquid glass, and with the velocity of lightning. Clouds of spray at times shut the cataract from view, but the eddying currents of air whirl them in every direction, at one time enveloping us in a circling rain storm that is blinding in its fury, then hurling it against the adjacent rocks, drenching them in an instant. The sun's rays now pierce the spray, and a glorious rainbow—a full and complete circle of iridescent tints—appears upon the scene, wavers and trembles for a moment, and disappears, only to be replaced by others, until at times several concentric circles appear, forming for an instant a cone of colors far more gorgeous than we ever before beheld, and we stand entranced while the changing clouds of spray have shut the vision from view, only to re-appear again and again, in more beautiful forms and colors, if possible, than ever.

Against the wall at the side of the cataract are the ladders, up which we ascend the dizzy height to reach that part of the cañon above the Vernal, and reaching to the foot of "Nevada Fall." A wonderful parapet of solid granite runs along the edge of the fall for some distance, just breast-high, and affords the visitor a secure place from which to gaze into the depths below.

After accomplishing the ascent of the ladders, and a slight refreshment at the Mountain House, we are prepared to follow up the Merced until we obtain a view of that grand cataract known as "Nevada

Fall." From the head of Vernal to the foot of Nevada fall, the distance is about one mile, in which the Merced flows down in a series of rapids and minor cascades, accomplishing in the distance a descent of three hundred and eighty-six feet. Nevada cañon is narrow, and its wall rises to a height of about two thousand feet, culminating in one point on the left, or north side of the river, in that magnificent obelisk, generally known as the "Cap of Liberty," from the summit of which, some of the most magnificent views in all that region can be obtained, but which our space forbids us to particularize. The best general view of the Nevada fall may be had from the bridge which is thrown across the river, nearly three-fourths of a mile below. The river comes tumbling from a height of seven hundred and fifty feet, white as an avalanche of snow, and with a power that makes the granite walls tremble, and the mountains quake. Nevada is, in many respects, undoubtedly the most remarkable fall in the world, especially when we take into consideration its height, the volume and purity of the water, and the stupendous scenic accessories which surround it. The ice formation in this cañon in the winter, is, probably, the most gorgeous display in the world. Imagine the towering walls lined with fringes of enormous icicles, from one to ten feet in diameter at their bases where they cling to the rocks, and tapering downward to a length of from ten to two hundred feet—immense rows of crystal point—while around the base of the cataract itself, is built a bewildering mass of crystal architecture, huge domes and spires, and columns, and arches, and mazes of naves, and halls, and galleries, arched over with rainbows, and iridescent tints dancing in every crevice and reflecting from every angle, the spray frozen upon every tree until it is covered with millions of diamond pendants, the sun shining down through the whole, and we behold a scene of enchantment, to which the magic gardens of Eastern fable where Aladdin received the "wonderful lamp," is but commonplace, so much superior is the decorative power of nature itself, to the fervid imagination of the story teller of the Orient.

Retracing our steps to the ladders, we pause for a moment to listen to the wonderful reverberations of the howitzer, which will be fired for our benefit: At first we hear nothing remarkable in the report. but anon comes such a rushing, roaring avalanche of sound, that fairly raises us from our feet, but causes us to shrink as if the walls of the cañon were about to engulf us forever beneath whole mountains of débris; but at last the reverberations die gradually away, only to return and envelope us again and again. until collecting in one vast body of sound, it ascends through the narrow chasm, and almost seems to make the mountains bow and tremble as it rolls away over the snowy summits of the Sierras. Our next exploration takes us up the left fork of the river, in what is known as "Tenaya Cañon," where our first visit will be paid to "Mirror Lake," which to really enjoy, should be seen before the sun's rays have broken its glossy surface into thousands of ripples that destroy its wonderful reflective powers. Covering but an area of about three and one half acres, but its clearness, its reflective powers, and the fidelity with which it reflects the surrounding scenery, give it the appearance of a body of water of more than four times that extent. As we gaze into its liquid depths, we are absolutely startled at seeing the valley walls turned base to base, puzzling us to tell which the reflection and which the wall, so sharply cut and well defined is every minute particular in the reflected object. The views around Mirror Lake are simply a never-ending panorama of beauty and grandeur. Upon our right stands the gigantic "Half Dome," its summit towering to a height of six thousand feet, while farther up the cañon, the immense ridge of "Clouds Rest" towers perhaps a thousand feet higher. On our left, the lofty promontory of Mt. Watkins doubles itself in Mirror Lake, and as we descend the cañon preparatory to a return on the northern side of the Yo-Semite, we pause to admire, for a time, that imposing structure of the "North Dome," almost as smooth, rounded, and regular in its contour as the dome of the national capitol. At its base, and seemingly placed there on purpose as a support to the giant dome, is the magnificent monument "Washington Column," a half monolith of solid granite two thousand five hundred feet in height. Immediately joining the Column, is the grand combination of the "Royal Arches," which also seem placed there to assist in supporting the North Dome. They are concentric in form, and vary from one to two thousand feet in height, from the base to Keystone. But we must pass rapidly onward, as space forbids us to dwell in detail

upon the wonders that crowd upon our view. Crossing the mouth of "Indian Cañon," we proceed to look at the crowning glory of the valley, the Yo-Semite fall. This consists of three distinct cascades, the first, or upper one, having a vertical descent of sixteen hundred feet; for a third of a mile the stream is then broken into numerous cascades, having an aggregate fall of six hundred and thirty-four feet, and finally dropping over a precipice of between four and five hundred feet vertical height, upon a low pile of *talus* at its base. At a high state of water, the stream is fifty feet in width, with a depth of from five to seven feet, and estimates by the best judges give over six hundred cubic feet of water per second, or a million and a half per hour, as the amount of water flowing over the fall. Like Bridal Veil, the effect of the wind upon so lofty a column of water, is unique and startling, and possesses for the beholder a fascination that is almost irresistible. The body of water is too great to be entirely dissipated into spray, but is widened out to fully three hundred feet at its base, while its vibrations under the pressure of the wind, describe an arc of three times that distance. We should look upon Yo-Semite fall by moonlight, to realize all the startling effects which it is capable of producing. The ghostly spray as it rises from the base of the fall, and is borne away in eddying folds by the gentle breeze, seems like a vast shroud, never ending, drawn from bottomless receptacles to enwrap in its convolutions the corpse-like mountain summits that thousands of feet above repose on a granite bier. Still farther down the valley, a triple formation of rocks that raise their heads nearly four thousand feet above the valley, next claims our attention. From their peculiar shape, the Indians designated them as "Pom-pom-pa-sus, or leaping frog rocks;" but they are more generally known by the name of the "Three Brothers." With but little trouble they may be ascended, and from their summits a splendid view may be obtained. We must, however, end this article with a mention of "El Capitan," the Indian "Tutochanula," and it can be but a mention, as we are powerless to describe it. Could we imagine, for a moment, that the great Creator had intended to build a bridge across the valley, three quarters of a mile in width, and at a height of four thousand feet above the Merced, and had erected El Capitan as one of the abutments, then could we draw something of a picture of the rock itself. Jutting out from the valley wall nearly half a mile, and extending along its side for three-fourths of a mile, and presenting to view a squarely cut front of from three thousand three hundred to four thousand feet in height, it is, no doubt, the grandest type of "eternal massiveness" in the world. Its stupendous size imposes upon us from a lack of anything by which to form a comparison of its gigantic form. Climbing a pile of débris at its base, we may seat ourselves upon the topmost stone, and congratulate ourselves upon having accomplished no ordinary feat, but suddenly we glance upward along the side of El Capitan, and are so bewildered by its vastness, that when we return to a contemplation of self, we have dwindled away into atoms so insignificant, that we are ready to hide our diminished heads, and shrink away from that sudden revelation of a Power, that however much we had before believed, we had never before so fully realized.

# MAX KROMER.

## A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF STRASBOURG, 1870.

*By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer."*

### CHAPTER IX.

"Life is good,
Were the one lesson understood
Of its most sacred brotherhood."

The next day a great load was taken off my mind. I had gone out as usual to look round the cathedral for my grandmother; so I went on my own account to see the ruins of the Protestant Lyceum, which I liked better than most boys like their school. I was looking at the crumbling walls sadly enough, for it is a strange thing to see familiar places knocked to pieces in such a manner, when I heard a voice calling, "Hallo, young Krömer!"

It was Kleber, one of our oldest students.

He wore a uniform, and had an air about him as if he had worn it somewhere else than at home; for he looked years older and more thoughtful than when I had seen him last.

"I thought you were gone, Krömer," he said; "whatever keeps you in Strasbourg?'

Then I told him pretty nearly all I have told you; especially about Sylvie, who was weighing the most heavily on my mind just then; and Kleber listened in the friendliest manner.

"You know she has no mother,' I said, as I came to the end, and my voice grew thick as I thought of how my mother had left Sylvie to me, "and our father is away in Africa. I do not know what to do."

Kleber stood silent for a minute or two thinking; his face was certainly very much changed since he was a student in the Lyceum.

"Krömer," he said, at last, "if you could make up your mind to part with your sister, I know a way of getting her out of the city. Our colonel's wife has got a pass from the governor to leave with her children. She is a German, and has a cousin an officer in the enemy's camp, so she will be sure to get through. I will beg of her to take Sylvie."

"But will she be allowed?" I asked.

"A little girl of her's died last night," he said, "and is to be buried to-day, or they would have been off this morning. Sylvie could take the dead child's place."

It was like that everywhere. You heard of a death from every one who spoke to you. Late in the evening Kleber came to say that Sylvie must be ready at nine o'clock the next morning, when a carriage would stop at the door for her; and that she must take no luggage beyond a small bundle, such as she could carry in her hand. Gretchen packed up a few things, and my grandmother gave me a purse containing fifty Napoleons, as much as she could spare from her own funds, to give to the lady who was going to take charge of Sylvie.

I could not sleep that night, but sat in Sylvie's room, watching her when she fell asleep a little, and talking to her when she lay awake. I did not know that I should ever see her again; and it was impossible that I should hear of her until the siege was ended; and who could tell when that would be? She was going away from me, her brother, with a stranger to a strange place, where she might die, as Louise had died, a lonely, desolate, heart-broken child. No boy that has not gone through it knows what it is to part with his sister like that.

When the last moment was come, and the carriage stood in the street waiting for her, I could hardly take her down-stairs, and leave her with a stranger. Gretchen followed us crying; and my grandmother watched us from the balcony. Two children who were in the carriage were looking out, curious to see their new companion; but the lady sat back in a corner, with a thick veil over her face, and her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Madame," I said, holding Sylvie close to me, "my sister is a little child whose mother is dead. She is ill and full of trouble at leaving us. I beg of you to be very kind to her."

Then the stranger held out her arms, and took Sylvie into them, and gave her a place next to her in the carriage. And the time being up, the door was shut, and the driver set off as rapidly as he could along the encumbered streets.

I ran after the carriage, not expecting to see Sylvie again, but to watch as long as I could what would become of it. It took the road to the southeast gate, the Porte Blanche, through which the Germans entered Strasbourg at the end of the siege; and after it had passed through, Sergeant Klein, who had run with me, took me up into a watch-tower on the walls, from which we could trace it for some distance. At last we could see it no longer, and I turned homewards, very downcast for some things, and very glad for others. However, when Sergeant Klein brought us word that the carriage had been allowed to pass through the German camp, and that Sylvie was out of all danger now, I grew so light-hearted and content that I made my grandmother, and even Gretchen, laugh heartily over our supper. For you must not suppose that all this time we never laughed or had any pleasantness. Gretchen used to be as pleased and proud as possible when she could give us some surprise at dinner. It was very difficult, for there was neither milk, nor eggs, nor fresh meat, nor fresh vegetables to be bought. We were eating the horses and donkeys by this time; only Gretchen cooked them beautifully, and gave them fine names, which amused us. She certainly had a secret store; for long after potatoes were worth their weight in silver, if not in gold, as she had prophesied, she still provided us with some, roasted so secretly that we knew nothing of them till the moment came for eating them. We never left

a morsel, even of the peel; and you might have searched Strasbourg with candles for fragments of food thrown away or wasted, and not found any; at least, in our part of the city, though they say there was waste still in some of the kitchens of the rich people; but I cannot tell how far that is true. It was a sin, when there were hundreds almost, if not quite, dying of famine.

As for Elsie, Gretchen reckoned her in the place of Sylvie; or else she might have grumbled dreadfully about her little extra mouth to find food for. She seemed to have forgotten Louise quite, or else her heart was growing very much harder every day. She grieved more over the house and the furniture than over the death and misery of her fellow creatures. Yet she was a faithful servant to us.

I had one grand contest with her, and then I gave in. I was going out one day to our baker's, for poor Gretchen really dare not go, when a tribe of about half-a-dozen lads pushed past me, looking as hungry as starved rats, with sunken cheeks and eyes gleaming with famine. That is a look I could never describe to you in any words. One of them, the foremost, had a half-rotten turnip in his hands, held fast between both of them—for the others were following and dodging him about, as birds will do in a hard frost, when one of them gets a good crumb of bread in his beak. He was a little fellow, almost breathless, and with no strength to speak of; and so were all the rest, except one, who was about as big as I, and who had known how to pilfer and pick up for himself better than the others. Just as I came up he had pinned the little lad in a corner, and was hitting him on both sides of the head to make him drop the turnip. My blood rose at that, and I rushed upon him, giving him a blow which knocked him over like a ninepin, for he, too, was feeble with hunger. Then I placed myself before the little fellow, with my face towards the rest, and said to him over my shoulder, "Eat away; I will take care of you."

But as I stood looking into the face of the lad I had knocked down—a savage, desperate face, made old, very old, before its time—a great rush of pity came over me all at once. What had I done? Would the Lord Jesus Christ have done this thing? It was right for me to protect the oppressed, but could it it not have been in some other way? This one was my brother also. If I might stretch out my right hand to the Lord, and call him my Brother, he would expect me to stretch out my left hand to this poor, savage, desperate fellow, and call him my brother, too. That is how it seemed to me as I stood looking at him. I think he knew I was growing sorry for him, for he was just going to slink away.

"Stop!" I cried, "are you very hungry?"

"Famished!" he muttered, looking less willful, but quite as before.

"You follow me," I said; and the lad kept close to me all the way to the baker's. It was a long time before I could get my turn, but he never took his expecting eyes off me. When I got my little loaves I gave one of them to him, and he snatched it from me with a wild, half-mad shout, and darted away at a full run, partly dreading I should change my mind. But I would not have changed it; no, not for all Strasbourg.

However, when I reached home with one loaf short, you should have heard Gretchen! I thought her head was turned. It was of no use telling her I meant to go without myself; that did not pacify her a bit.

"A boy like you will satisfy himself with something," she said; "if it isn't bread, it will be soup, or rice, or potatoes, or something. Don't talk to me. If you mean to provide for all the famishing beggars in Strasbourg, I will give up the keys to you at once, and then we shall see! It is as much as I can do now to keep life in you all; and who knows when the end is to come? No succour reaches us; and General Uhrich will see us all perish rather than surrender. I've given in about Louise, I've given in about Elsie; but I'm firm now. No, no, Max. Make me your faithful promise, here and now, that you will not give away a bit or a drop, without I say yes to it."

It was a hard thing to do; but I was compelled to do it. Perhaps Gretchen was right; at any rate she loved my grandmother and me.

---

## CHAPTER X.

"Ah! how soon! Ah! how soon!
Our career in life is done!
Yesterday with banners flying;
To-day upon the field we are lying;
Borne to-morrow to the grave."

Lisbeth was kept hard at work among the wounded, by whom I do not mean only those soldiers who fell under the fire of the besiegers on the ramparts and in the trenches. There were a good number of those, but besides them there were hundreds of the citizens who were maimed and mutilated by

the bursting of shells and the falling of buildings. Many of them were children, who could not escape quickly enough from any sudden peril. There was a good deal of sickness besides, caused by the famine among the poor people, thousands of whom were homeless, or living in mere sheds built amongst the ruins. So Lisbeth had as much to do as she could get through, and I thought I saw her face growing paler and sadder, in spite of its quiet smile, every time I saw her.

You remember that all the upper part of our house had fallen a little before Sylvie left us. Yet there was scarcely a house left in our part of the city in as good a condition as our own. Still nothing and nobody could prevail upon my grandmother to quit it, though every day some portion of the roofless walls fell either inside or outside the building. For though no second shell struck it, it was so shaken with the firing, and the destruction of the other houses about it, that it seemed all breaking up and near its end, like an old man, full of troubles and ailments.

At length there was nothing for it but to take refuge in the cellars, and make them as habitable as possible. Sergeant Klein and I went down to look what we could do with them, and Gretchen followed us with evident anxiety. There were three of them, one within the other; the first having a window just below the level of the street. But not a ray of daylight could we have, for a heap of earth was needful over this opening to protect us from the fragments of any shell which might explode in the streets. It would be the safest place we could have; but what with the damp, and the darkness, and the chill, it was a dismal refuge for my old grandmother, who had been used all her life to handsome rooms, and brilliant light, and comfortable warmth.

"Sergeant," I said, feeling very downcast, "how long is this to last?"

I could see by the light of our lantern how very grave he was.

"Max," he answered, "if it's true what we hear, only there is no depending upon rumors, the General must surrender sooner or later. They say Marshal Bazaine is shut up in Metz and cannot get out; but that is not the worst."

"What is the worst?" I asked.

"It cannot be true," he said, "it's a Prussian boast. They say the Emperor and General Mac Mahon have been beaten at Sedan and given themselves up; they and all the army, and gone prisoners into Germany, while the Prussians are marching on to Paris."

I could hardly speak or move, so great was my wonder and my dismay.

"But who is there to come to our succor?" I asked.

"There is none but God," he said, raising his hat. I believe he was a good man, though he was very silent and reserved, even to Lisbeth, who had a way with her which drew people to talk of what was in their inmost minds.

"Then we may have to stay in this hole weeks and weeks!" cried Gretchen, whom we had forgotten, and who had been busy somewhere in the cellar.

"Ah! let us make it as comfortable as we can," answered the Sergeant; "come, Max, I am ready to help you down with the furniture."

So we moved the best of the things down into the cellars; but how changed the best furniture was to the time when I could see my own face in the polished wood and brass. Gretchen made many a lament over it as she received it from us; for what with the dust, and the smashing in of the window-panes, and the flying of splinters, it had got many a scratch and stain upon it. Yet we arranged it as well as we could in the cellars; and when all was done and the lamp lit, and a *chauffrette* with hot embers in it placed before my grandmother's chair for her feet, it looked better, far better, than I had expected. When it was all done, Sergeant Klein went up to our *salon* to help my grandmother to come down the dark and gloomy steps into our place of refuge.

I fancy I can see them now coming slowly, step by step, down into the cellar, Sergeant Klein guiding her as tenderly as a woman could, with all the strength of a strong man added to the gentleness; and my grandmother leaning upon his arm so feebly, and peering with her dim eyes into the black darkness before her. Elsie was on the steps above them, following quietly, with her knitting in her hand, holding it clasped to her as her greatest treasure, while a little of the light of day seemed to linger about the child.

"Sergeant," said my grandmother, when he was about to bid us good evening, "stay and have your supper with us in our new dwelling-place."

I liked that, for she had maintained a kind of ancient dignity which kept him at a distance. But I had to entreat him to stay; and when he complied he was quite dull un-

der the restraint of her presence, yet I saw that the honour pleased and gratified him. Even Gretchen was quite content. She said it was a very different thing entertaining one of our brave defenders to giving loaves of break to any ragged urchin in the streets.

It was a day or two after this—day and night were now nearly the same to us, and I cannot be sure how long it was—that I found Sergeant Klein one evening in full regimentals, both he and his men, and about to be absent for the whole night, Their rooms were above us now, for they had taken possession of the ground-floor, which had formerly been a shop, with a dwelling-room behind it; and we liked to feel that they were close at hand. Sergeant Klein's face was grave, as it always was; but I was struck that evening by the unusual animation of it, and the brisker tones of his voice, as he said cheerfully to me, "Good-by, Max, till to-morrow."

But the next morning I carried Elsie, as I often did, to the hospital where Lisbeth was nursing. It was in one of the churches, and the floor was covered with low beds, touching almost upon one another, with scarcely room to stir between them. Lisbeth was stooping over one of them, the tears rolling down her face, a strange thing to see, for she was grown used to all kinds of suffering and death. I stepped as softly as I could up the narrow aisle between the thick rows of beds, and looked down upon the face lying almost at my feet. It was bloodless and grey, and very still; but the eyes were open, looking at us, and recognizing us all with a sort of smile.

"Oh, Sergeant Klein!" I cried, "how is it? how has it happened?" But I could say nothing more, for it was a more horrible thing to me than I can tell to see him lying there, when only the evening before he had called out to me, "Good-by, Max, till to-morrow." His lips moved, and Lisbeth bent over him to catch what he was saying.

"He wants Elsie to sit on the bed by him," she said; "take care she does not hurt him; and stay with them, Max, there is so much to do to-day."

She went away, leaving him with me. I put Elsie on the bed, and knelt down beside it, taking care that she should not hurt him by pressing to near to him. He lay looking at her fondly for a few minutes, and thinking of his own little children, perhaps.

"How does Elsie's knitting go on?" he whispered with his white lips.

"Oh," she said, sorrowfully, "it is not so clean as it ought to be; nobody could knit it clean now. But when it is finished, my mother is going to wash it quite white—as white as snow."

"As white as snow," he murmured, "as white as snow."

He looked at me eagerly, as if he wanted to ask me a question; and I guessed what it was.

"You want to know where those words are?" I said, and his eyes answered "Yes" as plainly as if his lips had spoken it.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

Then I thought of another verse or two which I believed would comfort him; and I said them, kneeling down with my mouth close to his ear, for the cannon were booming all the time, so that one could not hear easily. His face grew bright as he listened.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"Washed!" he said, with long pauses between the words, "washed—as white as snow—in the blood of the Lamb!"

I scarcely dared to look into his face, so white with the coming of death; but suddenly, with a great effort, he drew Elsie's face down to his, and kissed her. When I lifted her up a moment or two after, he was dead.

Once more Lisbeth and I followed a funeral to the garden. When we had been there before, the flowers were still blooming, and each one had a quiet grave to himself; but now a great trench was dug, and the coffins were laid in it three or four deep, all buried together in haste, and almost without mourning. The flowers and the bees were gone; only the sunshine and the blue sky, and the stars of night were the same. These would look down upon the graves, unchanged, when all memory of those who had perished was forgotten.

But I could not help wondering what would become of Sergeant Klein's wife and children, and the little farm on the hills that he had left only two months ago.—*To be concluded.*

## LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

How weary and how worthless this life at times appears!
What days of heavy musings, what hours of bitter tears!
How dark the storm-clouds gather along the wintry skies!
How desolate and cheerless the path before us lies!

And yet these days of dreariness are sent us from above:
They do not come in anger, but in faithfulness and love;
They come to teach us lessons which bright ones could not yield,
And to leave us blest and thankful when their purpose is fulfilled.

They come to draw us nearer to our Father and our Lord,
More earnestly to seek His face, to listen to His word.
And to feel, if now around us a desert land we see,
*Without* the star of promise, what would its darkness be!

They come to lay us lowly, and humbled in the dust,
All self-deception swept away, all creature-hope and trust;
Our helplessness, our vileness, our guiltiness to own,
And flee, for hope and refuge, to Christ, and Christ alone.

They come to break the fetters which here detain us fast,
And force our long reluctant hearts to rise to heaven at last,
And brighten every prospect of that eternal home,
Where grief, and disappointment, and fear can never come.

Then turn not in despondence, poor weary heart, away,
But meekly journey onwards, through the dark and cloudy day;
Even now the bow of promise is above thee painted bright,
And soon a joyful morning shall dissipate the night.

Thy God hath not forgot thee, and, when He sees it best,
Will lead thee into sunshine, will give thee bowers of rest;
And all thy pain and sorrow, when the pilgrimage is o'er,
Shall end in heavenly blessedness, and joys for evermore! —*Spitta.*

## UNCLE SOLON'S EXPERIENCE.

A. S. MOFFAT.

March 5th. Sixty years old to-day. Hale, hearty, vigorous in limb and muscle, clear in intellect and—why not say it?—aristocratic and fine-looking. Just a slight sprinkling of silver softens the dark brown of my yet unthinned locks; my teeth are white, firm and even, and, thanks to a clear conscience and regular life, I enjoy almost uninterrupted health. Ruth says I'm growing too stout, from want of exercise and nothing to do, except smoke a meerschaum and doze over the papers. As if I hadn't sufficient exercise in driving down town every day, looking after bank stocks, and mortgages, and investments, and fifty other things a woman knows nothing about, and wouldn't be capable of understanding if one told her. It is a marvel to me how much care and anxiety some men can endure and still retain their good looks!

It is strange, too, how some women, Ruth for instance, grow smaller, and thinner, and paler by sitting in a rocking-chair, day after day, doing nothing but knit, knit, knit! How I hate to see a woman knitting stockings! Had I a wife, she could be sole proprietor of a stocking manufactory if she chose, but to knit, herself, never!

A *wife!* Ah, Gracie! dear little Gracie!

Thirty years ago to-day, your little hand clasped mine, your soft blue eyes gazed lovingly into my own as you whispered your consent to become my bride when the June roses should bloom, and this home, I was preparing for you, be ready for its fair mistress. How swiftly passed the hours then! How easy, for your sake, the daily toil, and care, and self-denials! How keenly I watched for fresh opportunities to increase the wealth I should lavish upon you, leaving no wish ungratified, no want unmet! And there was no foreboding of evil, no cloud even faintly visible in my horizon, warning me of the impending blow so soon to fall, so suddenly to leave me desolate—heart-empty for life! How buoyant I felt that morning! how proud to note my name in the list of bank-directors. How anxious to ascertain the rise in gold and stocks.

Weak-minded people believe in presentiments, talk of forebodings and foreshadowings of evil. I give no credence to such

idle fancies. If coming events cast their shadows before them, the very blackness of darkness should have hung over me like a pall that bright May morning; my heart should have stopped its beating; my eyes become dim; my very soul paralyzed at the touch of that printed sheet. But no! pride, ambition, gratified vanity were the sole absorbing emotions of my being as I leaned carelessly in my chair and read the morning news.

A paragraph among the casualties caught my eye. I have it here, next my heart, with that long golden curl, cut from *her* head. Thirty years I have carried them here. No wonder the little printed scrap is worn and faded, and I can hardly read it without glasses. No, Ruth is not here—I will use the right word, without—*tears*.

"Sad Accident.—Thrown from a carriage last evening and instantly killed, Grace Eastman, only daughter of John Eastman, of this city. Mr. Eastman and daughter were returning from an evening drive when, from some unknown cause, the horses took fright, dashed up Broadway, and the carriage-wheel striking against a lamp-post, the parties were thrown upon the sidewalk, killing Miss Eastman, and dangerously injuring her father."

Thirty years ago. And *I* live!

Yesterday, at church, I heard Ward's wife whisper to some one, "That is Solon Douglass, the rich banker—worth five million. Owns a splendid establishment up town—Only himself and maiden sister—keeps five servants, and sports the most elegant turnout in the city. Strange he has never married!"

Ah, Gracie, Gracie!

Come in, James. Letters? Thank you. No, I shall not go down town to-day, but would like the phaeton ready at the door by three. I shall take an earlier drive than usual.

What an odd direction: "Mr. Solon Douglass, Jun., Esq." A woman wrote that, I'm sure. Peoria? Who in thun— Oh, I see! a letter from Ellen.

"Dear Brother Solon: Do you realize how many years it is since I bade you and sister Ruth a weeping good bye, and came out here with my husband, to live among strangers? In all these years I have not received one letter from you, and only a few from Ruth, at long intervals. Of course, you know nothing of me or my family, but as my children are perfectly wild to see their uncle Solon, I have decided to gratify them and myself by making you a short visit. Such lovely olive-branches as I have! I feel sure you will take them to your heart and be proud to call yourself their uncle. I shall be in New York next Friday. Please meet me at the depot. Love to Ruth and yourself from your aff' sister Ellen."

"Olive branches! Perfectly wild to see their uncle!" That sounds just like Ellen. As if they cared one farthing for an uncle they have never seen! However, I can't object to Ellen's coming, its twenty years since she went out west. I remember missing her sadly at first—she was such a merry little puss, always full of her pranks and jokes, and odd conceits. Still, Ruth suits me best; she is so quiet and orderly, and so devoted to me. I really think her a model sister, with *only one* failing—a perfect mania for knitting stockings.

Branch-*es*. Plural. There must be two, then, a boy and girl. I shall take to the boy. There is real character in a wide awake, active boy—such as I must have been in my boyhood—eager for information, apt to learn, willing to be taught. Ruth will look after the girl. Must caution her against spoiling the child by over indulgence. Want of decision is one of Ruth's failings.

Friday—midnight. Trying to collect my thoughts. Repose out of the question. Nerves all unstrung, head bewildered, temper ruffled. Let me go back to exciting cause.

Punctual to the moment, James drove me to the door of depot just as the western train came in. Standing on the platform, I watched each car as it passed, looking for Ellen. Of course, I expected to find her somewhat altered—twenty years make quite a difference in the looks of some people—women especially. Still, I should recognize her general appearance—remembered particularly her hair, gold-tinged, soft, curling, and abundant. Did not detect her face at either window. Was amused to see a woman in one car frantically thrust herself and baby half out of the window, in her attempt to attract the notice of some one standing near me in the crowd. Satisfied that Ellen had not come, I got into my carriage, prefering to wait there till the way, which was blocked up by hacks, should be sufficiently cleared for James to drive on. Found myself watching what I supposed to be a Sabbath School convention, headed by a distracted looking female, trying to force herself and youthful train through the crowd. Was strangely attracted by the woman's singular appearance—something in her face

reminding me of some one I had met—I could not tell when, or where. She was short, thick set, red-faced; her scant, yellow hair drawn tight back from her forehead, under a faded silk bonnet, crushed out of all shape by her frantic efforts to elbow her way through the crowd. Suddenly the woman caught sight of me, and loud above the noise of wheels and hackmen's cries rose her shrill scream, "Oh, Solon, brother Solon! Look, children! there's uncle Solon! There! this way—run! make haste! keep close to me. *Oh, Solon!*"

With this last exclamation, the woman reached the carriage, thrust her arms through the window, and around my neck, nearly strangling me in her vigorous embrace, while bestowing upon my lips and cheeks a perfect shower of kisses. Before I could recover breath, or reach my hat, which her sudden onset had knocked from my head to the carriage floor, the distracted woman snatched a baby—heavens! the very same baby I had seen thrust through that car window—from the arms of one of the children, and dropped it upon my knees, that by this time were literally shaking under me.

"See, Solon! This is baby—baby James! *Dear* 'ittle Zimmy! mamma's rosie, cosy, pinky posy! And this is Harry—and here is Sue, and Nell, and Will, and Sam, and Saidee, and Lizzie, and Joe, and Solon"—each child rushing forward when named, and bobbing its head in my face by way of salutation.

What on earth could I do? My carriage wouldn't hold that eternity of sunburnt, staring children. Already I was the laughing stock of a gaping crowd; one impudent fellow shouting, "Three cheers for John Rogers! Make way there for John Rogers, wife, and ten small children!"

With perspiration starting from every pore, I hurriedly stowed away as many as could stand inside my own carriage, engaged the nearest empty hack to absorb the rest, and told James to hurry home. Unfortunately, Ellen got into the hack, and the baby still lay where she had dropped it, upon my knees. Discovering its mother's absence as the carriage started, the thing commenced screaming like a wild-cat, and no effort of mine could quiet it. I talked to it, whispered to it, sang to it, swore at it—it only yelled the louder. I tried patting it on the back; it straightened itself in my hands as stiff as a ram-rod. I tried tossing it up and down, as I had seen mothers do; it wouldn't be mothered that way—only held its breath and grew purple in its face, till I thought the wretch was strangling, and felt tempted to toss it out of the window and let it strangle. Whew! how hot I am now at the very remembrance of that fearful ride, and that screaming, stiff-backed imp!

If only one of the children could have helped me quiet the thing! But their arms were full of bundles, which they were continually dropping on my toes, and continually hitting their heads against my elbows in picking up. All except Solon, who stood quietly beside me, eating molasses candy, and wiping his fingers upon my coat-sleeve.

How I reached home I do not remember. Only faintly recall my repetition of a few saxon terms, more forcible than elegant, as I rushed up stairs to my room, hastily turned the key, and with one skillful touch of my boot-tip, changed the position of that table, and shattered my Venus de Milo into fragments.

"There *is* character in a wide awake, active boy!" What a character my youngest nephew has developed to-day! *Olive branches!*

March 11th—Sunday. A portion of time denominated par excellence, the day of rest. Personal experience proves this to be a popular fallacy, an erroneous statement, contradicted by facts. In ordinary times, Sunday, to me, is the most wearisome day of all the seven. But what shall I say of to-day? Let me note some of its *rest*-ful incidents.

Awoke this morning two hours earlier than usual by the noise of ten pairs of feet (the baby don't walk, but he kicks), running, jumping, thumping overhead. Presently, nine pairs of knuckles rapped at my door, and nine throats shouted, "Good morning, uncle Solon, good morning!"

I bore the disturbance patiently for awhile—remembering the day. But the rapping and shouting still continuing, I felt moved to spring out of bed, and, suddenly opening the door, to project my boots, hair brush, and a few things within reach, at their heads. Satisfied with this feeling response to their morning greeting, they hurried down stairs and left me to my slumbers.

After breakfast, went to the library to select some work suitable for Sunday reading. Found the floor, chairs, table and window seats strewn with children. Sam sat astride my study-chair, "driving stage;" Lizzie knelt by the window, playing "picture-shop" with my portfolio of rare engravings.

Joe was imitating "Mercury" by standing on one foot in the centre of my Venetian mosaic table; and my namesake, that sweet child Solon, lay stretched on the floor looking over my album, daubing the crowned heads of Europe with his sticky fingers. What a treasure that boy would be to the Government to cut up into postage stamps!

Stepping to the bookcase, I hastily selected several volumes—works upon travel they proved to be, by various authors—and the children, conjecturing I wished to be alone, left the room with unusual celerity, and ran up stairs. Locking the door, I spent some time in collecting scattered fragments of valuable information from the above mentioned authors. Laid aside three for rebinding; covers somewhat worn from frequent use. Drove out as usual after dinner. Concluded to take a *branch.* Selected Saidee. Something about her reminds me of Gracie. Has the same large, dreamy eyes, the same rich color deepening and paling on her delicate cheek. Found myself, while talking, watching her changing expression, and listening to her timid, but intelligent remarks with unusual interest.

As I lifted her from the phaeton on our return, she softly touched her lips to my cheek and whispered shyly, "Thank you, dear uncle, for my pleasant ride."

There was nothing in the words—nothing. Any well-bred child of ten years would have said the same. But it was the *tone* of that soft spoken "dear uncle" that brought the tears to my eyes, and recalled the "dear Solon" of years ago, breathed by lips as sweet and pure as Saidee's.

It was nearly dark when I entered the parlor where Ruth and Ellen were sitting with the children. I was in a softened state of mind, and inclined to make myself agreeable, to Ellen especially, with whom I had conversed but little since her arrival. In the babel of tongues—they were all talking at once—my entrance was unnoticed, save by Saidee, who sat near the door, and whose little hand stole into mine, as she lifted her blushing face for a kiss. Holding her hand, I crossed the room to a chair near the window, and sat down without removing a folded shawl, laid over the seat. In an instant a battery of screams, shrieks and exclamations were poured upon me from a dozen open mouths, and two frantic women, flanked by a squad of excited boys and girls, swooped down upon me like a tribe of blood-thirsty Modocs, fairly dragging me from the chair to the floor, leaving me flat upon my back, staring idiotically at the ceiling. What had I done? What unknown crime committed that I should be forced to assume this ignoble position? Was this a new phase in my relation as "uncle Solon" to that agitated, panting group of—angels? I knew not, cared not. There was no spirit left in me. Resigned to any fate, I might have lain there till now, had not a familiar screech started me to my feet as with a galvanic shock, and the terrible truth flashed upon me. I had sat down upon the baby! that blessed little cherub! Had made an ante-mortem coroner of myself, and got lynched for my mistake.

Making untimely suggestions is one of Ruth's failings. She needn't have intimated I had better look and see if a chair was empty before I sat down in it. I generally do—indeed, I make a practice of it. I never sat upon a baby before, and I never wish to again. "*Dear 'ittle Zimmy! Mamma's rosie, cosy, pinky posy!*"

What a blessed privilege it is to be an uncle! Hope I am sufficiently grateful for a "day of rest."

Tuesday—May 26. Talk of the Inquisition, the rack, the thumb-screw, the intolerable agony of water falling slowly, drop by drop, upon the shaven head. Even the holy guardians of the mother church had a limit to their terrible punishments. With all their ingenuity of torture, they never conceived the idea of appropriating one cell in their casas-santas solely to the incarceration of the condemned with a loud-talking woman, and ten brawling children. No amount of faith could have held out against such an ordeal. Joyfully, rather, would they have made confession, donned the carozza and san-benito, and triumphantly swelled the list of victims to the terrible Auto-dä-fé.

It is three weeks to-night since I have enjoyed the solitude of my own room. To escape from a worse infliction than the Egyptian plagues, I have spent my days and evenings down town, visiting club-rooms, theatres, picture galleries, or whatever place of refuge I could find, till nearly midnight; then, driving home, I have stolen into my own house and up stairs to my room, like a thief, careful not to arouse those sleeping demons overhead. To-night I am striving to regain my wonted calmness before seeking rest. Is it Watts who says,

"But children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise?"

If so, I respectfully suggest that Mr. Watts possessed very little knowledge of human nature, and availed himself of a poet's license in making that assertion. Jonah said, "I do well to be angry." Job got excited and cursed the day of his birth. Moses' anger "waxed hot" at sight of the golden calf and dancing Israelites. David, in the CIX psalm, gave vent to his anger in imprecations on his slanderers that would chill the blood of any decent Christian to utter at the present day. Paul and Barnabas, at Lystra, in their indignation at being called Gods by the superstitious people, ran in among them rending their own clothes, if they didn't "scratch each other's eyes." Prophets, apostles, and daily experience are all against Mr. Watts. I sit serene and self-sustained in my righteous anger. It came about in this way. Ruth has been sorely grieved of late, at my continued absence from home. Has insinuated I was unbrotherly, unsocial, and slightly irascible. A very unsisterly imputation! Rashness of judgment is one of Ruth's failings. Still, willing to prove how unjustly I had been judged, I remained at home in my own room all the morning, and after dinner, proposed that Saidee should accompany me in a short drive. Ellen, with considerable asperity, replied: "She can go if you will take two or three of the others with her. Saidee has had all the rides, and not one of the rest, poor dears, have had any. I cannot allow so much partiality; it isn't right, Solon. Nobody but a crusty old bachelor would ever think of acting as you do."

It is extremely unpleasant to be called "crusty," and be told whom I shall invite to ride in my own carriage! Still, Ellen is my sister, and a guest in my house, so I merely remarked, very calmly, "I have a slight aversion to appearing in public as driver of a caravan."

From some unknown cause, Ellen, just at that moment, was taken in a fit, and between spasmodic gasps for breath, shrieked, "Oh, cruel, cruel man! Oh, my poor insulted children!"

It was very painful to witness such suffering, and to listen to such words. Undoubtedly, she referred to some past difficulty between herself and husband—was evidently wandering in her mind. Remembering, fortunately, that severe diseases require severe remedies, I suggested to Ruth that lumps of ice placed between Ellen's shoulders might be beneficial, and rang the bell to order some brought. It was none too soon, for, as I spoke, the attack assumed a new form, and Ellen fell back in Ruth's arms, speechless, with clenched hands and teeth, and eyes staring with a singular expression in my face. Fearing this might be perhaps one form of paralysis, and quite unable to witness any further suffering, I bade Saidee put on her hat and shawl, hurried her into the carriage, and bade James drive to—

"Did you say Central Park, sir?"

"Yes, James, anywhere, where I can breathe without choking."

Saidee has a quiet way of her own in gaining a point. I have noticed this more than once. She is a child of few words. but she says a great deal with her eyes—just as Gracie did—and sometimes those shy looks of hers speak volumes. Expressing my determination to have her as my companion whenever I chose, something prompted me to say, "I hope you enjoy our rides together as much as I do."

"Oh yes," she replied quickly, her sweet face all aglow with pleasure, "but," pausing suddenly, and the color fading—

"But what?" I questioned, wondering what unspoken drawback lay behind that little conjunction.

"But," emphasizing the repeated word, while the dimples, in spite of her attempt to look serious, deepened around her smiling lips, "I have a *whole 'caravan'* of brothers and sisters who love to ride just as well as I do."

The impertinent little mischief! forcing me to eat my own words—taking me at disadvantage, knowing full well I could not justify myself for my unkind attack upon her mother. A sensation as if my own prescription had suddenly been applied between my own shoulders caused me to shiver and grind my teeth with vexation. Saidee watched me closely out of the corners of her eyes, but remained silent the rest of our drive. Reaching home, found the whole posse flattening their noses against the front windows, watching for our arrival. As we entered the parlor, they as usual crowded around Saidee, plying her with questions as to where she had been, and what she had seen. After gratifying their curiosity, she said, in her peculiar, emphatic way, "And oh, children, isn't uncle Solon good? He's going to take every one of you to ride—two at a time—all round Central Park, and show you the bridges, and caves, and arbors, and swans, and everything worth seeing. Only

you must promise not to talk and tire him by asking questions. *I* am not to ride again till you've all had your turn. Then, perhaps, he'll take me once more. Isn't uncle splendid!"

With a merry side glance at my lengthening face, the little sprite ran up stairs, followed by the delighted juveniles, shouting, "Three cheers for uncle Solon!"

Remonstrance was useless. There are situations where one is forced to remain passive; to exert no will of his own. This is my position to-night.

Let me think. She said two at a time, not counting herself. One from ten leaves nine. Two into nine goes four times and one over. *One over!* That must mean "'ittle Zimmy," that interesting baby! "Pinky posie!"

Now its of no use, I won't stand such imposition. There is a limit to human endurance. I'm willing to do the fair thing, perfectly willing, but *I won't take that baby!* Twice four is eight. I'll hold to the eight—to the four drives around Central Park, but I utterly refuse to take the slightest notice of any child remaining over. Remaining! If it were only *the remains*, what a jolly round trot I might have home from Greenwood." I must be calm. Ruth just knocked at my door and inquired if I was rapping for some one; thought I must be ill. It is very unpleasant to have Ruth knock on my door at midnight and call, "Solon!" three times in a hoarse whisper through the keyhole! The effect is somewhat chilling to my nerves. Rather too suggestive of an untimely visitor from Greenwood.

June 2d. Drove the last two of the eight round Central Park to-day. Cannot account for the interest I feel in those children. Taken by installments, they rather grow in my favorable estimation, developing individual traits I have perhaps overlooked when seeing them altogether. Henry is a very bright boy; converses like a man upon many topics. Intends to study law. Susie has the quick eye and cultivated taste of an artist. Lizzie and Nell are two wide awake girls, anxious to know the why and how of everything. Will and Sam are rather boisterous at times, but respectful, obedient, and anxious to please. Joe is really a very handsome boy. His eyes resemble mine, and his thick, curly locks are just the same shade of brown mine were when I was of his age. His forehead, too, is like mine, full and broad. Solon is not a bad looking child when his face and hands are clean. As my namesake, I shall watch the unfolding of his peculiar traits with deep interest; I trust he will outgrow his love for molasses candy.

June 6th. Baby Zimmy has the mumps. Regard for his health will prevent my taking him to ride for the present. I am in a very happy frame of mind. Think the weather has a wonderful influence on one's spirits.

June 15th. Very angry this morning, but tranquil to-night. Yesterday, Ruth, Ellen and the children attended a pic-nic held in a grove some ten miles out of the city. Returning home myself at a later hour than usual, I found no one up but Ruth, who gave me an animated account of their excursion. Rose earlier than usual this morning to look over some accounts. On entering the library, something flew with considerable force against my cheek. Quickly opening the blinds, I was surprised to observe a number of large butterflies fluttering around the room. Wondering how they came there—ugh! something cold and clammy touched my hand which rested on the window sill. As I live, a live lizard crawled over my fingers and ran beneath my coat sleeve. With an exclamation of horror I shook the unsightly thing from my wrist, and retreated to my study-chair. Hardly had I taken my seat when a blasted—I should say, bloated, toad hopped over my inkstand, perched himself on the pen-wiper and deliberately stared me in the face as though he considered me a *lusus naturea*, requiring his closest scrutiny. Starting from my chair, my foot came in contact with some hard substance with sufficient force to cause me to cry out with pain. Looking under the table, I discovered a large fragment of coarse granite, and several pieces of quartz and feldspar. Pursuing my investigations, I discovered pebbles, tufts of moss, withered flowers, popped corn and pine cones scattered over the chairs, carpet, and window-seats. One glance assured me this strange débris was the result of yesterday's delectable excursion. Perfectly furious that my library should be used as a museum for paving stones, toads, lizards and horrid creeping things, I hurriedly tossed the whole collection out of the window, expediting the exit of each specimen with some appropriate technical term.

Unused to such violent muscular exercise before breakfast, I sank into a chair, exhausted, panting for breath. At that instant the tramp of hurried feet, and a chorus of

youthful voices chiming, "Uncle Solon! uncle Solon!" reached my ear. Too exhausted to rise, I calmly awaited their entrance. They came, all of them, like the sweep of a mighty rushing wind; but, like a momentary lull in a fierce tempest, their course was suddenly stayed when just inside the threshold.

Children have very expressive countenances. I marked this particularly at that moment, and was also struck with the artistic manner in which they had unconsciously grouped themselves—a tableau vivant of Collins' Ode on the Passions.

At the breakfast table Ruth remarked, "Over-fatigue yesterday has taken away your appetite, my dear children."

I agreed with her in this opinion, and suggested that their visit to the country should not be repeated. Was very much surprised to hear Saidee exclaim angrily, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, uncle Solon! You are a great bear!"

Cannot say I trace any resemblance between myself and that animal. Think my niece not very felicitous in her comparison.

June 23d. Concluded this morning to anticipate the glorious fourth, and give *all* the children a sail up the Hudson. Last evening Ellen announced her intention of returning home on Thursday next. Thinks their native Peorian soil is best adapted to the healthy growth of her olive branches.

"You are right, sister Ellen," I responded, "with one exception; I refer to Saidee. I cannot part with *her*. The loneliness of this great house would be unendurable without her presence. Give Saidee to me; I will love and cherish her tenderly—for her own sake—for Gracie's, whom she resembles so strongly. I have untold wealth. She shall be my heiress. I will also make generous provision for each of your children as they become of age. Leave Saidee with me."

Ellen has consented. Saidee is mine! Henceforth, Ruth and myself will have a loving, gentle companion for our declining years.

To-night Saidee stole softly to my side as I sat alone in the library, and laying her cheek against mine, said: "I will be a good little daughter to you, dear uncle—will love you always. But you mus'n't think I shall ever forget my dear mother and father, or my brothers and sisters. They will be just as much my own, all my life, as they are now. And, uncle, you won't ever again call them a 'caravan,' or 'a tribe of blood-thirsty Modocs,' will you?"

"No, dear. But, Saidee,"

"Well, sir?"

"Don't *you* ever again call your uncle a 'bear!'"

## DOWN INTO THE DUST.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart?—that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
Pierced to the heart: words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man and man only makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain;
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow-soldier down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time eft soon will tumble
All of us together like loaves in a gust,
Humbled indeed down into the dust.

(From Songs of the Sun-Lands, published by Roberts Bros., Boston, Mass.)

# CODFISH AND POTATOES.

ELEANOR KIRK.

## CHAPTER III.

"I hadn't the slightest clew to her whereabouts," continued Will. "I didn't know of the trouble till several days after her father's funeral, and when this news reached me, no one could tell me a word concerning her change of residence. In this business, Uncle John, I declare to you upon my honor as a man, Kate Merriam is far more to blame than I have been. Notwithstanding the friendliness—I might almost say intimacy of our relations—she never sent me a line or a word telling me where I could find her if I wanted to; and she ought to have known that I should have made it the very first business of my life—"

"As far gone as that?" said Mr. Earnest. "Why, man, I suppose she thought that you could find her if you wished; but why did you treat her so coldly this morning?"

"That will always be the conundrum of my life," replied Will, despairingly. "In the first place, Fan took away my breath entirely by her rudeness and unkindness, and when at last I recovered my head, and May and she had finished embracing, she ran quickly down the stoop, and off without saying a word. I would rather have lost my right arm than have had such a thing happen. Why I didn't run after her I can no more explain than why I was born, or why I must die."

"You honestly think, then, that you have not been to blame in this matter—at least, not intentionally so?" continued Mr. Earnest.

"Honestly, I have not," replied Will promptly.

"Well, then don't fret any more about it. It is impossible to be permanently hurt by anything from the outside. It is only the demons in here," laying his hand on his heart, "that can hold us to a spiritual disadvantage. A clear conscience, an honorable purpose will take us through the storms of this world with very little damage to the craft. My advice to you now is to wait till Kate Merriam sends for you."

"Till Kate Merriam sends for me!" repeated Will in astonishment.

"Yes sir," continued Mr. Earnest. "I will explain to Kate, as well as I can, the event of this morning, and her own good sense and sense of right will show her whose business it was to have made the first communication in regard to her change of residence. She should have believed in you until convinced by actual knowledge of your unworthiness. She is a proud little woman in the midst of her poverty, and has one or two more lessons to learn before she is ready to graduate."

"Then you have seen her, uncle John?" exclaimed Will, rising excitedly.

"No, Will, I haven't; but I promise to soon. You think you understand me now, do you?" continued Mr. Earnest archly, "but please remember we are to keep our own counsel, and no one in this house is to be a bit the wiser for our real opinions. From the bottom of my heart I wish that Fanny Harkness could be thrown out into the world to take care of herself for awhile. If she possesses a spark of womanliness, even, it might by such means be fanned into a flame that would radiate light and warmth enough to make her quite a respectable member of society; but her behavior of today, added to some other dreadful exhibitions of heartlessness I have lately seen, quite discourages me."

"And me, too," added Will. "I can't see what mother is thinking about to allow Fanny to go on as she does—"

"Hush," said Mr. Earnest, gently interrupting him. "If you have any fault to find with your mother, go to *her* always in preference to a third party."

This criticism of his sister hurt him more than he cared to have his companion know—doubly so, because just at that moment the self-same thought was present with him. What *could* she be thinking of, indeed? He had always known that his sister was gay and fashionable, and prided herself considerably on the position she held; but he never had, till very recently, seen any indication of a domineering spirit, and had only through the conduct of her daughter, who he was forced to admit, should have been differently trained. He was somewhat startled a few moments after, and a good deal surprised as he passed out of the library, to meet Mrs. Harkness, who said to him in a whisper, laying her jeweled fingers tenderly

on his arm, "John, do you know where the Merriams live?"

"How should *I* know where they live?" he asked in the same tone.

"But I am sure you do," she replied. "I was confident of it at the dinner table."

"And if I do, what of it?" he inquired, more sternly than he had ever spoken to his sister before. "What can you, with your diamonds," frowning down upon the flashing jewels, "your money, your position, your daughter, want of this suffering, poverty-stricken family?"

Mrs. Harkness drew back in amazement. "My money, my jewels, my daughter?" she repeated slowly. "Am I then to blame for our wealth—'my jewels?' This, the handsomest one I wear," drawing from her finger as she spoke, a magnificent solitaire, "and more tenderly prized than all the rest put together, *you* gave me. Take it, John," and Mrs. Harkness tucked the costly circlet into the closed hand of her brother. "And as for my daughter," she continued slowly, her voice full of tears, "she is still young, and very immature, mentally and spiritually. If you suppose that I am not painfully aware of her glaring faults, and deeply pained that she should have been guilty of such deplorable conduct to-day, you are utterly mistaken. I was just coming to you to ask your advice about Fanny, and to see how I could most delicately, and in the most substantial manner, be of service to the Merriams;" and now Mrs. Harkness broke completely down, and John Earnest, more ashamed of himself than he ever thought possible, led his sister to the library, and closed the door.

"I'm a brute, Mary," said he, "and you would serve me just right if you were to quite despise me. Take back the ring, for mercy's sake. Your lesson has done its work, sister. I shall never, from this day to the end of my life, imagine myself the only possessor of good intentions."

Mrs. Harkness allowed the ring to be replaced, and then followed an hour of conversation, the results of which will come to light in succeeding chapters.

"Mrs. Sincoe asked me to-day, just as I was leaving, Hope," said Kate, a week after the above occurrences, all out of breath, as she hurriedly removed her wrappings, "if I thought you would take charge of a drawing class composed of young ladies? I said yes, Hope, for I thought you would like it ever so much. 'I must let you know all the particulars,' said Mrs. Sincoe, 'so that your sister may understand exactly what she is doing. This class will be composed of twelve or sixteen ladies, among whom she will find several of her acquaintances. These ladies have, from time to time, asked me to refer them to a thoroughly competent teacher, and I have just recommended Miss Hope Merriam. Some of these will undoubtedly be very glad to meet one they thought so much of—others will wish to be considered strictly as pupils. Do you think your sister will accept the position under such circumstances?' "

"Well," said Hope, looking up from her canvass, as Kate came to a full stop.

"Well," repeated Mrs. Merriam, laying down her sewing. "Of course you had sense enough to say that your sister Hope Merriam preferred to select her own employment?"

"I didn't say that, mother," replied Kate, "because I had no wish to hurt Mrs. Sincoe's feelings. She is certainly acting very kindly in this matter; but I told her that I thought it would be very hard for Hope to do this—"

"In short," interrupted Hope, smiling, "you informed Mrs. Sincoe that you thought I would not take the class."

"Well—yes—about that," answered Kate, who just then saw something in her sister's eyes that told her more plainly than words, that she had taken the wrong track.

"I am going out of some errands by and by," said Hope quietly, "and I will call on Mrs. Sincoe, and talk this business over—"

"But Hope," broke in Mrs. Merriam, "you certainly will not add this drop to my already overflowing cup? We are disgraced enough already without giving our former associates unnecessary opportunities for crowing over us."

"I wouldn't do it if I were you, Hope," said Kate coaxingly, entirely unconscious of the offers in store for herself.

"If Mrs. Sincoe wanted to do you a favor, that was one thing," said Mrs. Merriam again, "but the manner of doing it is certainly very insulting. What need had she of drawing the distinction so nicely between your pupils and your friends?"

"In order that I might not approach my business with any false ideas of my position; in order that I might not have my feelings hurt. Any other course on the part of Mrs. Sincoe would have been both unjust and unkind. I am very much obliged to Mrs. Sin-

coe, and shall take charge of the class as soon as it is ready."

The word had gone forth, and both Kate and her mother understood that arguments were useless. Mrs. Merriam went out of the room mopping her eyes. Kate drew close to her sister and said:

"It will be an awful strain, Hope. *I* couldn't endure it, to save my life."

"It may stretch the muscles of pride a little, Kate," laughed Hope, "but I am perfectly certain that it will be growth in the right direction—the exact development, as well as the exact amount of dollars and cents that we need, Katie darling. There is a blessed trinity of action here. First, my love for teaching; second, the spiritual strength to result from the weeding out of false pride, and third, the substantial physical development to accrue from the blending. I may not have genius enough, Kate, to become a great artist, but 'he who would live in the spirit, and has not the artist's creative power, must be a teacher; for the teacher is the artisan of the higher being—and like every artisan, is so much the better workman or teacher, the more of the artist spirit he has and uses.' I grow so warm and happy thinking it over, dear, that I am afraid the spiritual development won't amount to much."

"I don't suppose its necessary to manufacture crosses, Hope," said Kate in so poetical and sweet a manner that Hope caught her in her arms and kissed her.

"No, indeed," she answered.

"We will take hold of the very cross that God has assigned us—not with the tips of our fingers, but the palms of our hands; and lifting it resolutely, will so develop brain muscle, and heart muscle, and soul muscle, that after a little, the cross will grow so light and companionable, and we so strong, so self-reliant, so full of the real tender Christ spirit, that we shall have nothing in our hearts but gratitude toward the Giver of the cross, and wonder that we ever could have thought it heavy. Growth, Katie, growth. Stand up erect, put back your spiritual shoulders, and with a smile in your heart, and a smile on your lips, say to the world, please God, I will grow all over, and delight in everything that promotes it."

"Yes," said Kate, with her eyes full of tears. "You can do this, Hope—you will do it; and I, too, in moments of exaltation, might say almost the very same thing; but at the first shower, I should run, soaked, to the house, and implore somebody to shelter me. Yes, Hope," as her sister shook her head, "the very first storm would wilt me."

"Suppose some one should offer you, as Mrs. Sincoe has me to-day, a class of music scholars, composed of your former friends and acquaintances—you would accept it, of course?" inquired Hope, still holding her sister's hand.

"No," replied Kate, drily. "Mother has got one daughter that will stand by her in such an emergency as that. No ma'am; old Mrs. Pride occupies too prominent a seat in my spiritual vitals to be easily unsettled. I don't think her spinal column is as stiff as it was awhile ago, but she sits pretty firmly yet."

"One good square knock would paralyze her completely," suggested Hope.

"Well, then, somebody else will have to give it—I never shall," was the answer.

"It will be given, have no fear; but, my word on it, Kate, a blow from the inside by one's own hand doesn't hurt half so much as one from the outside, by the hand of another. The last leaves a scar; the first never does."

Two hours after this, Hope Merriam sat in Mrs. Sincoe's drawing-room, waiting for the lady to come down.

This was the first parlor Hope had entered since the death of her father, and subsequent loss of property; but as her hostess made her appearance, she was quite as self-possessed and dignified as her companion. Mrs. Sincoe's welcome was such as a mother might be expected to extend toward a favorite child. Hope's greeting was a little constrained. The thought would intrude itself, why, if she is so fond of me, has she not sought us out in our misfortune? She hadn't long to wait for an explanation.

"I have come," said Hope, "to accept the offer which my sister declined for me to-day, and also to thank you for your kindness."

"Exactly," replied Mrs. Sincoe, shaking her head knowingly. "I knew you would do it; Hope Merriam, why have you so neglected me? What have I ever done to you in your prosperity that you should not trust me when adversity came? I have asked myself a hundred times!"

Hope was speechless with astonishment.

"Without any reason that I can assign, without a word of explanation, you have deliberately shut me out from your society. Did you really not want me, or have I in

some way forfeited your respect and confidence?"

"Mrs. Sincoe," said Hope, trying to recover herself, "you did not call to see us—and I thought—"

"But how could I come?" interrupted the lady, "when I did not know where you lived? I met Kate on the street, and engaged her to teach the children. I asked for you then, and sent my best love to you and your mother, and said everything to induce the child to invite me to see you, but she has never done this, Hope—never given me the slightest hint as to your place of residence. I commenced half a dozen letters to you, but I couldn't make them read right, and I wasn't at all sure that Kate would act as messenger, and at last I was forced to make up my mind that you didn't want anything more to do with me."

"And under this cruel impression you have striven to be of constant service to us, Mrs. Sincoe?" inquired Hope, her beautiful eyes eagerly fixed on her companion.

"Why, of course, child, that was all I could do; you wouldn't let me express my love and sympathy in words," answered the lady warmly.

"Thank God for this day," said Hope fervently, "and for every day since we were driven out into the world to take care of ourselves. I see now that I have been very wrong in taking coldness and haughtiness for granted. I should have informed those whom I considered our friends of our whereabouts, and left it with them entirely to keep up or decline the acquaintance. I shall never forget the lesson of this day, my friend. Forgive me, please; I thought the pride was all on your side, and I find that, without knowing it, I have been the one most to blame;" and drawing a card from her pocket, Hope proceeded to write the address of the Merriam family in full.

"That is our present abiding place," she said, "and I know I need not assure you how happy we shall all be to see you." So it was arranged that Hope was to give her lessons in drawing twice a week in Mrs. Sincoe's library.

"I gave Kate to understand," said the lady, "that you would without doubt be compelled to face some unpleasantness, but I trust it won't be altogether unbearable. Little May Earnest is very anxious to join, but Fanny says that she is quite too young, and that if there are going to be any children in the class, she won't have anything to do with it; and as Fanny Harkness can make or mar the popularity of this venture, before its start (she will be shorn of her power before many days are passed, I am quite *sure*), I thought it best not to oppose her just now."

"Fanny Harkness?" repeated Hope, "is she an acknowledged leader in this class business?"

"She is making herself very active in her own particular little circle," replied Mrs. Sincoe, "and talks a good deal of the poor Merriams, I hear, and how anxious she is to be of service, and how fortunate it is that Hope and Kate are so talented, etc., etc."

"Why, she is kinder than I supposed," answered Hope. "When she gave Kate the cut direct, I made quick work disposing of her; but the disposition to help, Mrs. Sincoe, is proof positive that the germ of feeling is all right; it only needs the proper distribution of sun, and wind, and shower to make it a hardy plant."

It was Mrs. Sincoe's intention to give Hope clearly to understand just what she had to expect from one member of this class, at least; she did more: she awoke in Hope's unselfish heart a feeling of positive sympathy for this misguided girl, and a desire to be of service to her, and thus crowded out entirely the few dregs of resentful pride that remained on account of the insult given to Kate. That evening Fanny Harkness took Mr. Earnest one side, and detailed to him her plan for relieving the wants of the Merriams. According to Fanny, Fanny had been the only one engaged in the matter, and as she went on with her story, really grew quite enthusiastic about it.

"Of course, Uncle John," said she, "Folks we have known, as we have the Merriams, mustn't be left to suffer. Mrs. Sincoe said she would do what she could, but she is so busy that it mustn't be expected that she could find much time. I think," and Fanny counted off the names of the anticipated pupils on her little white fingers, "that we can at least calculate upon sixteen young ladies. They are pledged to pay $20 for twenty lessons—now let's see, two lessons a week, that will take ten weeks; why, Hope can earn three hundred and twenty dollars in just that little time. Oh, I'm so glad I thought of it."

"What are you going to take drawing lessons for, Fanny?" inquired Mr. Earnest when she had finished; "because you really

care to learn, or simply from a desire to help the Merriams?"

"Why, to help them, of course," was the instant reply.

"If that is your only reason," said Mr. Earnest, "I really don't believe Hope Merriam would allow you in her class. To begin with, the young lady spoken of is not an object of charity. Her intellectual resources are so ample, that she can support a family three times as large as hers, and not half try—"

"Hope Merriam not allow me in the class?" interrupted Fanny spitefully. "Mrs. Sincoe said, when she told Hope of what I had succeeded in getting up, that she jumped at the chance as a drowning man would jump for a straw."

"Didn't somebody tell me that you got the diploma in rhetoric, Fanny?" laughed Mr. Earnest. "A drowning man jumping for a straw is a beautiful figure."

"You are always making fun of me, uncle John," pouted Fanny; "I didn't say that—'twas Mrs. Sincoe," and then continued, her ill humor quite dispelled at the thought of the tid bit of gossip she had to communicate, "Mrs. Holliday called here this afternoon, and according to her story, Hope Merriam has grown fearfully vulgar—"

"Very likely," broke in Mr. Earnest, biting his moustache. "Poverty would be apt to have that effect upon such a nature as hers."

"Mrs. Holliday," continued Fanny, "said that the other day she drove round to her grocer's to order some things sent home, and there stood Hope Merriam at the counter, looking on while the clerk weighed her out two pounds of codfish, and then she said that Hope walked out like a queen, saying as she went, 'please, Mr. so and so, don't forget to send round the potatoes.' Just think of that, uncle John, codfish and potatoes. Bah!"

To this day Fanny Harkness has never been able to explain why John Earnest walked away from her, holding on to his sides, apparently just ready to explode with laughter.

*To be Concluded.*

# TOO MUCH ROMANCE.

REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

As I am a true man, every word in this narrative is true according to the best of my recollection: and, the purpose for which this sad chapter in human life is given, deserves even more regard and honor than the interest of the story. The vast reading of America does more harm than good, where it takes the form of poor novels, corrupting the imagination, inflaming the passions, perverting the judgment, benumbing the conscience, enfeebling the will. All this I shall have those to see who read between the lines, in the simple story of my rosy-cheeked heroine of Cambridge, whose first interesting experience with me was to borrow ten dollars, on the score of her family's attendance some time before at my church, where they had occupied a pew without paying for it. Her father never honored me with his presence in the sanctuary or in my house. Still, I regularly visited their humble home, lent books to the girls, read some of their poetry, and offered them the sympathy of a friend in their trial of poverty. Both they and I had changed our abodes, after a time; and when the second daughter favored me with this token of her affectionate remembrance, and the greenbacks did not return as promised to my starved wallet, I inquired after my debtor, and found that she worked so seldom in the Boston sewing-shops, that I might as well dismiss all hope of seeing that greenback again, and concluded that it had gone up in a rocket. Let me call this "Act number one."

At the breaking out of the war, my lady served a very short time in the Washington Hospitals as nurse, and getting disgusted with the monotony, went into the army as a vivandier. It must have been the third year of the war, that an army chaplain called upon me to know if I knew Emma Jones. Of course I did. I rather thought she would turn up again. It seems she had been in a New York regiment, working her way as a kind of sutler, and preferred to honor her native state by enlisting in the same relation under the ensign of old Massachusetts. The colonel, however, had

put her under charge of this chaplain, Francis, and had finally determined to discharge her, though she had been guilty of no misconduct—having first ascertained that she had plenty of money, if I remember right of GOLD. She had dazzled these military gentlemen with her beauty, her wit, her grace and her intelligence: and had sealed the impression with three grand lies, that she had graduated at Mrs. Agassiz's school, was intimate in my family, and a member in full standing of the Episcopal church. It was not hard to explain the spell which this uneducated, ill-bred dumpling of a girl exerted in the camp. Her gay dress became her exceedingly. She managed to keep in high spirits, and was never at loss for a repartee. Moreover, she made the officers keep their distance, and seemed to be the model of modesty, for she wanted to be adopted into a regiment stationed near the enemy. I think I know why. The colonel ended the matter by offering Miss Emma a horse or ambulance to return to Washington; but she preferred not to be under obligations to any one, and took her departure on foot. There the curtain fell upon her for awhile.

I had seen some newspaper statements that a Major Jones had been arrested near the front, believed to be a woman, having served on Gen. Edmunds' staff, and was said to have had four horses killed under her in battle. I at once thought of my friend in brass buttons and Bloomers, rejected by the Massachusetts colonel, and bound by private reasons to be at "the front." Nor was I surprised to hear that Governor Andrew wanted to see me. The she-major had been thrown into the Capital Prison, then sent home to the care of Surgeon Dale, in Boston. I did not care to see her. My view of the matter, which the Governor insisted upon my writing out to Secretary Stanton, was, that Emma's anxiety to be at the front, was simply to sell her intelligence to the enemy. This would explain her frequent capture and ready discharge—her abundance of money, especially of gold—and her determination to be always in the advance. She was said to be engaged to a Confederate Lieutenant, and to have a pro-slavery uncle in Baltimore. Thereupon her wings were clipped. The gay bird was sent to sing in Fitchburg House of Correction, I suppose in the jailor's family: for she was soon arrested at the front again, sent to the Capital Prison once more, and then forwarded to the distracted State Surgeon of Massachusetts, who gave her free lodging at the Barnstable County House—where she again ingratiated herself with everybody, and was so free to come and go that the government soon was at no charge for her support, because the bird had found wings. My little tragedy has but four acts. I hasten to the last. Delayed an hour at the Delevan House, I saw Emma Jones sprawling on the doorsteps—in the front picture of a weekly paper. She had sought shelter from the government detectives in a young German doctor's quarters. Her complaint, it seems, was the heart-disease. I have no doubt her heart was suffering, as I think the colonel had been killed. The doctor promised her marriage: but her habit of novel-reading all night long, tormented him so that he suddenly told her that she must leave the house, as his wife was about coming home. She did not go so far away as to lose track of the New York papers—there she soon found his name under the head of Marriages, and suddenly appeared before him in his office, flashed her pistol in his face, but unhappily did no more than scare the scoundrel a little. The next day, at noon, standing on his steps, and, having rung the doorbell she shot herself dead, leaving the doctor to explain this event as well as he might to his appalled wife and the incensed neighbors.

I, who knew all her surroundings, look upon her as the victim of bad fiction. Her mother gave her a good example, no other girl in that vicinity came to harm, one after another they settled respectably in life. She alone made shipwreck, because she steered wrong. Her diseased imagination took control of her conduct. She fancied she could trample on the laws of society and God, and come off conqueror. And so no one but a heartless functionary followed her to a grave in potter's field: and no stone marks the resting place of one, who, with a grain of common-sense, would have enjoyed a good deal while she lived, and when dead, have been remembered tenderly by those who now never recall her name.

## THE NEW YEAR'S BELLS AT MIDNIGHT.

Knell of departed years!
Thy voice is sweet to me;
It wakes no sad foreboding fears,
Calls forth no sympathetic tears,
Time's restless course to see;
From hallowed ground
I hear a sound
Diffusing through the air a holy calm around.

Thou art the voice of love
To chide each doubt away;
And as thy murmur faintly dies
Visions of past enjoyment rise,
In long and bright array;
I hail the sign
That love divine
Will o'er my future path in cloudless mercy shine.

Thou art the voice of hope;
The music of the spheres!
A song of blessings yet to come,
A herald from my future home,
My soul delighted hears:
By sin deceived,
By nature grieved,
Still am I nearer rest than when I first believed.

Thou art the voice of life;
A sound which seems to say—
Oh prisoner in this gloomy vale,
The flesh shall faint, thy heart shall fail
But fairer scenes thy spirit hail
That cannot pass away:
Her grief and pain
Thy steps detain;
There in the image of the Lord shalt thou with Jesus reign.

## A YOUNG HERO.

J. CHAMBERS.

"Ay, ay, sir; they're smart seamen enough, no doubt, them Dalmatians, but they ain't got the seasonin' of an Englishman, put it how yer will!"

I am standing on the upper deck of the Austrian Lloyd steamer, looking my last upon pyramidal Jaffa, as it rises up in terrace after terrace of stern gray masonry against the lustrous evening sky, with the foam-tipped breakers at its feet. Beside me, with his elbow on the handrail, and his short pipe between his teeth, lounges the stalwart chief-engineer, as thorough an Englishman as if he had not spent two-thirds of his life abroad, and delighted to get hold of a listener who (as he phrases it) "has been about a bit."

"No; they ain't got an Englishman's seasonin," he continues, "and what's more, they ain't got an Englishman's *pluck* neither, not when it comes to a *real* scrape."

"Can no one but an Englishman have any pluck, then?" ask I, laughing.

"Well, I won't just go for to say *that;* o' course a man as *is* a man 'ull have pluck in him all the world over. I've seed a Frencher tackle a shark to save his messmate; and I've seed a Rooshan stand to his gun arter every man in the battery, barrin' himself, had been blowed all to smash. But, if yer come to that, the pluckiest feller as ever *I* seed warn't a man at all!"

"What was he, then?—a woman?"

"No, nor that neither; though, mark ye, I don't go for to say as how women ain't got pluck enough too—some on 'em at least. But this un as I'm a-talkin' on was a little lad not much bigger 'n Tom Thumb, only with a sperrit of his own as 'ud ha' blowed up a man-o'-war a'most. Would yer like to hear about it?"

I eagerly assent; and the narrator, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, folds his brawny arms upon the top of the rail, and commences as follows:

"'Bout three years ago, afore I got this berth as I'm in now, I was second-engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. There'd been a lot of extra cargo sent down just at the last minute, and we'd had no end of a job stowin' it away, and that ran us late o' startin'; so that, altogether, as you may think, the Cap'n warn't altogether in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate neither; as for the chief-engineer, he was an easy-goin' sort o' chap, as nothin' on earth could put out. But on the mornin' of the third day out from Liverpool, he cum down to me in a precious hurry, lookin' as if *somethin'* had put him out pretty considerably.

"'Tom,' says he, 'what d'ye think? Blest if we ain't found a stowaway.' (That's the name, you know, sir, as we gives to chaps as hides theirselves aboard outward-bound vessels, and gets carried out unbeknown to everybody.)

"'The dickens you have!' says I. 'Who is he, and where did yer find him?'

"'Well, we found him stowed away among the casks for'ard; and ten to one we'd never

ha' twigged him at all, if the skipper's dog hadn't sniffed him out and begun barkin'. Sitch a little mite as he is too! I could a'-most put him in my baccy-pouch, poor'little beggar! but he looks to be a good plucked for all that.'

"I didn't wait to hear no more, but up on deck like a sky-rocket; and there I *did* see a sight, and no mistake. Every man-Jack o' the crew, and what few passengers we had aboard, was all in a ring on the fo'c'stle, and in the middle stood the fust-mate, lookin' as black as thunder. Right in front of him, lookin' a reg'lar mite among all them big fellers, was a little bit o' a lad not ten year old —ragged as a scarecrow, but with bright curly hair, and a bonnie little face o' his own, if it hadn't been so woful thin and pale. But, bless yer soul! to see the way that little chap held his head up, and looked about him, you'd ha' thought the whole ship belonged to him. The mate was a great, hulkin' black-bearded feller, with a look that 'ud ha' frightened a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a key-hole; but the young un warn't a bit afeard—he stood straight up, and looked him full in the face with them bright, clear eyes o' hisn, for all the world as if he was Prince Halfred himself. Folk *did* say arterwards' (lowering his voice to a whisper) 'as how he comed o' better blood nor what he ought; and, for my part, I'm rayther o' that way o' thinkin' myself; for I never yet seed a common street-Harab (as they calls 'em now) carry it off like *him*. You might ha' heerd a pin drop, as the mate spoke.

"'Well, you young whelp,' says he in his grimmest voice, 'what's brought *you* here?'

"'It was my step-father as done it,' says the boy in a weak little voice, but as steady as could be. 'Father's dead, and mother's married again, and my new father says as how he won't have no brats about eatin' up his wages; and he stowed me away when nobody warn't lookin', and guv me some grub to keep me goin' for a day or two till I got to sea. He says I'm to go to Aunt Jane at Halifax; and here's her address.'

'And with that, he slips his hand into the breast of his shirt, and out with a scrap o' paper, awful dirty and crumpled up, but with the address on it, right enough.

"*We* all believed every word on't, even with out the paper; for his look, and his voice, and the way he spoke, was enough to show that there warn't a ha'porth o' lyin' in his whole skin. But the mate didn't seem to swaller the yarn at all; he only shrugged his shoulders with a kind o' grin, as much as to say: 'I'm too old a bird to be caught with *that* kind o' chaff;' and then he says to him: 'Look here, my lad; that's all very fine, but it won't do here—some of these men o' mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out of 'em. Now, you just point out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you don't it'll be the worse for you!'

"The boy looked up in his bright, fearless way (it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap!), and says quite quietly: 'I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say.'

"The mate says nothin', but looks at him for a minute as if he'd see clean through him; and then he faced round to the men, lookin' blacker than ever. 'Reeve a rope to the yard!' he sings out, loud enough to raise the dead; 'smart, now!'

"The men all looked at each other, as much as to say; 'What on earth's a-comin' now?' But aboard ship, o' course, when you're told to do a thing, you've *got* to do it; so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

"'Now, my lad,' says the mate, in a hard, *square* kind o' voice, that made every word seem like fittin' a stone into a wall, 'you see that 'ere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess' (he took out his watch and held it in his hand); 'and if you don't tell the truth afore the time's up, I'll hang you like a dog!'

"The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye), and then a low growl went among 'em, like a wild beast a-wakin' out of a nap.

"'Silence there!' shouts the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'-easter. 'Stand by to run for'ard!' and with his own hands he put the noose round the boy's neck. The little feller never flinched a bit; but there were some among the sailors (big strong chaps as could ha' felled a ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, bethought myself o' *my* little curly-haired lad at home, and how it 'ud be if any one was to go for to hang *him;* and at the very thought on't I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched theirselves as if they was a-grippin' somebody's throat. I clutched hold o' a handspike, and held it behind my back, all ready.

"'Tom,' whispers the chief-engineer to me, 'd' ye think he really means to do it?'

"'I don't know,' says I through my teeth;

'but if he does, *he* shall go first, if I swings for it!'

"I've been in many an ugly scrape in my time; but I never felt 'arf as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen; and the tick o' the mate's watch reg'lar pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there was a precious ugly look on some o' their faces; and I noticed that three or four on 'em kep' edgin' for'ard to where the mate was standin', in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I'd made up my mind that if he *did* go for to hang the poor little chap, I'd kill him on the spot, and take my chance.

"'Eight minutes!' says the mate, his great deep voice breakin' in upon the silence like the toll o' a funeral bell. 'If you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for yer time's nearly up.'

"'I've told you the truth,' answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. 'May I say my prayers, please?'

"The mate nodded; and down goes the poor little chap on his knees (with that infernal rope about his neck all the time), and puts up his poor little hands to pray. I couldn't make out what he said (fact, my head was in sitch a whirl that I'd hardly ha' knowed my own name), but I'll be bound God heard it, every word. Then he ups on his feet again, and puts his hands behind him, and says to the mate, quite quietly: 'I'm ready!'

"And then, sir, the mate's hard grim face *broke up* all to once, like I've seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and burst out a-cryin' like a child; and I think there warn't one of us as didn't do the same. I know *I* did, for one.

"'God bless you, my boy!' says he, smoothin' the child's hair with his great hard hand. 'You're a true Englishman every inch of you: you wouldn't tell a lie to save your life! Well, if so be as yer father's cast ye off, *I*'ll be yer father from this day forth; and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me!'

"And he kep' his word too. When we got to Halifax, he found out the little un's aunt, and giv' her a lump o' money to make him comfortable; and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as reg'lar as can be; and to see the pair on 'em together—the little chap so fond o' him, and not bearin' him a bit o' grudge—it's 'bout as pretty a sight as ever I seed. And now, sir, axin' yer parding, it's time for me to be goin' below; so I'll just wish yer good-night."

# OUR PARTY AT SEA.

## II.

### EXPERIENCES IN IRELAND.

REV. J. S. BRECKINRIDGE.

Our whole party, consisting of the Professor, Judge, Doctor, and Mr. Chairman, was favorably impressed with Ireland from the first, and not very favorably by the Irish.

It happened in this wise.

Queenstown is strikingly situated, and remarkably clean. It sits on a declivity, (the grade being so heavy that it seems to sit rather than lie) and every house, back to its very suburbs, stands out conspicuously before the approaching American. Shrubbery is abundant, and to us, who had for nearly nine days been confined to four hundred feet of deck, the streets were so many openings into delightful fredom. We could not avoid being pleased with Queenstown.

The people were not so clean, and our first greeting was from repulsive looking boys, who seem determined to possess themselves of our baggage, and our second, from a drunken woman, who stood in her doorway and uttered "Billingsgate."

We lunched at Queens Hotel, and the Chairman, with overweening confidence in his ability to both count and produce "pence, shillings and pounds," proposed to assume the responsibility of defraying all expenses on this occasion, but when the Doctor, who had ordered fowl, was served with a whole duck, and the others in similar ratio, I began to doubt my ability to foot the bill, either mentally or with coin.

After quite a struggle I succeeded in doing both. This circumstance is thus particularized, not because of any inherent impor-

tance, but because it was the beginning of a financial arrangement which has been of vast interest to our party, and continues still to be.

At night, in running over our current expenses for the day, it was remembered, by the writer more vividly, perhaps, than the rest, that at Queens Hotel we lunched, and were charged roundly for the indulgence, and with that keen sense of justice, which, with some sad eclipses, characterized us throughout, it was suggested that Mr. Chairman ought to be relieved of the results incurred by his generous rashness, and, after some feeble protests, quite feeble I must admit, he submitted to the pleasant process of having considerable money refunded.

Out of that simple experience, so painful to me in the beginning, and so painful to the rest at its close, grew the plan of appointing one of our number each day to pay all bills, with the privilege (and at the close of some days, this privilege was inestimable) of demanding a settlement at night. The result has been that three out of four were freed from all anxiety, except that incurred by anticipating the seldom omitted demand for settlement at night.

We left Queenstown on the afternoon of our arrival, taking a little steamer which plies between there and Cork.

On our way was pointed out the ruins of a castle, whose chief noteriety lies in the fact that it "cost but a groat!" It was built by a woman who paid her workmen in merchandise, and charged such an immense profit on her goods, as to cheat them within a groat of all their wages.

She may have been smart, even as were Tweed and Fisk and *id genus*, but, like theirs, her example is not worthy of imitation, but great rascality, like heroic deeds, attracts attention, and tourists are sure to look eagerly at this castle.

The "Giant's Stairway," where some mythological monster formerly went up and down stairs, is also shown a little farther on.

We reached Cork about 2 P. M., and after settling down at the Imperial Hotel, concluded to visit Blarney Castle. It is from five to eight miles distant, according to the road taken.

It was raining, and we secured a covered jaunting car, drawn by an Irish horse, and driven by an Irishman.

The ride out was through a highly cultivated country and along a magnificently made road, bordered by hawthorn hedges.

The castle is situated among green fields on the bank of a small stream, and occupies a lofty ledge. Its history is interesting, and the view commanded by one standing on its walls, surpassingly fine, but its chief attraction after all, is the Blarney Stone.

This we found near the top, though there is another placed near the bottom for the accommodation of ladies.

On reaching the genuine one, the question of kissing it arose, and the Doctor declared that to undertake is would be a fool-hardy undertaking, as the stone is so situated that one to touch it with his lips must lean far over the wall, where to slip would ensure a fall of one hundred or more feet.

The Professor stated that to do it, even if perfectly safe, would be nonsense, while the Judge calmly coughed under his left hand.

But Mr. Chairman had not come 3000 miles to treat sacredly historical matters in this presumptuous manner, and prepared to embrace the Blarney Stone. A kiss was soon imprinted upon its rough cheeks, and eloquence to the imprinter's tongue, but his first gesture was not altogether in harmony with the rules of rhetoric, for he sat squarely back in a mud-puddle, and floundered to his feet dripping with the results of the recent rain-storm.

Such a grovelling finale of his sublime deed was entirely unanticipated by the entire party, as well as by himself, and occurred in this wise.

The Doctor was very nervous, fearing that I would break my neck, and the Professor and Judge were somewhat anxious lest by breaking my neck I should disarrange the party's future proceedings, and between the three I was so thoroughly assisted back from my suspended position over the wall, that insteak of agilely regaining my feet, as was my firm intention, and pouring forth "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," I was ignominiously quenched in the aforesaid manner.

The cruel remark made some time since, by different members of our company, that my experiment has not increased the eloquence of my utterances, I consider unqualifiedly false, and the outgrowth of jealousy on their part. *They* saluted the Blarney Stone set apart for women and children down stairs.

But if the remark *be* true, and I sometimes have a painful suspicion that it is, I charge my failure, not to the stone, but the

untimely cooling of my ardor after kissing it.

We reached our hotel at dark, I made arrangements to leave for Dublin early the next morning.

The Judge was "on deck," and went down to settle our bill over night; he found a woman in charge, and his attempt to pay her was, for some time, quite unsuccessful. We had walked up from the depot, and she had charged us for riding; we intended to walk back in the morning, and she had charged us for places in the "bus." After considerable left-hand coughing, and a few forcible remarks, our landlady was forced to see that we had not patronized her vehicle, and did not intend to, and the Judge returned to us radiant with exertion as well as success. At 6 o'clock we took seats in a Dublin car, and left Cork, never, we hope, to return. We rode for nine hours at a rapid rate through one of the most delightful sections of Great Britian.

We were impressed by the tasteful substantiality which characterizes everything done by the government; the railroads are well built, the depots constructed of stone and covered by iron, and are surrounded by flower gardens, so laid out ocoasionally as to spell the name of the place. Here and there a clock tells the passing traveler what time it is. The telegraph poles are braced by wire-ropes, and roofed with sheet-iron. Carriage roads run over or under the track, and the bridges are generally splendid pieces of masonry. Trains run swiftly but carefully, and are usually on time. The track is neatly fenced by hawthorn hedges, and we saw, in all our journeyings, no cattle or sheep within the enclosure. The engines have no cow-catchers in front like ours. People are not allowed on the track, and at depots we saw foot bridges overhead, upon which passengers are expected to cross. We were surprised to find our train running continually on the left hand track, but found by observation and inquiry, that it is the uniform custom. Steam-cars, horse-cars, carriages, etc., all pass each other on the left, the people seem to be undecided as to which side they should turn out, especially when they meet foreigners—we sometimes veered both ways in rapid succession, and then did not escape collisions.

In Dublin we fixed upon the Imperial Hotel. The Doctor was "on deck," and remembering the Judge's experience at Cork, made a very definite bargain indeed with the landlord ere he engaged rooms, and as the result had no trouble at all in settling the next morning.

We visited the cemetry which contains O'Conor's grave, and saw, in an iron-barred vault, his coffin and those of his two sons. The somewhat common family monument in this grave-yard, is a miniature cathedral, beautifully decorated without and within.

The city park is large and most handsomely designed. Dublin is clean, and contains some magnificent stores, we were, on the whole, very pleasantly impressed. Our ride to Belfast on the following day was interesting.

Furze grows abundantly throughout the country, and furnishes a cover for rabbits; trees are planted parallel with the hedges, and the rows, which are sometimes two or three rods wide, run like green ribbons through the fields of grain, and were formerly used as "game covers." We saw many peat swamps, and in some of them women were preparing the peat for fuel by kneading it into what looked like ten-cent loaves of bread. It is piled up to dry, and then drawn home and stacked in the door-yard. I saw several houses, in front of which were peat-piles as large as an ordinary barn, and very much the same shape. It costs from one to two dollars per load, and is said to make an excellent fire.

Belfast is a wide-awake city, and makes the finest linen in the world; I saw thousands of yards of this fabric stretched upon the grass bleaching, acres of land are thus covered, and look, at a distance, as if they had been snowed upon.

At night we reached Port Rush, a railroad terminus from which travellers visit the Giants Causeway. The depot is thronged by guides and cabmen, all anxious to assist the tourist and get a job.

We four seemed to be the principal objects of attention, and the interest manifested in our welfare was never before paralleled in our history. If our dearest friends make us half as welcome when we return from a three month tour in Europe, we shall be more than satisfied; those dear Irishmen acted as if they had been expecting us for years, and seemed to simultaneously recognize us ere we were half way across the platform. Hands innumerable seized our baggage, and carriages without number were placed at our disposal. Had each of us been the Shah, we could not have asked for a more enthusiastic reception; no less than

thirteen (by actual count) escorted us to our hotel, and each man was accompanied by a whip. While this gorgeous procession moved energetically along the side-walk, another, consisting of horses, mules, cabs, carts, janting cars and hotel hacks occupied the road, and each of our affectionate companions pointed to some particular animal in the row of bones, and declared it not only superior to every neighboring beast, but fully capable of putting us alongside the Causeway in an incredible number of minutes, meanwhile, making gestures with his whip which were both forcible and dangerous; waxing rash as well as warm, each man's offer became more and more astounding; the regular fare is about eight or ten shillings for four persons, but as the bidding grew reckless, the price fell to six shillings, five shillings, four shillings, two shillings, six pence, nothing, and at last one noble friend offered me a ten cent drink, if I would be kind enough to ride out there with him. My past record as a temperance man (I have delivered several total abstinence lectures,) prevented my accepting the drink, and my native independence forbade acceptance of the proffered ride.

The fact is, we had determined to have a good night's rest at Port Rush before looking at the Causeway at all, and when a medium sized Jehu, more persistent, if possible, than the rest, rushed in front of the Judge, and offered to drop him at the Causeway in a very short time, and for a very small sum, his patience gave way, and in laconic language he informed his earnest friend that he would drop him for less than that unless he speedily skedaddled; this speech, delivered with the elocutionary power for which the Judge is deservedly noted, and, followed by a deep left-handed cough, assisted very much in opening up a pathway for our party; the enthusiasm of cabmen began to wane, and we were shortly at our hotel, laughing over the experiences of the last ten minutes, and wondering that the town authorities do not, for the good credit of the place, put a stop to the shameful proceedings which had just been witnessed. It seemed at times as if our very lives were in danger.

At the Causeway, five miles distant, we should, in all probability, have had a similar fray, but for the fact that we engaged our guide before reaching it, since on the fences all around the entrance gate sat, like so many vultures, a flock of men and boys waiting to pounce upon visitors.

That one of the grandest natural curiosities of the world should be thus degraded, is shameful. Nevertheless, it is well worthy of a visit.

It consists of from 40,000 to 60,000 upright pillars. In shape they are triangular, quadrangular, pentagonal, hexagonal, septagonal, octangonal, and nonagonal; one of the party asked if there were any with only two sides, and the sickly smile which overspread the guide's face, showed that the joke was old, and regarded by him as excessively thin-thinner, if possible, than the pillar would be.

Each of these thousands of pillars is distinct, and yet all are so packed that the whole space is accurately filled. The origin of this Causeway is still a puzzling question among scientists, the legendary one, that giants drove down the stones as we do piles, is almost as satisfactory as any explanation yet offered.

# MISERY JIPPEAU.

H. V. OSBORNE.

## CHAPTER IX

The little bright-faced clock on the mantel in Mrs. Brown's sitting room, declared that it lacked five minutes of four P. M. And little Joe Brown kicked up his feet on the floor, rolled himself into a sitting posture, and awaited the strokes which should announce that the big pointer had arrived at XII in safety, and was entitled to four at the tally keeper's hands. Joe liked to hear that big pointer "holler at the little one"—and then, too, he knew that four P. M., and some odd minutes, brought Billy Brown, his biggest brother, home from school. And Joe thought worlds of Billy Brown. Boss, or Bossie Brown, Joe's twin sister—real name Jessie, but who had a well-earned title to the above, was drawing her pencil across her slate, making it "skreek" in a "booful" way, *she* thought, if her dancing black eyes were any evidence. Al Brown

had gone on a hands and knees pilgrimage across the room, stopping at all points of interest on her way, and kicking up as much of a dust as it was possible on the twice-a-day swept carpet. Hero, the fifth little Brown, was being snuggled in the arms of the model wife and mother—rolling around every now and then and casting the most solemn glances at the infant-ry scattered before him. Meanwhile, the big pointer has completed its home run—the tally-keeper credited the fact—Joe enjoyed it—and now flattening his nose against the window pane, is awaiting fo(u)rthcomings.

"I b'l'eve," says Joe, shifting his position and rubbing his fingers—contrary to all laws of propriety—across the window pane, "I b'l'eve—most for sure"—Boss Brown drops her pencil, and her curls fly through the air as she rushes to get a view of Joe's belief. She tugs Joe out of position, and a trifle beyond his good nature, in her efforts to be even with him. To be even with her, he relinquishes his belief for a moment, and shakes her—ever so slightly to be sure—but enough to make her eyes eliminate sparks, and her voice follow in screams. This would have conquered Joe, without Miss Bossie's resorting, as she did, to fist-force; he left his sister sole monarchess of what she surveyed, swallowed his troubles, sat down at his mother's feet, and leaned his brown, curly head against her knee. Mrs. Brown reached out a hand, and stroked the boy's head. But his trouble didn't set well—he had mental dyspepsia presently, and made wry faces at his thoughts.

"Mother, Bossie Brown is a tiger—a reg'lar tiger—I don't think she's a girl at all," Joe at last exclaimed.

The tiger, mounted on a high chair, was beating an accompaniment on the window, and singing at the top of her voice, "I wants to be a angel"—sublimely unconscious of her brother's opinion that she hadn't the makings of an angel in her.

"You think she's a tiger, do you, Joseph, well, tigers, you know, are very excusable for their actions—like bears and lions in your little verse, "it is their nature to" be rough. I am glad you have so much charity for your sister as to consider her not at all responsible for what she does. Now if she were a little girl, I should think it my duty to expostulate with her, but it would be time thrown away on a tiger—tigers must be humored—it was very right for you to walk away and leave her, under the circumstances, it might have been dangerous for you to have stayed."

Joe looked up into his mother's face, caught the smile from it, and with it kindled one for himself. Then he laughed—Joe's laugh was full of music—and in this little song with words there was full and free pardon for Boss Brown.

Joe neared the aspirant for angels' privileges, and put out his hand caressingly; down bobbed the little head to his, and Bossie, in coaxing voice, reminded him of his creed:

"Joe Brown, tell me what you b'l'eved when you looked over there."

"I b'l'eved I saw"—and he wound his arm around the usurper—"I b'l'eved I saw little Jipp go into—oh he's comed out—he's coming here," he added joyfully, "mother, Billy's a comin', and little Jipp's along."

Hero laughed in his solemncholy way, as if he understood it all, and Al Brown mounted her hands and feet and drove to the door, just as it opened a broadside full in her face. Billy heeded her not, but rushed eagerly to his mother to announce the guest whom he knew she delighted to honor. Misery Jippeau stooped down, stood the little sprawler up on end, and filled her apron with confections. But Al wasn't crying—not she! There was a big bump on her forehead, too, but Al Brown seldom cried for big bumps or little—she was the sturdiest young one of all the Brown tribe—rushing headlong here and there, and taking the consequences of her rashness in the grandest manner of heroes.

"I might have known you wouldn't cry," said Misery, admiringly, "you ought to have been a boy." Then he picked her up, and walked in his grave, uncertain manner, into the sitting-room. Hero was in the cradle, tracing geometrical figures in the air with his fists. Mrs. Brown, with her face bright with pleasure, arose, not in an abrupt, bustling, take-away-your-breath manner, but with the ease and dignity peculiar to her, came forward, took Misery's hand in hers, and, looking her heart from her eyes, said gently in her deep rich tones, "my dear boy, I am *very* glad to see you;" then, extending her arms to Al added, "let me relieve you of your burden—come to mother, Alice."

But the little lady wound plump arms around the boy's neck, and serenely added:

"Me vel dlad too, dee boy—me stay—dit share Zhippee—sit oo an' me down."

And the boy, not in the least bored, sought a chair at her command, and thus she remained in arms. Joe, delighted and shy, stowed himself at Misery's feet. Billy, giving his hand to Hero, sat by his side and the cradle's. Bossie, wayward Bossie, was the only flock-one absent—but Bossie, seated in the hall, is regaling herself with Al's sugar plums: should Joe hear her crunching and snapping them up and down, he would be more inclined than ever, no doubt, to render to his mother the verdict: "Bossie Brown is a tiger—a reg'lar tiger—I don't think she's a girl at all."

Mrs. Brown and Misery understood each other too well, to introduce health and weather topics on meeting—the day had been too fine to receive fitting praise in words, and the general health of each was evidently good; time was precious when these two met, they wasted but little of it.

Misery settled back in the big easy chair, and drew Al Brown close after him. "Mrs. Brown," said he, "it is *very* pleasant to be in B——, and with you again, sometimes I almost wish we lived here, but father, you are aware, couldn't endure it, he loved her so, and its too dark here for him without her."—

Mrs. Brown assented, and Misery continued:

"I've gotten over urging him to come when I do, he acts so strange and looks at me so queer. Once he was reclining on a sofa at the American House, and I was sitting by the grate watching the melting coals;—I thought he was asleep. I had sat there for an hour or more, when, all of a sudden he groaned: 'My poor, poor boy, you'll forgive your father, won't you!' You see he was sort of deranged, thinking so much, and so to humor him, I crept up and kissed him, and told him over and over again I would forgive him of course. I never have asked him to come here since then, it isn't best for him."

Mrs. Brown's face flushed and faded. She took the baby from the cradle, and, utterly ignoring Misery's remarks, drew up the little dress, and showed a pair of crippled feet, feet which would plainly never walk.

"Jippy," said she, "look at the darling's face, hasn't it a noble little head, he's smarter than any of the children were at his age, but see his little twisted feet—I didn't write you, I feared your imagination would make the subject painful to you—unless you were here to see how happy he is. 'Poor, poor little feet, I sometimes say, but in the same breath I ask God's pardon, and call them 'blessed, blessed little feet,'" and the sweetest of smiles chased the tears from Mrs. Brown's eyes.

"Oh, baby, baby," said Misery, his tones betraying how deeply he felt, "oh, baby, baby," and then he was silent, his thoughts hushed him.

Little Al, her great blue eyes deep with expression, patted Misery on the face with one hand, and reaching over her little body till the other hand rested on the baby's crooked limbs, said softly:

"Dod."

Then she fell back in Misery's arms.

Misery's face was growing bright, meanwhile; he pulled the little white dress down over the feet, and touched the baby reverently.

"Mrs. Brown, when God makes individuals different from the masses, He must have a great purpose in it, a special design, don't you think so? God has to give the subject extra supervision, it seems to me, for the pattern is new and different. So the baby is honored, isn't he, honored above all the rest. It struck me painfully at first, but I see it all now. And to give one of His special charges to you, Mrs. Brown, how He trusted you! I don't wonder at it, you'll help *develop* the plan, you wouldn't dare do as some—how God's designs are frustrated sometimes, aren't they. You are a blessed, blessed baby, little fellow," continued Misery addressing the baby, "by the way, Mrs. Brown, what is his name?"

"Hero," said the noble woman, and just here the baby-blossom tossed its little fragrant head backwards, looked up into its mother's face and smiled.

"Hero," flashed back Misery brightly, "then we thought alike all the time, didn't we? *Hero*, isn't it a grand good name for—for—for—" Misery hesitated, disliking to pronounce the word.

"For a cripple," supplied the mother.

"Misery is a pretty name," said little Joe, unconscious of its significance, "Misery is a *real* pretty name, *I* think."

As a reward for his opinion, however, the admirer of Misery was sent in search of Boss, and the conversation being somewhat dull for Billy, he likewise took his departure.

"I often think, Jippy," Mrs. Brown remarked, "that we mortals do not know when we are well off, and often rebel against

the very things sent to help rather than hinder us on our journey heavenward. You know the little weight attached to the rod, that constitutes the clock's pendulum. It is very easy to imagine that if the clock could speak, it would cry out against it, would declare it could travel easier, better, make faster time, if that drag, that hindrance, were only removed. Such a complaint would seem foolish, ridiculous to us who are wiser, who know just what the fate of that clock would be were its own wishes to be gratified, but I fear we human beings appear just as unreasonable to God, when we murmur at the burdens He sees fit to put upon us. Burdens differ, too, to be sure, some individuals are so constructed, the slightest weight is all their natures require, others, have such a natual tendency to rush ahead of their light, that their living would be anything but correct, were the heavier burden removed· Each has his own, given by an All Wise Hand, you yours, and I mine; Mr. A.'s burden may be the loss of a fortune—perhaps he didn't need the weight until now—God knows *when* to add it; Mrs. B., may have the weight of severe family afflictions thrust upon her—the death of her husband or children. She may have lost one after another, God alone knowing just the degrees of lading required. Mr. C., may have been deformed, hunch-back from his birth. For some wise reason *God* put the weight on his shoulders. Mr. D., thinks he is forever kept in the back-ground by disastrous circumstances: everything he touches his hands to, seems to fall back in ruin upon him; perhaps, unless retarded by these weights, his life and influence would be such as to lead many astray. Here is my little Hero"—again the baby turned and smiled—"God has laid His hand on his feet, and none but God can ever make him walk, God knows what is best for us all."

"Yes, but some let their burdens crush them, and they grow worse instead of better. Can you think that out smooth, Mrs. Brown, it tires me to think to-day."

"It isn't the weight, my dear boy, that makes the clock go, *that* is merely given to help it in its actions, to steady it, to make it a correct time-keeper, a faithful servant, but, if it refuses this help, if it ignores it, why then it does not fulfill the purpose of its maker, is worse than useless. A human being under such circumstances, would be doubly responsible."

"Yes, yes, I see it all," said Misery, slowly. "I don't think God has put much of a burden on me, though," he observed after a little, but I *do* hope He loves me—I am sure I love *Him*."

Mrs. Brown looked almost pityingly at the boy, when he declared he had no burden to bear. The look implied: "Poor little fellow, I fear you will find it all too soon, ignorance is sometimes bliss." But Misery was petting Al Brown, and the expression escaped him.

A few moments later, Mrs. Brown withdrew to prepare supper, and, sending Joe and Bossie up to Misery, she and Billy got tea. Hero was accommodating enough to go to sleep meanwhile—noise never disturbed him. Boss captured a singing-book, and, holding it upside down, sat in a corner screaming:

"'Kind words can never die,'"

to music(?) arranged by herself. Boss was a whole orchestra in full blast, so far as power was concerned; noise she enjoyed, it had an exhilerating effect on her majesty's spirits. Out rung the "kind words" through the room, the only pauses being when she thrust her thumb into her mouth to facilitate the turning of the leaves.

"Bossie," said Joe, "where's brother's slate pencil?"

—"'Cherished and blest,'"

continued the indifferent song*stress*.

"Boss, Bossie Brown, where's Josie's pencil, you had it on the floor—"

—"'God knows how deep they lie—'"

shouted Bossie, a perverse look framing her mouth.

"Ain't you going to answer me, Bossie?" persisted Joe, searching the floor in vain, "I want to show Jippy the dog I can draw, Boss, *do* tell brother where you put it."

—"'Stowed in the breast,'"

concluded the young one, and then flashing an angry look at the interrupter of her hymn, she threw the book at his head, and, arising, stamped her foot most emphatically at him, exclaiming: "Joe Brown, you're the most disagreeblest boy I ever saw! *Didn't* you hear me singing kind words 'll never die—and you a askin' *crestyuns* all the time! Guess your pencil's et up—an' I'm glad—if 'tis a-bovrin me as you do!"

Joe looked discouraged and disheartened, he was a sensitive little fellow, this Joe, and his little sister grieved him many times a day. Still, he turned to Misery, half-apologizing for her, "she's so little," was all he

said, but the tone was full of unselfishness. Yes, she was little, but Joe was little too, for, were they not twins? Oh how children differ, and what different government they require. Yet, some parents treat them all alike in turn, love and punish according to the same pattern, not according to the requirements of the individual natures.

"Joe," said Jippy, "you'll be proud of Bossie some day, when she gets bigger. Bossie likes to have her own way now, but when she can forget her childishness enough to reason between right and wrong, she'll go strong for the right every time, and nothing will move her. You see, she's got the right kind of a mother—you and she have—else she might go just as fast in the bad direction. Plenty of steam when you are on the right track, is just nice; this life is up-grade anyhow, and *vim* can be turned to good account."

"Your mother is dead? Jippy."

"Yes," said Misery, gently, "I never knew what it was to have a mother."

"Did you cry when she died?" continued Joe.

"Cry! Dear no! Why I was a baby, lots smaller than Hero. I didn't know anything about it at all."

"An' who took care of you, and spread your bread an' butter, and rocked you to sleep, and all that?"

"Why nurse did, of course."

"An' who told you your name, if your mamma died — who 'membered it for you?"

"Why, I don't know," absently, "my father, I suppose; he must have named me—what a questioner you are, little Joe!"

"Ze *ba*bee's name is *'eroe*," put in Al, growing interested.

"*My* name is Jessie McAllister Bossie Brown," entered Bossie.

"*Mine* is Joseph *Ames* Brown," melodied Joe.

"An' mine's 'Al'," said that individual.

"An' your's is Misery? ain't it?" said Joe.

"No, *Zhippee*," corrected Al.

"His name is Misery Jip-*po! that's* what it is," said Bossie emphatically.

"Yes, Misery Jip*peau*," said Misery, quite amused.

"*I'm* named after a Bosting man," said Joe; "he gaved me a big silver cup, all gilty inside, an' he scratched my name on to it, too!"

"I'm named after my Aunt 'Lizabeth, I guess," said Bossie, anxious to know as much as Joe.

"Who are you named after, Jippy?" said the boy.

"Why—why nobody, I guess," slowly, "I never thought; my father called me Misery."

And then, for the first time in his life, the boy began to wonder whether the name Misery represented any one, and if not, why he had thus been christened, though the *significance* of the word did not strike him—he had become so accustomed to it—regarding it simply as a Christian name.

Poor little Josie, your innocent question has sent Misery Jippeau on a long, weary, disheartening journey—but as yet he does not know it.

Ned Brown comes home to his family, the little bell rings for tea, they all go out and encircle the bright table, Ned asks a blessing upon all, and everything seems cozy and delightful; a spirit of rest finds its way to each heart. But over that boy in the guest's honored seat a shadow is hovering restlessly, waiting permission to fall and envelop him. Oh, Josie, good-tempered, lovable child, Bossie, with all her short-comings, it seems, knew less of harm than you.

But little Joe sits at the table, and all unconscious of mischief done, his childish laugh is all the time filling the air with music. In his largeness of heart, and his love for his guest, the noble little fellow chips the frosting from his cake and casts it on Misery's plate, as the greatest offering in his present power to bestow. Dear little Joe, God grant you may never know that through you the burden came down—through you Jippy's cross was made heavy.

*To be Continued.*

## L'AMOUR ET LA MORT.

T. B.

When the end comes, and we must say good-bye,
And I am going to the quiet land;
And sitting in some loved place hand in hand,
For the last time together, you and I,
We watch the winds blow and the sunlight lie
About the spaces of our garden home,
Soft by the washing of the western foam,
Where we have lived and loved in days put by;
We must not weep, my darling, or upbraid
The quiet Death who comes to part us twain;
But know that parting would not be such pain,
Had not our love a perfect flower been made.
And we shall find it in God's garden laid,
On that sweet day, wherein we meet again.

# NOTHING BUT CLARET.

MRS. NELLIE AMES.

"It never hurt me!"

There was defiance and decision in the tone of Walter Uxbridge, Esq., as he looked into the handsome, motherly face on the opposite side of the dining table.

"No, Walter, I don't think it ever did; in fact, I am positive it never did; but then, my dear, there are very few of us in this world who can do exactly as we please. Don't you know what St. Paul says about putting stumbling blocks in our brother's way?"

"Don't quote St. Paul, for goodness sake. What don't he say. A sensible conservative one minute, recommending a little wine for the stomach's sake, and the next an out and out teetotaler, forbidding meat and fish as well as strong drink."

"But you know, well enough, what he means, whatever he has said. You are only talking that way to tease me. St. Paul thought it proper for a man who was master of his own spirit, to take a little wine if he needed it: but not to do this in a place where he could influence others weaker than he, or where it would be likely to hurt another's feelings."

"That is, he approved of drinking behind the door; something I shall never be guilty of, Mary, all the world is welcome to know what I do, and comment on my doings if it sees fit. This claret is excellent. I never heard of any body getting drunk on claret, did you?"

"I have no fear of Frank, that I know of," said Mrs. Uxbridge thoughtfully.

"Perhaps it is Mildred, then," interrupted her husband.

"No, nor Mildred"—

"Strange that you should have no fears of your daughter becoming a drunkard," interrupted Mr. Uxbridge again.

The irony of this remark had not the effect intended; for the lady went on thoughtfully, almost as if she had not heard.

"No, nor Mildred, although intemperance is not unknown among women"—

"Well, then, who in the world are you worrying about?" broke in the gentleman again. "You feel confident that Frank is beyond temptation, and there isn't any one else as I can see. Perhaps you are afraid that I shall lose my equilibrium some time!" and Mr. Uxbridge dropped another piece of ice in his glass, and surveyed the ruby liquid with the expression of an amateur.

"It is no especial credit to you that you are not a drunkard," contiuued the wife in a firmer tone. "Strong drink does not tempt you in every way, save in an epicurean sort of a fashion, that leads you to desire all good things, wine, no more than others. You do not drink to excess for the best of reasons, your appetite does not lead you so far, if it did, you would be like other drunkards. The question seems to be now, have we no duties outside of our own especial family? Oughtn't we to be as particular in regard to our neighbor's children as our own. To love our neighbor as ourself, requires great watchfulness, because it isn't so easy. I don't believe, Walter, that it is right to have wine on our dinner table, or to offer it to our friends, unless we are morally sure it can do no harm. I am very much stirred up on this subject."

"I should think so," laughed Mr. Uxbridge, with most imperturable good humor. "You women are strange creatures. After going along easy for a number of years, all of a sudden you fly off on a tangent, get your backs up, quarrel with your bread and butter, abuse the bridge that has carried you safe over, and stir up things generally. You'd make jolly rulers, you would! Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel; that's just it exactly—"

"Oh, mamma," interrupted a sweet voice just at this moment; and a young lady entered, followed by a gentleman evidently very much at home. "Oh, mamma, Harry and I have had such a delightful ride. The horses acted splendidly, and do you believe, Harry couldn't keep up with me to save his life;" and Miss Mildred, the skirt of her long riding habit gracefully disposed on her arm, her bright face flushed with excitement, hurried to her room to prepare for dinner.

"Don't wait for Mildred, Harry," said Mrs. Uxbridge, "it will take her some minutes to change her dress. You must be hungry after your ride."

"As a shark," laughingly responded the visitor, as he took his seat at the host's right hand.

"Here's some excellent claret," said Mr.

Uxbridge, passing the bottle. The light faded from his wife's face as she waited to see what reply their visitor would make. Very deliberately the young man transferred some pieces of ice to his glass; then, as if he had weighed the matter thoroughly, and decided not to touch it, said:

"No, I guess not. If Mrs. Uxbridge will give me a cup of coffee, I think I should like it better. I am sufficiently warm now without any more heating."

"But, man alive, claret is cooling. There's nothing in the world that will cool a man off so quick."

Mrs. Uxbridge passed the coffee, and tried to change the subject. No use. Mine host was in the minority, and that would never do. His wife was against him, his prospective son in law disagreed with him, and Walter Uxbridge, Esq. felt himself quite insulted. Just then Mildred entered, and seated herself opposite her lover.

"Have a little claret, Mildred?" inquired papa, bottle in hand, ready to fill her glass.

"Just a little bit," she replied. "Claret makes one feel so comfortably cool. Aren't you taking any, Harry? Help him, papa, I have a toast to offer."

Mr. Uxbridge obeyed with alacrity. Mildred raised her glass gracefully, and said, as her lover followed her example,

"Here's to the health of Harry Carleton, Esq. May he never mount a worse horse than the one he rode to-day, and may he at last conquer all fear of the noble animal, and learn to keep pace with his companion."

"A hearty laugh followed, in which all joined but Mrs. Uxbridge. She hid her face behind the coffee urn, and did her best to keep from breaking down. Why should she feel so sick at heart about so trifling a matter as the drinking of a little claret? she asked herself. Why did she shudder and grow cold as she lifted her eyes to the radiant face of her daughter? The visitor drained his glass, and his host promptly refilled it. Mildred sipped a little of hers. Wine evidently had no charm for this light-hearted, brilliant young lady. The next day Mrs. Uxbridge tried to make her daughter understand how keenly she felt on this subject of wine, the drinking, and how miserable occurrences of the previous evening had made her.

"I thought something was the matter, mother," Mildred replied, "but you need have no fears about Harry. He never touches liquor of any kind. He told me so himself. Claret is so simple, you know; scarcely more than lemonade. If it had been anything else, I should not have thought of offering it, of course."

That evening Mildred waited in vain for her lover.

"Where do you think he is, mother?" she asked, returning from the window for the dozenth time. "He never disappointed me before. We shall be too late for the first act, even if he should come this minute;" and Mildred removed her gloves and her tasteful opera hat, and prepared to spend the remainder of the evening at home. The next day passed, and the next, and still no tidings from the absent lover. Mr. Uxbridge called at his home, and discovered that he had not been seen by any of his relatives since the day he went horseback riding with Mildred. It lacked one day of a week when the young lady received the following note:

"Dear Mildred: Was taken very ill the night I left your house. Stopped at the 5th Ave. Hotel, and have been here ever since, most of the time unconscious. Am very much better, and shall see you to-morrow."

He came looking very ill, and Mrs. Uxbridge took him right into her heart, and nursed him like one of her own children. During the time that intervened between this and the marriage, only a little more than three months, Mildred had several times been called upon to wonder at the strange absences of her lover. His excuse was illness on each occasion, and his haggard face and woe-begone appearance generally, testified to its worth. Mr. Uxbridge feared the young man would become a confirmed invalid; Mrs. Uxbridge was filled with gloomy forebodings, and Mildred, bereft of her usual light-heartedness, prepared for the wedding.

"Sometimes I think Walter," said the anxious mother one evening just before the wedding, "or rather *fear* that Harry dissipates at these times he is away. He will not consent to see our physician; declares there is nothing especially the matter, and still I can't see that he improves in the least. I am free to confess that my confidence is shaken, and I desire very much that this marriage shall be postponed until I come to a more thorough understanding of the case."

"If all the women were like you, wife, this world would be a purgatory," responded Mr. Uxbridge, with his usual coarse, good-natured laugh.

"You torment yourself," he continued,

"and you try to torment me. If you had your way, Mildred would be an old maid, I should live on bread and butter, and weak tea, and when my friends came to see me, they would be treated to a glass of cold water and a temperance lecture. Now you've mounted a new Pegasus, and I suppose you'll ride him till he is played out, and then hunt up something else. Let the young folks alone, and don't bother your head any more."

Thus repulsed, Mrs. Uxbridge knew not what to do. She dared not whisper a word of her dreadful suspicion to her daughter, and there was no way of possessing herself of the information she stood so much in need of. With a heart almost paralyzed, she watched the progress of events. Inexorable old Time brought the wedding day at last, and with grief unutterable, the fond mother parted with her daughter for her wedding trip. Mr. Uxbridge superintended the wine department, and champagne had sparkled in fair hands, and fair lips had pledged the newly-wedded pair in numberless toasts. Harry Carleton touched not, tasted not.

"Now, my son," said Mr. Uxbridge with great impressment, passing him a glass of wine with his own hands, "Here's to you and yours, yours and mine! drink, man," as the young gentleman made no motion to touch his lips to the scintillating beverage.

"You will please excuse me," stammered the new-made husband with a painful blush. "You know I am not very well, and champagne does not agree with me."

"All right," replied Mr. Uxbridge. "You and my wife will do to go together; but I'm not sure but two temperance advocates in one family will be too much for me."

The wedding journey came to an end, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carleton went to housekeeping in their own pleasant home, and for awhile everything went on smoothly, and the heart of the mother grew light. Six months of delightful companionship, prompt attendance at business, and then the cloud descended. The young husband remained away from home for days at a time, without giving the least excuse. To his wife's tearful entreaties to know the cause of his absences, he turned a deaf ear.

"It wouldn't do you any good to know where I have been," he replied, almost brutally on one occasion, after she had implored for his confidence.

"But, Harry, I can't endure it," sobbed the poor little wife. "I am worried almost to death when you stay away so."

"And you think you would like it better if I should come home at these times?"

"Oh, Harry, how can you ask such a question? of course I should."

"Very well, then; I promise never to remain away again," and he was as good as his word.

"A month after that, a bleared, disfigured man reeled into the handsome home of the Carletons.

"Oh, Harry, what is the matter?" groaned poor Mildred, as her husband staggered to a seat.

"Drunk," he answered, with a demoniac laugh. "You needn't be afraid of me. I shan't hurt you," as the poor child drew away, "and before I get so bad I can't talk, I have something to say to you. I never could drink liquor; never could touch it without just such consequences as these. It is a hereditary curse. I had not touched a drop of anything for five years until that night at your father's house, when you pledged me in claret, and I didn't know how to refuse. I have never been myself since."

And he was never himself again. A few months more, and the unhappy soul was released from the curse of inheritance, and Mildred Carleton was a drunkard's widow.

## ONE GOLDEN SUMMER.

SCOTT.

I have been happy once, and now—
If dark days come, I e'en must bow
Beneath the shadows, and the cross;
Flowers, and sunshine, once did gloss
Its form so o'er, I never knew
It was a cross, till Roses blew,
Aside in glee, and thorns, I thought,
I saw beneath its beauty wrought.
So now the summer's gold is o'er,
And Roses bloom for me no more,
I'll take the thorns, because they grew,
Upon the stems, with Roses too—
And may be God will graft sometime,
Some Roses on these thorns of mine.

## BRAM'S RESOLUTIONS.

### A NEW YEAR'S JINGLE.

CHAS. A. DICKINSON.

'Twas New Year's Eve. Young Bramley sat
In deep reflection bowed.
He held a paper in his hand,
From which he read aloud:

"*I, Bramley White, hereby resolve*
*The coming year to be*
*From all of my accustomed faults*
*And evil habits free;*
*To curb my angry passions in;*
*To shun procrastination;*
*To keep my tongue from idle words,*
*And all exaggeration.*"

"Not hard to say, but hard to do,"
Said Bramley with a sigh.
"I wrote the same a year ago,
And vowed that I would try
To lead a better sort of life,
To pass temptations by;
And yet I've broken each resolve—
I'm sure I don't know why."

"I'll show you why," exclaimed a voice
In accents sweet and low.
He turned, and saw an angel form
In garments white as snow.
She waved her hand. Lo, wondrous change!
Before them stretched a green
Of broad extent, around whose edge
A lofty fence was seen.
Tall trees and graceful shrubs were there;
Bright flowers of every hue;
And near at hand a jessamine,
A rose, and lily grew.

"This park is yours, be on your guard!
Without is many a foe.
To all who ask admittance here,
Return the answer—No!
By all your hopes of happiness,
I charge you to obey!"
The angel said in solemn tones,
And quickly passed away.

"I'm not a foe, so let me in;
I can't unlock the gate,"
Exclaimed a saucy, boyish voice,
In tones importunate.

Bram glanced around: there stood a lad
Of Lilliputian size,
Who had a rosy, handsome face,
But dark, malignant eyes.

"No sir," said Bram, "you can't come in!"
"I will!" returned the lad,
"And if you don't unlock the gate,
I'll make you wish you had."

With this, he seized the iron bars
And tried to break them down.
At which display of impudence
Young Bram began to frown.
The lad grew more and more enraged.
"Take that!" he fiercely said,
And hurled an ugly pebble-stone
Direct at Bramley's head.
The stone fell short, but Bram resolved
The insult to resent;
To catch the urchin, and inflict
A righteous punishment.

So, full of wrath, he raised the latch,
And op'ning wide the gate,
Pursued, but tried in vain to seize
The saucy reprobrate.
At length, exhausted, he returned—
Chagrined and petulant—
To find within his lovely park

Another occupant:
A sprite, no bigger than a mouse,
Who hopped and danced about,
Defying all of Bram's attempts
To lure or drive him out.

Three times our hero caught the sprite
And bore him to the gate;
As many times the sprite escaped,
Enraged and obstinate.
Determined not to be outdone,
Bram still pursued the chase,
And caught the nimble sprite again;
But, as he turned his face,
He saw his gentle monitress
Approaching near at hand.
What should he say? He'd spurned her words
And broken her command,
Afraid to show the wicked sprite,
He thrust him in his pocket,
Then hastened to the open gate,
Resolved to shut and lock it;
But ere he'd traveled half the way,
The monitress spoke out:
"Ah, how is this? An open gate!
And foes within, no doubt!"
Bram hung his head; his face grew red.
He must equivocate,
Or tell a downright lie, he thought,
About the open gate.
At last he spoke: "No ma'am," said he,
"There are no foes within."
(There were no *foes*, 'twas only *foe*.
That, sure, was no great sin).
But here the sprite he held confined
Increased so much in size,
That Bram was sure he'd tumble out
Before her very eyes.
"About the gate," continued he
In stammering accents, "I—
An angry fellow opened that."
(That, sure, was no great lie)
But ah, that pocket! how it grew!
Poor Bram was filled with dread.
"No hand save yours could raise that latch,"
The angel mildly said.
"Be warned in time: take my advice,
And shut the gate and bar it;
Else wicked meddlers seek the park,
To desecrate and mar it."

With this, she passed from sight; and Bram,
Relieved of all his fears,
Unpocketed the struggling sprite
And soundly boxed his ears.
"Take that, you Tartar, you!" said he,
"And leave these quarters spry."
Just then came floating through the gate
A gorgeous butterfly.
A perfect beauty, Bramley thought,
And started in pursuit.
The insect led him on and on,
A tiresome, vexing route.
"I ought to shut that gate; but then,
I'll do it by and by,"
Thought Bram, as round the park again
He chased the brilliant fly.
At length he ceased his fruitless chase
And sought once more the gate.
Alas! 'twere vain to close it now:
*He'd come an hour too late.*
A motley throng of ugly imps
Were crowding fiercely in.
Their coming filled poor Bramley's heart
With sorrow and chagrin.
They danced upon the flowers and grass,
With wild and savage mirth.
The lily, rose, and jessamine
They trampled in the earth.
As Bramley stood in blank amaze,
His angel friend drew nigh.
She pointed to the gate, and said:
"*Behold the reason* 'WHY.'
The withered rose, and jessamine,
And lily here portray
The resolutions which you made
A year ago to-day!
Had you but guarded yonder gate,
And kept all foes without,
There'd be no broken, leafless stalks
To sigh and grieve about."

* * * * * *

And now, my merry little friend—
No matter what your name is—
Ye Georgies, Frankies, Johns and Wills,
Ye Nellies, Kates and Mamies,
Ye Coras, Fannies, Hatties, Belles,
Ye Charlies, Neds and Jamies,
Ye Walters, Henries, Dicks and Bobs,
Ye Sarah-Janes and Amies,
Let's shout "Hurrah for seventy-four!"
With loud resounding cheer,
And wish each other, one and all,
A happy, bright New Year!
And let us learn from Bramley's dream
To keep these precious hearts
Secured with ever watchful care
Against the Tempter's arts.
So will the year with joy be crowned,
And every day shall be
Brim full of perfect peace and love,
A day of jubilee.

## THE DOG AND THE SHILLING.

R. THORNTON.

A gentleman who had a splendid Newfoundland dog was riding with a friend one day, when the dog became the subject of conversation. Having praised the qualities of his favorite very highly, the owner assured his companion that Nero would, upon receiving the order, return and fetch any article he should leave behind, from any distance. To confirm this, a marked shilling was first shown to the dog, and then put under a large square stone by the side of the road. The gentlemen then rode for three miles, when the dog received the signal from his master to return for the shilling he had seen put under the stone. The dog turned back, the gentlemen rode on, and reached home; but to their great surprise the hitherto faithful messenger did not return during the day.

It afterwards appeared that he had gone to the stone under which the shilling was placed, but it being too large for his strength to remove, he had staid howling at the place till two gentlemen on horseback, hearing the noise made by the dog, stopped to look at him, when one of them alighting, removed the stone, and seeing the shilling, put it into his pocket, not at the time thinking it to be the object of the dog's search. The dog followed their horses for twenty miles, remained quietly in the room where they supped, followed the maid into the bedchamber, and hid himself under one of the beds. The possessor of the shilling hung his breeches upon a nail by the bedside; but when the travelers were both asleep, the dog took the breeches in his mouth, and leaping out of the window, which was left open on account of the heat, reached the house of his master at four o'clock in the morning with his prize, in the pocket of which were found, besides the shilling, a watch and money, which, upon being advertised, were returned to the owner, when the whole mystery was explained, to the admiration of all parties.

## A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A poor Arab traveling in the desert met with a spring of clear, sweet, sparkling water. Used as he was only to brackish wells, such water as this, appeared to his simple mind worthy of a monarch, and filling his leathern bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the Caliph himself.

The poor man traveled a long way before he reached the presence of his sovereign and laid his humble offering at his feet. The Caliph did not despise the little gift, brought to him with so much trouble. He ordered some of the water to be poured into a cup, drank it, and thanking the Arab with a smile, ordered him to be presented with a reward. The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water; but, to the surprise of all, the Caliph forbade them to touch a single drop.

After the poor Arab had quitted the royal presence with a light and joyful heart, the Caliph turned to his courtiers and thus explained his conduct: "During the travels of the Arab," said he, "the water in his leathern bottle became impure and distasteful. But it was an offering of love, and as such I have received it with pleasure. But I well knew that had I suffered another to partake of it, he would not have concealed his disgust; and therefore I forbade you to touch the draught, lest the heart of the poor man should have been wounded."

## WHY ARE MALE BIRDS MOST BEAUTIFUL?

### AN ANSWER FOR THE BOYS.

Have you ever wondered why the male of so many species of birds is so much more highly colored than the female? A good many persons have wondered, and formed theories about it. The one that seems to me most likely to be right is this: They say, where the male bird is gay and showy, he does not take his turn in sitting on the eggs to hatch them; but where both of the parent-birds are much alike, and both of a sober tint, each takes a share in the work of incubation. A bird of dull color is not easily noticed among the branches and leaves, or the ground, if it nests there. *You see, if a boy who can hit a mark with a stone* so neatly, should happen, all of a sudden, to spy a bright-red mother bird on a nest, he would not stop to think before he would send a pebble speeding after it, and, when it was too late to think, *the beautiful creature might be killed;* and how sorry he would feel when he heard the other bird mourning for his dead mate, and thought of the pretty eggs, and the little birds that might have been but for his temptation, and now can never be. We shall find, as we go on to study nature, how God takes care for the preservation of his creatures. Does not this care in coloring the sparrow, to insure her safety, look some like the answer, before it is said, to the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil"? And who knows but this is for the good of the boys as well as the birds? —*F. B. J. in Laws of Life.*

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

H. V. OSBORNE, Editor.

## EFFERVESCENCE.

That is what these promises amount to which so many make and never fulfill. Something touches the heart—a sad story—a glad story—fills it with sympathy—enthusiasm—pop goes the cork of indifference, and out rush the good resolutions, the comforting promises, the contracts for tangible consolation—out they come, all sparkling and foaming, and people that don't know that heart, think the man is going to do wonders for his fellow men; but those that have had former transactions with him, though granting his sincerity, put down his promises for what time will prove them to be—*effervescence*, and nothing more.

It won't do to let soda water stand uncorked: one must take it down on the instant, or lose its refreshing properties. And that is the way with these enthusiastic promisers, and many others—make them available on the spot, and you have done a good stroke—allow them time to cool off, and they entirely ignore their agreements.

But promises can *not* be always fulfilled in the day of them—some refer to months, years, a lifetime in the future! Yes! and the months, the years, the lifetime's future testify most sadly that these solemn vows remain uncancelled—unredeemed.

It was only the other day we were reading of that heroic young woman who gave up her life for the Memphis sick. The papers were full of glowing accounts of her bravery, her tenderness, her self-sacrificing love. A grand monument that Girling was to have; such a monument as she, in her hitherto obscure life, had never dreamed of. Ah, how the blessings called down upon that noble girl filled column after column of our nation's papers. To-day we picked up a paper among our exchanges, containing the cool statement that, if "that monument" was going to be raised at all, it must be done at once, or the funds would not be forthcoming; that it was much more difficult to obtain the subscriptions now than it was at the time of the occurrence. Why so? Has the deed lost any of its grandness in the interim? Has the life that young woman laid down for the Memphis citizens been accounted of less worth in these weeks than the day upon which it was sacrificed? No, not at all! But to tell the truth in the matter, the effervescence is subsiding. But what matters it to her, as, crowned with radiance, she sits at the feet of Him who, looking down upon her, gently declares, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." What matters it to the immortal spirit what honors, little or much, are raised over the body which entombed it? Ah, very little it amounts to her—the glory of men—sitting as she does within blessed hearing of her Master's "Well done!" If individuals would only keep their promises towards the *living!* That is the neglect we must deplore. Many times promises never seem to be fully realized till the one who called them forth lies silent in death, till the "too late" stares us in the face, and removes our every opportunity.

We know a man who took a girlish bride to his home three years ago, who promised to love and cherish her, for better, for worse, in sickness and in health; and when he made this solemn vow, he did so in the sincerity of his heart, I suppose, yet when the little wife got sick, and lay for months and months on a weary bed, wasting her precious life away, he knew nothing about cherishing then. The house was "gloomy enough." He thanked "his stars" his business kept him out all day, and that when it didn't, there were plenty of places in which to loiter away the time—while the white-faced child-woman counted the hours in loneliness and sadness—but, with never a murmur as she acknowledged to herself, "for better, for worse," *her* promise had been made. It was worse than the physical pain to lie there and know she had become a burden to the man who once told her he loved her better than his life. But *he* didn't know such thoughts ever entered her mind. How could he in the few moments which in duty bound he daily spent in the sick-room with the duty-bound expression on his serene and placid countenance. He meant to be kind, but "Confound it! This having a sick wife on your hands *isn't* as agreeable as it might be!" For whom? For her? or for you? we ask him. He has forgotten all about the *cherishing* part. He made *that* promise to a fair-faced, bright-eyed girling—but when the latter is blighted by an early frost, when the pink cheeks fade to whiteness, and the sparkling eyes grow dull—when the fragile flower lies back upon the bed to die—he sees no wife there—only a burden; his obligations to love and cherish are all forgotten, for they have amounted, in the mean time, to effervescence—nothing more!

We know of another couple who took each the other for better or worse. She was but eighteen, he only twenty. They took each other on trust for what their undeveloped characters might prove, and made their solemn promises accordingly. Harry didn't turn out well, *i.e.* he didn't seem to have any business capacity; couldn't coin money to save him; was a good plodder, earnest, sincere, but couldn't dash ahead like some people. Did the wife make good his lack-

ing talent? Did she save to equalize? No! she squandered his earnings! And worse than that she sneered at him! Taunted him with his lack of ambition; treated his opinions with general contempt, and finally drove the man to desperation—and—to drink. Then she left him! She who had promised to cherish that man through better and worse, pushed him towards the worse and cast him off. Poor Harry! And yet to-day he drinks to the little woman's health as he fills up his glass and those of his companions. As low as he has fallen, he still clings to the dear old love. Not so with Mrs. Harry—her love, her faith, her promises all gone—all buried—and on the tablet erected to their memory we inscribe Effervescence. Simply this! For in truth they were nothing more.

The marriage vows are not the only promises left unkept. There are others made and broken every day. Promises to children, oh what hosts of them; countless ones to our fellow-men; to the poor widow—to the orphan—oh what an array! Among these are so many promises which, upon an after-thought, seem to us too trifling to carry out, but to those awaiting the fulfillment they may mean more than we can possibly comprehend. When that Charlie-boy of yours shouts, "Papa bing me a shooder rabbit!" as you hurry away in the morning, and you shout back, "Yes, yes," as you toss through the door a kiss, don't let that sugar rabbit stand between you and your Charlie-boy's faith. "Too busy to buy sugar rabbits?" Then don't promise them! Don't go home to that eager questioning face pressed against the window pane—don't go home to him empty-handed—even though a "nice story instead" will cause temporary forgetfulness. Teach him that a promise is a promise—that promises are made to be kept—that with you they amount to something *more* than mere—effervescence.

And didn't you promise Johnny Newsboy a new jacket at Christmas-time? Ah! you forgot it! Yes, but *he* didn't. Daily over his rags for the past two months has he drawn that promise to keep him warm, and the sneers of this one and that at his tattered condition, have elicited no reply, and fell unmeaningly upon his ears as he has whispered your promise to his hopeful heart. How many times he has counted on his fingers the days to Christmas, and looked into the tailors' windows wondering what that *new* jacket would be like. It has been the beacon-light to Johnny Newsboy as he has been beaten about here and there in that never-sinking craft termed Hard-ship. It was a blow to him such as you cannot realize when you forgot that "trifling obligation"—when your good will fizzled out in —effervescence.

And here is the New Year—oh what a time for making promises! How splendidly the world moves the first week in January: every one working on new resolutions—from new standpoints—with fresh morals and a religion all aflame since "Watch Night." A pity it cannot go on so forever! Yes, but it can! That is, if you and I will only do our part. What do you say? Shall not these New Year's promises, the vows and the pledges, that are to lead us into a higher, holier, better life this 1874, be carried out? Do you promise? Then here is our hand. But stop a moment—let us first add, "By the Grace of God," that through His strength made "perfect in weakness," we may have something better to look back upon than promises now given with intentions the most sincere, but which without the aid of the Guiding Hand are likely to result in nothing more serious or satisfactory than the usual evanescent—Effervescence.

## CORRESPONDENCE

R. M. T.—The New York State School for training nurses, is located at The Maternité, 48 Concord street, Brooklyn, N. Y. There the students are under the authority of the matron, and serve as nurses under her direction. The Maternité provides all necessary text-books, models, instruments, etc., for the use of the pupils free of charge. The school year is divided into two terms of six months each, commencing on the first Tuesdays of October and April respectively. The first half of each term is devoted to lectures and clinical instruction: the second half to the practical details of nursing. The fee for the course is twenty-five dollars, invariably in advance, and applicants must not be less than twenty-one, nor more than forty years of age; they must also be able to read and write the English language, and sign an agreement to remain six months. Then they are received into the Maternité, and boarded and lodged at the expense of the institution during the entire course of instruction. At the close of each course, such nurses as pass a satisfactory examination by the medical staff, receive the Maternité's certificate of recommendation, to be renewed, however, at the expiration of each year, for three successive years, after which a perpetual diploma will be granted to such as prove meritorious.

Good nurses are always in demand, and should you graduate at this institution, your certificate would probably aid you in getting very remunerative positions.

Mrs. N. N.—We give you the rule for one of the choicest and most fashionable perfumes—it is far better than the one you suggest.

Essence of Rondoletia; oil of lavender, 3-4 ounce; oil of cloves, (finest) 2½ drachms; oil of bergamot, 2 drachms; essence of musk and ambergris, each ½ drachms; rectified spirits, 3-4 pint. Agitate together until completely united. Some add ½ drachm of *neroli*, or of oil of *verbena*, with or without ten or twelve drops of otto of roses. This is a fashionable and highly esteemed perfume for the handkerchief, and for personal use generally.

P.T.—Bulwer Lytton was born in 1806. His first story appeared in print when the author was only fifteen years of age.

A. R.—Wedding cards are usually furnished by the groom, though we never could see why. It seems to us much more appropriate that the bride's parents should supply them.

Schoolboy.—The following remarks will explain to you the very simple phenomenon—why matches ignite.

The tip of the match is a combination of sulpher and phosphorus. The phosphorus ignites at the heat of one hundred and twenty degrees, which a slight friction will produce, and this in turn ignites the sulphur, which requires four hundred and fifty or five hundred degrees. The flame of the sulpher sets fire to the pine wood of which the match is composed, and which ignites at about six hundred degrees. The combination is necessary, because the phosphorus alone would not kindle the match, while the sulpher alone would not ignite with the ordinary friction.

K. U.—You ask our opinion of dancing as a healthy exercise, and we give you a little extract from that excellent Bazar Book of Decorum, which exactly embodies our views on the subject.

"In old times dancing was regarded not only as an elegant accomplishment, but as the only means for acquiring the fine and graceful gait suitable for the genteel walks of life. Locke, in his Treatise on Education, says: 'Dancing, being that which gives graceful motion to all our limbs, and, above all things, manliness, and a becoming confidence to young children, I think can not be learned too early. Nothing appears to me to give children so much confidence and behavior, and so to raise them to the conversation of those above their years, as dancing.'

No one, we suppose, in these liberal days, strenuously opposes dancing if properly regulated, which it seldom is. It is well, perhaps, that our little masters and misses should subject their flexible feet and limbs to a course of lessons under the fiddle-bow of the dancing-master, and keep themselves in training by an occasional quadrille or waltz. They may thus learn to walk their genteel parts in life with a more assured ease and grace. We cannot, however, see the necessity of dancing the German from midnight to four o'clock in the morning, six days out of the seven of each week. On the contrary, it is quite apparent to us that this is an excess which is wholesome neither for body nor mind. It is debauchery, not social enjoyment; and, while it may be favorable to freedom of communion and ease of manners, is conducive neither to a graceful address nor a decorous behavior.

Dancing is a gentle exercise, favorable to the health and graceful development of the body, but, like all physical exercises, must be pursued at seasonable times, and under such circumstances as are dictated by nature, or it will become hurtful. With every additional movement of the limbs the respiration is increased, and the lungs take in a larger supply of air; and this, if not pure, will act upon the system with the virulence of a poison. We need hardly say, what must be obvious to every one who has breathed it, that the atmosphere of the crowded ball-room is not in the condition suitable to health. The apartment is necessarily closed to the severe cold of winter, and each one of the dense throng which usually gathers at these fashionable dancing parties is breathing fast under the general agitation of the dance and excitement. The pure air which may have at first existed is sucked up at once, and all, having eagerly consumed the vital element of oxygen it possesses, send it back with the poisonous constituent of carbonic acid gas. The whole room thus soon becomes filled with an atmosphere so vitiated that to breathe the least of it is injurious, and certainly the less of it taken by the human lungs the better. The dancers, however, by their quickened motion and necessarily increased respiration, are absorbing the most of the poison, while at the same time each one is adding to its virulence. When the air is impure, the greater safety is in repose than in movement. Better no exercise at all than exercise in a poisonous atmosphere, such as must be breathed by our party-going beaux and belles six nights of the week out of the seven.

The exercise of dancing under these circumstances becomes a source, as we all know, of prostration and ill health. No frequenter of the crowded ball will pretend that he or she, after a long night's indulgence in its debaucheries, sleeps more soundly, awakes more refreshingly, and resumes the duties or labors of the day with a lighter step and a lighter spirit. The looks are certainly not improved. Whatever, therefore, may be said in favor of fashionable dancing as a social element, it can not be justified as an exercise favorable to the health or beauty of the body.

The best physical discipline is to be found in regular and cheerful exercise in the open air. Those sports, which are often termed manly, but are no less womanly, as riding, boating, ball-playing, and brisk walking, are the best means of not only giving strength to the body, but endowing it with grace of form and motion."

# LITERARY NOTICES.

WORK, by *Louisa M. Alcott.* Published by Roberts Bros., Boston, Mass.

The last half of "Work" is far superior to the first, is written with much more feeling, and lacks the mechanical sound that renders the first portion of "Work" somewhat tame. In a great many respects, Christie's first experiences are not true to life—ask any one of the many *workers* in the field, and we think she will support our statement. Christie's hardships were *nothing* to what are generally borne by one entering upon work penniless and without influence as she did. It is struggle, struggle, struggle, all the way through, save in the exceptional cases, and again and again the ambition is all crushed out of the toilers, as they bravely try to rise and are beaten back by the more fortunate ones who mean to have them "know their place—and keep it." Christie's work till she put on "the armor," was mere child's play to what other Christies have to undergo. Perhaps we speak bitterly, but we speak truly. We should like to have the life of a worker taken from the average class, written up in its true light, perhaps the suffering, the deprivations, the *real* hardships of such an one would warm the cold heart of the world towards *workers* in general, *perhaps* it would, if *anything* could. They don't have much romance in their lives, these workers, precious little of that. Look at the faces of these toilers as you pass them on the street—they are sad, prematurely old; on some, expressions painfully indifferent, as if they cared not what came next—others are bitter and defiant, desperation causes *that* look —very few bright, glowing faces in this crowd. In some longing eyes, one sees a certain hope which belongs to those that *endure to the end*—a sort of faith that keeps them from complaining though they die—an expresison which says our rest is "not here"—"Above, is *our* continuing city;"—but more powerful in pathos than despair are such looks to the heart of the observer. This is not in disparagement of *work*, but to point out *yours* to you if you have found it not. There is work for all—and work of different kinds—suppose you find yours in *smoothing* the way for others, in making it less rough, in cutting away the thorny brambles where you may. To turn a book criticism into an appeal is not our usual custom, but we trust the digression will be excused, inasmuch as it was earnestness that led us aside.

Mrs. Wilkins, the laundress in this little volume, is a well-drawn character, and one the reader is led to admire at once, in spite of her uneducated ways, and her ignorance of what the world styles refinement. She has an unshaken trust in Providence, and her hearty manner of leading others to light, and enforcing her common-sense beliefs, causes one to lose sight of her shortcomings, and to always hail her cheery face with gladness whenever she thrusts it into a chapter. David is most too good to get much sympathy from the general reader. Christie's spirit, her shortcomings and overcomings enlist one's sympathy at once. And for Philip Fletcher it is easy to find regard and pity. From the chapter "Mustered In" to the close of the book, *Work* grows in power, and to that power the reader pays his tribute in tears as he finishes the chapter "Sunrise," which, "to Christie was the darkest hour of the dawn."

The book is prettily illustrated throughout—and we think it would be of benefit for all to read it.

BED-TIME STORIES, by *Louise Chandler Moulton.* Published by Roberts Bros., Boston, Mass.

A charming book! Just the book for a Christmas gift to the young folks. The stories are told in the author's easy, graceful, attractive style, and the influence throughout is pure and good, lessons are skilfully woven into the little recitals, but they are learned almost unconsciously, and have with them more weight than if the moral were added on a labelled tag at the end. In the following pretty lines the writer dedicates the book to her daughter Florence:

"It is you that I see, my darling;
On every page of this book,
With your flowing, golden tresses,
And your wistful wondering look,
As you used to linger and listen
To the "Bed-time Stories" I told,
Till the sunset glory had faded,
And your hair was the only gold.
Will another as kindly critic
So patiently hear them through?
Will the many children care for
The tales that I told to you?
You smile, sweetheart, at my question,
For answer your blue eyes shine:
"We will please the rest, if it may be,
But the tales are—yours and mine."

RECORDS OF A QUIET LIFE, by *Augustus J. C. Hare*, revised from the original "*Memorials of a Quiet Life*," by William Gage. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston, Mass.

The book, as its second title declares, is a record of the Hare family, as was published first in London. Julius and Augustus Hare were, as our readers will doubtless remember, authors of the books entitled, "Guesses at Truth," "The Missions of the Comforter," and "Sermons to a Country Congregation," which gifted books so impressed Mr. Gage, he became at once eager to know more intimately the external life of the writers, and, after reading the *memorials*, he so appreciated the contents that for the benefit of others he has somewhat curtailed the English edition, and given us in these "Records" the substance of that entertaining volume. In the upper circles of English thought and influence, few men have more deeply moved their contemporaries than the

Hares. You encounter them everywhere—they are associated with those domains of English life where the most significant movements of our time have their spring—and the names of Bishop Heber, Dean Stanley and Alford, Landor, Arnold and others, represent but a part of the eminent men whose inner life and external action are herewith traced. At the very opening of this volume, the reader is introduced to those who are aristocratic in every sense of the word. "Birth, breeding, learning, culture, all are here," says Mr. Gage, "but not, as is too much the case with us, divorced from a high and true spiritual life, but making this the most potent of all auxiliaries. Has it not come to that pass with us, when we almost take it for granted that those who have had the greatest advantages are the most deficient in piety? when we should be surprised that they should be the most tender and earnest in the deeper life of the soul? But this book furnishes the key to correct this, and lets us into the secret of a life which builds upon external conditions and acquired advantages, a loftier and nobler temple—one in which a perfect symmetry is preserved." The wife of Augustus Hare, forms the central point of interest in the book. "A woman of such integrity of soul, such depth, sweetness, purity, culture, and piety, as to have made her unconsciously the mainspring of those great and powerful intellects, so well known to us through their name and workings. In closing his preface, Mr. Gage remarks: "If I am enthusiastic in speaking of them, the reader must bear with me for a little, for he will share the enthusiasm when he closes the book." We do not believe this volume can enter any household without bringing with it untold influence for good—and because of this we wish it could be everywhere introduced.

One of the prettiest pieces of music we have seen or heard for a long time, is "A Rose In Heaven," by *Franz Abt*, the celebrated German composer. The words are sorrowful and plaintive in parts, and again triumphant, and the music fully corresponds to the sentiment of the verse. Abt's music doesn't always please the masses—because they are not educated up to it, but it is *always* good, always merits high praise. "A Rose In Heaven" is adorned with a fine lithograph of the composer. Published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York City; price 50 cents.

## OUR HOUSEKEEPER.

Cake—Use none but the best materials for making cake. If you cannot afford to get good flour, dry white sugar, and the best family butter, make up your mind to go without your cake, and eat plain bread with a clear conscience.

There are no intermediate degrees of quality in eggs. I believe I have said that somewhere else, but it ought to be repeated just here. They should be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. A tin whisp or whip is best for beating them. All kinds of cake are better for having the whites and yolks beaten separately. Beat the former in a large shallow dish until you can cut through the froth with a knife, leaving as clear and distinct an incision as you would in a solid substance. Beat the yolks in an earthenware bowl until they cease to froth, and thicken as if mixed with flour. Have the dishes *cool*—not too cold. It is hard to whip whites stiff in a warm room.

Stir the butter and sugar to a cream. Cakes often fail because this rule is not followed. Beat these as faithfully as you do the eggs, warming the butter very slightly if hard. Use only a silver or wooden spoon in this as in other parts of your work. I have heard of silver egg-whips, but they are not likely to come into general use, except where the mistress makes all the cake, puddings, etc.

Do not use fresh and stale milk in the same cake. It acts as disastrously as a piece of new cloth in an old garment. Sour milk makes a spongy cake; sweet, one closer in grain.

Study the moods and tenses of your oven carefully before essaying a loaf of cake. Confine your early efforts to tea-cakes and the like. Jelly-cake, baked in shallow flat tins, is good practice during the novitiate. Keep the heat steady, and as good at bottom as top.

Streaks in cake are caused by unskillful mixing, too rapid or unequal baking, or sudden decrease in heat before the cake is quite done.

Don't delude yourself, and maltreat those who are to eat your cake, by trying to make soda do the whole or most of the duty of eggs. Others have tried it before, with unfortunate results. If curiosity tempt you to the experiment, you had better allay it by buying some sponge-cake at the corner bakery.

Test whether a cake is done by running a clean straw into the thickest part. It should come up clean.

Do not leave the oven-door open, or change the cake from one oven to the other, except in extreme cases. If it harden too fast on the top, cover with paper. It should rise to full height before the crust forms.

Except for gingerbread, use none but white sugar.

Always sift the flour.

Be accurate in your weights and measures.

*There is no short road to good fortune in cake-making. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well.* There is no disgrace in not having time to mix and bake a cake. You may well be ashamed of yourself if you are too lazy, or careless, or hurried to beat your eggs, cream your butter and sugar, or measure your ingredients.

Cream your sugar and butter, measure milk, spices, etc., before beginning work. For fruit-cake it is best to prepare the materials the day before. Let your icing dry thoroughly before wrapping up the cake.

*Sift your flour before measuring*, as all the following receipts are for sifted flour.

Pound Cake.—1 lb. flour; 1 lb eggs; 1 lb sugar; 3-4 lb butter; 1 glass brandy; 1 nutmeg; 1 teaspoonful mace.

Cream half the flour with the butter, and add brandy and spice. Beat the yolks until light, add the sugar, then the beaten whites and the rest of the flour alternately. When this is thoroughly mixed, put all together and beat steadily for half an hour.

If properly made and baked this is a splendid cake.

Washington Cake.—3 cups sugar; 2 cups butter; 5 eggs; 1 cup milk; 4 cups flour; 2 teaspoonfuls cream-tartar; 1 teaspooful soda; Mix as usual and stir in, at the last, ½ lb. currants well washed and dredged; ¼ lb raisins seeded and chopped fine, then floured: A handful of citron sliced fine; Cinnamon, nutmeg to taste. Fruit-cake takes longer to bake than plain, and the heat must be kept steady.

Lincoln Cake.—1 lb. butter; 1 lb. sugar; 1 lb. flour; 6 eggs; 2 cups sour cream or milk; 1 grated nutmeg; 1 teaspoonful powdered cinnamon; tablespoonful rose-water; 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in hot water, and stirred into the milk just before adding the latter to the cake.

Cream the butter and sugar, put with them the yolks whipped light, then the cream and spice, next the flour, then the rose-water, and a double-handful of citron cut in slips and dredged; finally, the beaten whites of the eggs. Stir all well, and bake in a loaf or a "card," using a square shallow baking-pan.

This is a good cake and keeps well.

New Year's Cake (*Very nice.*)—1¼ lb. sugar; 1 lb. butter; ½ pint cold water; 2 eggs; 3¼ lbs. flour; 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in hot water; 4 tablespoonfuls caraway seed sprinkled through the flour.

Rub the butter, or, what is better, chop it up in the flour; dissolve the sugar in the water; mix all well with the beaten eggs, cut in square cakes, or with an oval mould, and bake quickly.

—*Common Sense in Household.*

## THE FASHIONS.

Economic Fashions.—How to make "auld claes look amaist as well's the new" was never so desirable as in this season of panic, nor happily was it never so easy. Simple styles, as we constantly reiterate, are the highest fashion, and most of the elaborate costumes of the past few years can be modernized by merely taking off parts of their garniture, while those that are worn or soiled can be cleaned and used for the foundation of another suit—with a new polonaise, and perhaps a border on the skirt. The black silks of last year can be cleansed, and their lustre and dressing renewed, by sponging them on the wrong side with ale greatly diluted with water; no given rule will answer with various qualities of silk, but it is well to mix equal quantities of each, and experiment on a sample of the silk, adding more water if the silk is too stiff when dry. Black alpacas may also be restored almost to their first beauty by using a thimbleful of borax dissolved in a pint of warm water, and put on with a nail-brush. If the dress skirt is much worn and soiled around the bottom, add a fresh facing, cut off the soiled parts of the dress material, and piece it out to the edge of the facing with one of the now superfluous flounces—perhaps the upper part of the lower flounce, which is also worn on the edge—and cover the joining with a newer and simpler trimming made of the upper flounces. The reaction in favor of plainly trimmed skirts is making itself evident daily. We do not mean that dress skirts are most usually made entirely plain, but as an excellent French authority says, bordered skirts, not flounced ones, are the fashion. Instead of being covered with trimmings of one kind in front, another sort on the sides, and a third behind, there is now straight around the skirt a border, perhaps of flounces, or it may be of folds, but quite narrow, and giving a most artistic finish to the costume. For this border on silk dresses use a single flounce fully gathered and edged with a narrow pleated ruffle, and a similar pleating for heading, or else have two pleatings four or five inches wide, overlapping, and headed by a cluster of very small folds. A single pleating is also considered sufficient border for cloth and heavy wool dresses. All this conduces greatly to economy, as three or four yards of silk now serve for trimming, instead of the ten or twelve formerly required.

To remodel last year's polonaises, make them tight-fitting in the body, and draw their skirt drapery further backward, taking the pleats back of the side seam instead of on it; make the sleeves close, with a revers cuff and a silk pleating falling over the hand; put the pockets further back or else omit them, and add a standing flaring collar instead of a ruff; this collar, cuffs, and pockets can be made of new silk darker than the polonaise, and will give it

an air of freshness. A belt may be added, fastened behind by a silver buckle, or else a ribbon sash, doubled, with one flat loop hanging over the belt, and two long ends.

The loose velvet sacques of past winters are being cut down to make shapely English walking jackets. If the pattern is short, it may be made almost tight-fitting, and its style enhanced thereby. The trimming should be a silk facing and silk-covered buttons, or else jet gallon (not passementerie), with buttons made of tiny jet beads instead of the large ones cut in facets; or, better still, a narrow band of long dark fur should border the jacket. Cloth sacques are altered in the same way, and trimmed with bias silk or velvet, showing below the edge like a mere cord. Sleeveless velvet jackets are in greater favor than at any time since their introduction. They require very little material, and when made of black velvet may be worn with various dresses, and, with silk sleeves, will serve as a new waist for black silk dresses of a former season. A silk cord on the edge is the only necessary trimming.

Last winter's bonnets are also easily remodeled, because, though new frames are slightly larger, the material is put so plainly on the frame that very little is required, three-fourths of a yard of narrow bonnet velvet being all milliner's require. If the pile of the velvet has been flattened in the folds, it can be raised by steaming over a hot iron, on which a moist cloth is laid; if this will not restore it, the creases must be concealed by bands, loops, and twists of turquoise or twilled silk. A soft puff of silk under the brim, some erect loops on one side, a steel dagger on the other, and two short curled plumes will give style to last year's Rabagas hats. To add a suggestion of the new Directoire bonnets, a branch of roses or half a wreath is placed on the left side of the brim and extended to the front; this is newer than the low-drooping rose behind.

Materials for Children's Clothing.—Retrenchment is the order of the day, and reduction of prices is announced at the large dry-goods stores. The reduction is most important and most evident in the warm woolen goods purchased for the winter use of families. For the first time since the war 50 cents a yard is the popular price for the substantial wool fabrics selected for girls' dresses. For instance, among the standard materials French merinoes of pure quality, though not of the finest, may be had as low as 55 or 65 cents a yard, and these are not merely in the tawdry unsalable colors—bright blue, red, and green—but in the dark stylish brown, indigo, blue-gray, myrtle, and chestnut. There are also English serges, with characteristic diagonal lines in the present fashion, sold for 50 cents a yard. These goods are three-fourths of a yard wide, too closely woven to fray in the seams, and though rather harsh to the touch, are not mixed with cotton. Navy blue is the favorite color for serge. Satines of the best quality imported are also reduced to half a dollar a yard. These are in choice dark shades, with the fine soft finish of French goods, and make pretty dressy suits for girls, though they lose their lustre if subjected to hard usage. Reversed-striped serges of fine flexible texture, formerly sold for 90 cents or $1 a yard, are now shown at 65 cents in rich camel's-hair shades. These are single width, measuring nearly seven-eights of a yard. An excellent imitation of vigogne, with its heavy twill, rough surface, and natural gray and brown shades, is sold in single width for 50 cents a yard. This material has a slight mixture of cotton, but it drapes softly, and will make very warm and stylish-looking polonaises to be worn over black or brown skirts. For those who prefer lustrous stuffs there are richly repped épingelines, wool ground with silk face, reduced to 75 cents a yard, which is but half their former price. Poplins and all heavily ribbed goods are exceedingly low, partly because they are not as stylish as twilled materials.

Girl's dresses.—The designs used for making ladies' dresses are simplified and repeated for misses and children. The long polonaise of simple shape, with one dart and a belt, is the accepted over dress for girls over ten years; jockey basques, double or single breasted, and apron over-skirts jauntily draped are also seen, especially on slender, tall, overgrown girls. There is a fancy for dispensing with over-skirts for chubby little girls under ten years, making merely a sailor blouse, or else a basque, and trimmed skirt. Dress skirts for winter are comfortably long, and show only an inch or two of stocking above the high boot. White is still fashionable winter wear for small girls, but it is not as rigorously adhered to since the introduction of the sailor suits two years ago. The latter are still stylishly worn, are made in dark blue, black, gray, and in polka-dotted stuffs, and have an air of warmth and comfort that is never seen in white suits, no matter how heavy the wraps and under-clothing are. Black merino sailor suits have scarlet merino square collars, cuffs, pockets, sash, and bias bands on the skirt, piped with white braid. Indigo blue flannel suits have black yak braid trimmings, or else pale blue cashmere, or perhaps white woollen braid is used, and sometimes scarlet accessories brighten up these dark black-blue dresses. For tiny little girls red or blue cashmere with white polka dots are used, and bordered with white bands, making a simple and pretty dress so gay and bright that it pleases the eye, although the caprice just now is to dress children in the sombre shades in vogue for ladies. Some new sailor suits prepared for girls from ten to fourteen years old have over-skirts added to the sailor blouses. The loose blouses are especially suitable to slight, undeveloped figures of growing girls, and the broad sailor collar is also appropriate. These suits are made of dark blue Middlesex sacking, such as is sold for $2 a yard, are trimmed with black braid, and cost from $16 to $18.—*Harper's Bazar.*

## FINISHING TOUCHES.

(*See Illustration.*)

"Pooh! Uncle Will can't paint just half so good as I can, I know," says Lulu May, entering the artist's studio, followed by her brother Joe.

"She's a pitty nice lady, don't you fink, Josie, but I can fits her gooder." Up goes Lulu May to the artist's masterpiece, just completed, and seizing a pallette and brush, she adds a few "finishing touches"—to what effect the picture itself plainly shows. "I finks, Josie," says the little lady, gleefully, surveying a successful (?) stroke, "she's a gittin' a muffstash on one side, ain't she? And now she's a goin' to git one on the other, so she is," continues Lulu, suiting the action to the word, "and Josie, she's got free eyebrows!"

Joe doesn't say anything meanwhile, but he stands there looking on, with considerable doubt in his mind whether Lulu May is capable or not of adding "finishing touches" to his uncle's work.

But it will not take the artist himself long to decide. We think when he comes home, and glances at that ruined picture—his ideal face—he will declare most emphatically that Lulu's power in *finishing* is most wonderful—in fact, quite discouraging, when one really feels the force of it. Whether he will encourage the talent displayed by his niece, and in view of her assistance, give her in return a few bold strokes that shall stripe that mischievous hand with red, we are not prepared to say, but will leave Lulu May and her brother to discuss that question by themselves—or allow the little lady to give us the account hereafter—unless, through the wisdom which comes from experience, she declines to "finish" not only pictures, but their descriptions.

## A BRAVE DOG.

(*See Illustration.*)

At one of the Newfoundland fisheries a boat and crew trying to enter a small harbor, found themselves outside a long line of breakers, in great peril. The wind and weather had changed since the boat went out in the morning, and her getting safely back seemed pretty doubtful. The people on shore saw her danger, and anxious friends ran to and fro. Among the crowd was a large dog, which seemed fully alive to the peril of the boat and the anxiety of those on shore. He watched the boat, surveyed the breakers, and appeared to think as earnestly as anybody, "What can be done?"

At last he boldly plunged into the angry waters and swam to the boat. The crew thought he wanted to join them, and tried to take him aboard. No, he would not go within their reach, but swam around, diving his head and sniffling, as in search of something.

What was he up to? What did the creature mean? What did he want?

"Give him the end of the rope," cried one of the sailors, divining what was in the poor dog's brain; "that's what he wants."

A rope was thrown out; the dog seized the end, in an instant, turned around, and made straight for the shore, where not long after—thanks to the intelligence and sagacity of Tiger—the boat and crew were landed safe and sound.

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Write upon pages of a single size,
Cross all your T's and neatly dot your I's;
On one side only let your lines be seen;
Both sides filled up announce a Verdant Green.
Correct, yes, re-correct all that you write,
And let your ink be black, your paper white;
For spongy foolscap of a muddy blue
Betrays a mind of the same dismal hue.
Punctuate carefully, for on this score
Nothing proclaims the practiced writer more.
Then send it off, and, lest it merit lack,
Inclose the postage stamps to send it back;
But first pay all the postage on it, too,
For editors look black on "six cents due,"
And murmur, as they run the effusion o'er,
"A shabby fellow and a wretched bore."
Yet ere it goes, take off a copy clean;
Poets should own a copying machine.
Little they know the time that's spent, and care,
In hunting verses vanished—who knows where?
Bear this in mind, observe it to the end.
And you shall make the editor your friend.—*Ex.*

# LAUGHING STOCK

A cowardly fellow having kicked a newsboy for pestering him to buy an evening newspaper, the lad waited till another boy accosted the "gentleman," and then shouted in the hearing of all bystanders, "Its no use to try him, Jim, he can't read."

An Irish domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master one morning a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it, you rascal, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I really don't know, sir; but what bothers me most is that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

Jack, who is at boarding-school in the country, writes home: "Please send me a good trap to catch a woodchuck and a piece of carpet for me to say my prayers on."

A boy of sixteen, employed the other day in manipulating some old government stores, thought, from the smell, that two small pills which he found must be gunpowder. He tried with a match, and found that he was correct in his surmises. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death. This precocious youth adds another to the long list of martyrs to science.

A Detroit negro prisoner, on his way to the penitentiary for larceny, was asked what he thought of his trial. He said: "When de lawyer dat 'fended me made his speech, I made sure dat I was going to take my ole hat and walk right out of dat co't room; but when the odder lawyer got up and commenced talking, I knew I was the biggest rascal on top of de earf."

A man who had recently been elected a major of militia, and who was not overburdened with brains, took it into his head on the morning of parade, to exercise a little by himself. The field selected for this purpose was his own apartment. Placing himself in a military attitude, with his sword drawn, he exclaimed: "Attention, company! Rear rank, three paces, march!" and he tumbled down into the cellar. His wife hearing the racket, came running in, saying, "My dear, have you killed yourself?" "Go about your business, woman," said the hero; "what do you know about war?"

A milk pitcher thrown by his wife at a Nelson street man, on Monday noon, missed the aim, and ruined a handsome frame which enclosed the words "God bless our home."

A young man in Ashtabula sought to secure his sweetheart by strategy, so he took her out for a boat ride, and threatened to jump overboard into the lake if she didn't consent to marry him. But it did not work. She offered to bet him a dollar that he daren't dive in.

The greatest feat in eating ever recorded, is told of a man who commenced by bolting a door, after which he threw up a window, and swallowed a whole story.

"Have you Blasted Hopes?" asked a young lady of a librarian with his handkerchief tied over his jaw. "No ma'am," said he, "its only a blasted toothache."

Mr. Smith is bound to have his joke. His wife walked nearly in front of a railroad train the other day, and he said that if she had gone a step farther his children would have had a step-mother.

A nursery scene.—"Now, Willie, do have a little courage. When I have a powder to take I don't like it any more than you do; but I make up my mind that I will take it, and I do." "And when I have a powder to take," replied Willie, "I make up my mind that I won't take it, and I don't."

A young lady in Lancaster, Pa., has the initials "Y. M. C. A.," engraved on one corner of her visiting cards which she hands to certain gentlemen visitors. At first they suppose she belongs to the Young Men's Christian Associations, but it is not long before they rightly construe the letters to mean, "young man call again."

A negro held a cow while a cross-eyed man was to hit her on the head with an axe. The negro observing the man's eyes, in some fear enquired: "Is you gwine to hit whar you look?" "Yes," "Den, hold de cow yourself," said Cuffee.

The Ready Rooster.—Roosters are the pugilists among birds, and having no suitable shoulders tew strike from, they strike from the heel. When a rooster gets whipped, the hens all march oph with the other rooster, if he ain't half so big or handsum. It is pluck that wins a hen. Roosters az a class wont do enney household work; you kant get a rooster to pay any attenshun to a young one. They spend most of their time in crowing and strutting about, and wunce in a while they find a worm; which they make such a great fuss over, calling their wives up from a distance, apparently to treat them, but as the hens git thare, this elegant cuss bends over and gobbles up the worm. Jist like a man for all the world!—*Josh Billings.*

When a man milks a cow he should not attempt to smoke a cigar at the same time. A young man out in the country tried it, and got along well enough until he lowered his head and touched the cow's flank with the lighted end of his weed. The next instant himself and cigar were dreadfully "put out." The cow introduced about two tons weight into one of her hind legs, and then passed it under the milker's left jaw.

# Publisher's Department.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH.—This standard Family Magazine begins its fourth volume with the January number. Its leading object is to teach the SCIENCE OF LIFE, which includes all that relates to the Art of Preserving and Recovering Health, and promoting a higher physical and mental condition of a true manhood. It will be the exponent of every means by which health may be preserved, strength of body and mind increased, life prolonged and disease removed.

HOW TO RETAIN HEALTH.—It is better and cheaper to preserve health by obeying the LAWS OF LIFE, than to regain it when once lost. Learn to avoid the CAUSES of disease, which one can do by reading carefully THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH for 1874.

Invalids should read THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH regularly, and learn the nature of their diseases, and the methods prescribed for self-treatment and cure.

"Doctors' bills" can easily be saved in many families; ten times the subscription price of THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH every year, by simply following its plain teachings. To know how to treat any complaint satisfactorily without calling in a physician is a great gain.

HEALTH OF WOMAN.—It is a lamentable fact that many women in this country are in ill health. The wives and daughters of business men, professional men, and even of farmers, are suffering in one way or another, and, strange as it may seem, those who should be strongest —those in the country—suffer the most. This comes not so much from over-work, as from a violation of the most simple Laws of Life and Health, which would in large measure have been avoided by following the teachings of THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH.

It is a family Magazine, as every number is devoted largely to domestic interests: considering the health and needs of women, and especially the physical wants of Children. It will tell with minuteness how to feed, clothe and care for the young, that they may be strong, vigorous and healthy.

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT—HEALTHFUL COOKERY.—We shall publish a series of valuable articles on "Seasonable Dishes," written expressly for this Magazine. In the same department will be given an amount of information, in short, brief paragraphs, always so popular and useful, worth in themselves the price of the Magazine.

Teachers are interested in THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH. It will enable them to understand the laws affecting the mental and physical condition of themselves and pupils, and make teaching a delight, instead of the drudgery so many find it now to be.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.—This is one of the most interesting features of the Magazine. Here questions (of general interest only) are answered from subscribers in all parts of the world; a single number containing information which it would take a whole library to convey in any other way.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.—THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH is not the organ of any person or institution, but an independent, earnest teacher of the Laws of Life and Health, published in the interests of the people, and not an exponent of any man's practice or profession.

TERMS: Monthly $2.00 a year; sample 20 cents a number. That the readers of WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE may try it, the publisher offers it six months "ON TRIAL" for $1.00. Clubbed with Phrenological Journal a year for $4.50. Most liberal premiums offered on Clubs. For terms, address S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

---

MAJOR J. H. DURHAM, U. S. A., the writer of "THE GLORIES OF YO-SEMITE," in this number has spent some two years in making close and accurate survey in and around this wonderful valley and the "High Sierras," and has therefore enjoyed much greater facilities than those who make a flying trip through that region, and then detail the description on arriving at home. We commend this valuable and entertaining sketch to all our readers, and we are able to assert it as correct in every particular.

---

ORNAMENTAL MIRROR CO.—Gentlemen patronize mirrors even more than ladies, if possible, but are loth to admit it. A lady steps up to a mirror, no matter how public the place, and arranges her hat-strings, her ruff, her curls, or even a bewitching smile, with all the unconcern imaginable. A gentleman paces up and down uneasily before the reflector, with averted eyes; takes out his watch and wonders when that train is coming, puts down his cane and adjusts his overcoat; resumes his pacing. Suddenly he puts his hand to his face as if in pain, rushes to the mirror as if he had just discovered its existence, and appears to regard anxiously a certain imaginary spot upon his face as the source of his apparent trouble, while secretly he is regarding his new tie, its color's effect, and the extra twirl bestowed upon his moustache. Too bad men are thus sensitive. But the "Ornamental Mirror Co.," has come to the rescue of its brothers, and under cover of advertisements these vain ones may admire their style and their tailor's skill with the air of business-men, and without betraying weakness or embarrassment. Wise men—those of the "Co," but wiser they who send their advertisements to be thus displayed; to be read and re-read again and again, when the ordinary show-card would attract no notice whatever. It is necessary to compliment a man now-a-days before you dare present your wares with any hope of success. These silent flatterers are constructed on this basis, and are being patronized by all advertisers who have *looked into them* and know the benefits to be derived from proper *reflection*. Adorn your "announcements" with a mirror, therefore, and you will be known and read of all men. (*See Adv't*).

---

BRAIN POWER applied to relieve an affliction which has for ages been supposed to be incurable is beautifully illustrated by the New Invention for curing Hernia. The Elastic Truss affords instant relief; is worn night and day with perfect ease. Retains the rupture absolutely secure without any exception, and at all times and in all circumstances and is not taken off till a cure is reached. Sold at a moderate price, and quite durable. This Truss is sent by mail to all parts of the country by The Elastic Truss Co., No. 683 Broadway, N. Y. City, who supply circulars free when requested.—*Agriculturist.*

THE VENDOME COLUMN.

Page 85.

WOOD'S

# HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.

VOL. 14. FEBRUARY, 1874. NO. 2.

## 'MANDY:

### HER LIFE AND LOVE.

MARY HARTWELL.

When 'Mandy sprung into existence, and how she for several years maintained that existence, historian sayeth not. "Who was her father? Who was her mother? Had she a sister? Had she a brother?" are also unsolved problems.

She made the discovery of herself while playing with the baby of some woman who had gone out washing. Her senses received with the Me such facts as that the sun shone; earth and growing grass smelled sweet; the baby's cheeks were round and soft, and his breath balmy. She was glad with the joy of a lamb, and frolicked awkwardly: bringing the baby pebbles, rolling over in soft places, and shouting down the narrow street. Having thus found herself, she continued hand in hand with that self various years along this world, passing not from glory to glory, but from stratum to stratum of dirt: now under one woman's hand, now under another's, until, pausing at that line which divides childhood from maidenhood, her wary skull had active exercise in dodging the strength of Mrs. Jinks.

Mrs. Jinks was a person of few teeth, but much tongue; whose forehead was a fine specimen of deep plowing; whose elbows were ever bare, and grated; the motto of of whose calico dress-skirt was ever "onward and upward;" she supported several small children and one large husband by boarding "railroad hands," and 'Mandy was her assistant.

"Spring now!" bawled Mrs. Jinks, as she dished the breakfast hash. "I hear the men a comin' in, and that milkman hain't got round yit! Fill up the coffee-pot, and take that pitcher and run across the alley and borry some milk of them folks. Tell 'em we'll pay 'em soon's the milk-man comes."

'Mandy took the pitcher and ran across the alley to "them folks." The house of "them folks" fronted on an avenue, and from the highest point in the yard you could catch the blue eye of the lake. It was built of that gray brick which makes Milwaukee houses so famously pretty, and had balconies, dormer windows, and pretty pillared porches. From it, as 'Mandy approached, was bursting such music as reminded her of all she knew about heaven.

Mrs. Jinks was not at all on intimate terms with "them folks." 'Mandy stood abashed before the tidy maid to proffer her request.

While the damsel went somewhat ungraciously to fill her milk-jug, she followed the music, obeying the law of her nature, just as Theseus obeyed the law of his venturing down the labyrinth. Doors stood invitingly open. She slipped across a carpet, along a matted passage, through a drawing-room, furnished in style so luxurious that it took her breath, and stood before an opening no wider than her hand, left between folding doors. Through this crack she saw a young lady at a piano. Such a young lady as 'Mandy had not even dreamed of before. To be sure, only lovely back hair, and shoulders, and sweeping dress, and flying hands were visible. But a mere square inch of this young lady would have convinced you she was of superior quality.

"Oh, how *ken* she do that!" thought 'Mandy; "knows just when to hit every time! I want to do it! Oh my!" clenching both hands over the calico where her buried

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by SAMUEL E. SHUTES, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

heart was jumping and uttering its pulses. "Oh, I want to! I want to!"

Still the young lady's hands flew, and 'Mandy hung at the crack.

With a crash of heavy chords, Aurora turned on her music-stool, calling in soft, pettish tones:

"Haven't you rung for breakfast yet, Norah?" when she encountered an eerie slice of human being staring at her between the doors.

"Did you want me?" asked Miss Aurora, dimpling at the girl's curiosity.

"I heard you," replied 'Mandy; "I could n't help comin'."

"Push the door back and come through," invited Miss Aurora. "Do you like music?"

'Mandy slid through the opening like an anatomy, and walked up to touch the piano. "I love it!" she said, with the full-throated voice of one who speaks her heart. "Nobody ever showed me, but I think I could learn it easy."

She looked over the lovely woman beside her, then down her own sorry little length; at those silken white hands—her own, yearning, dark fingers; her mouth tried to purse itself steadily, but quivered. She had been bold in following where her nature beckoned, but she now shrunk up abashed before her superior in culture: hot tears drowned her eyes.

There was something sweet and winning in 'Mandy. She had no beauty. Her eyes were ordinary; the forehead over them, smooth and broad; but her cheeks were tawny and sunken; her nose tilted; and her sensitive, softly-rounded chin, hardly a sufficient offset to the pale little mouth. Yet was she sweet and powerful with some suppressed strength, like a brownie under a wicked spell, so that she fascinated Miss Aurora.

"What is your name?" inquired the young lady.

"'Mandy." (Chin shaking, and drops falling like a quick Autumn shower. She turned away and swept her face with a quick flirt of her dress-skirt. Then she turned back staunchly and added, to prove her composure), "Live with Mrs. Jinks across there."

"Will not Mrs. Jinks let you come in some time? I'll show you something about music if she will."

"You're just a-saying it!" accused 'Mandy warily, inclined to put Miss Aurora on her oath.

"Saying it and meaning it," laughed Aurora. "There's my breakfast-bell. Come back this evening. Will you?"

"Yes marm," she replied to Miss Aurora. ("You bet your head, won't I!" she replied to herself).

She came near losing her head, notwithstanding it was thus staked, when Miss Aurora threw an arm around her shoulders and walked with her to the breakfast-room.

"Oh, ain't she!" cried 'Mandy to herself, as she seized her pitcher and flew like Mercury across the alley. "Oh my, my! *ain't* she!"

Who Miss Aurora was did not at once transpire. The child saw her now only as a lovely, pleasant-natured image, to be set about with admiration marks. But with some perception of sweeter uses in Miss Aurora, she kept repeating, "*ain't* she! My!"

"You've been a time!" bawled Mrs. Jinks when the milk-jug was safely in hands, "and them men a-waiting for their coffees! When you git sent on an arrent again," said Mrs. Jinks, with the air of one withdrawing choice blessings, "you'll know it!"

Accordingly, 'Mandy "knew it" that evening when she was sent with the milk-jug on a return trip. She "knew it" with keen delight.

Miss Aurora was fortunately alone, and at her instrument. The elfin face had slipped her memory till it peered this second time round a door at her. She recalled her promise with a little gesture of surprise.

If Miss Aurora had been superior in morning dress, she was made transcendent to 'Mandy's eyes by the few careless touches with which she had brightened herself for evening.

"Here we are!" cried Aurora gaily. "Now sit by me, and I'll sing for you before we begin our lesson."

'Mandy squatted gingerly in a great crimson arm-chair, and watched her goddess' hands.

Miss Aurora struck some chords and began to sing from a sparkling little opera. Her voice was contralto, rich and flexible. She sung "La Minola." The spirit brought 'Mandy to her feet. When Miss Aurora finished, she took up the last few strains with the abandon of a gipsey, and dashed them off in golden soprano which whirled the young lady round to face her.

"Child, did you ever sing?"

"Only a little—what I hear 'em sing in

churches. I never tried it with a piano."

"Sing something for me."

'Mandy stood up, crossing her hands behind her, and sung "The Heavens are Telling." She mixed quaint words with the original, and put in trills of her own. But she sung with thrilling sweetness.

"Sit down here by me," said Miss Aurora, drawing her to the carpet. "Did no one ever tell you you have a wonderful voice? But there—I won't spoil you. Remember, while I am talking, that many people have ruined themselves in music by their self-conceit. But, my little girl, if you have culture, I see no reason why you may not, become what God evidently meant you to be. Would you like to earn your living by music, maiden?"

'Mandy regarded Miss Aurora with a fixed stare, as if that young lady had tantalized her by inquiring whether she would like to earn her living going to Heaven.

"Would you?" repeated Miss Aurora, lifting a piece of 'Mandy's tightly pig-tailed hair.

"O—o—oh!" breathed the girl in long-drawn bliss.

"Rise up!" cried Aurora in sudden energy. "I'll teach you all *I* know, at any rate. We'll begin this minute. If you're born a musician, you've wings to carry you over the drudgery!"

So, under Miss Aurora's excited hands, her whole horizon bounded by black keys and white keys, this child began to live. She learned with hungry zeal, and caught the relations of chords by intuition.

They worked, both glowing-eyed, till Aurora started back from her watch with a little scream. "Why, child, its eleven o'clock!"

'Mandy lifted a ghastly stare. She thought of Mrs. Jinks and her powerful hand. Of the Jinks' stronghold, barred and bolted, and grim at this hour of the night.

"I have detained you too long, but will sing one piece, then I'll call our man and go down to your house with you. And tomorrow I'll see the woman with whom you live—Mrs. Jinks, is it?—and get her permission for you to come to me regularly."

Said Mrs. Jinks next day, after she had stood bland and complaisant before the young lady, and had whimpered agreement to all the young lady's propositions, said Mrs. Jinks, turning round on 'Mandy as soon as her intercessor disappeared—"So you want to set up for a fine lady, do you? Want to play the pyanner and git in with *them* folks? Look at your black hands! What can *they* do on the pyanner? You're a pretty bird!" howled Mrs. Jinks, intending to be sarcastic. "Yes, a pretty bird you be, round hangin' on rich folks, and beggin' them to teach *you* the *py*anner!"

'Mandy's flexile mouth knit itself. But having found the entrance to her palace Beautiful, neither barking dogs nor raving lions could turn her back.

## II.

Weeks slid into months. Frost and chill came on the earth, and people changed with seasons.

The child 'Mandy grew.

While her body served at the Jinks, she herself lived beside, and took polish from Miss Aurora. She was at that point in girl life when rapid changes take place, and she was being cast in a new mould. Every moment she could beg, earn or steal from servitude, she gave to music. You might have seen her darting across the lawn at any hour, bending her supple neck before entering, to listen if strange voices talked with Miss Aurora; showing her glad little teeth if no sound could be heard, and disappearing within to fling out gushes of music to you. Her touch was thrilling and sweet, rather than brilliant. What she lacked in practiced skill she made up in delicacy. Her voice would break out, soaring away through the upper register. She caught scraps of opera, and ballads became hers at the hearing of them.

Once she had one blessed afternoon to herself. But visitors were making the house on the hill merry. She shrunk back to the street, *alone—alone.*

I may say that on this occasion 'Mandy was a desperate girl. She pulled her ridiculous hat over her eyes, and trod the pavements, wretched. But in front of an open church inspiration entered her. She walked in, feeling like the monarch of all she surveyed. She meant to do or die.

A mild pastor was placidly scratching sermons in his study. She appeared before him, requesting to try the organ. Being deep in his "4thly, my beloved brethren," if she had asked for a slice of his ear, he would have replied just as he did, without looking up, "Certainly, my dear sir, to be sure!"

Then the desperate girl felt about the universe for a blower, whom she found in the person of one Billy Smith, who had handled

the pump on occasions, and who, in consideration of the only square of currency she could offer in the world, struck a bargain and followed her aloft.

'Mandy had never before touched an organ. She laid reverent hands on it, read all the stops, pulled them out and pushed them back tremulously. But the spirit of it got into her. She rejoiced in its scope. She made brilliant combinations, forgot herself, and sung with joy and power in the midst of thunder.

She crept down from the loft about dusk, with shining eyes, and a face rich as sunset. Afterwards she divided her pilgrimages between Miss Aurora's instrument, which first gave her gladness, and the organ, which gave her more gladness.

The man, woman or child who has a gift of God, gets dignity thereby which his fellows must respect. Mrs. Jinks ceased to hurl fiery darts at her thrall's hands. Those hands were learning a beautiful strength which would draw her out of Mrs. Jinks' atmosphere. Therefore Mrs. Jinks shrunk from bullying to whining. "She knowed 'Mandy didn't care nothin' about their family. 'Peared like she cared more for the Miss Roarer than she did for them that had done so much for her. 'Peared like she didn't care for nobody but that Miss Roarer! Mrs. Jinks couldn't see nothing in that Miss Roarer so much better than other folks!"

But 'Mandy could.

Why Miss Aurora took such violent fancy to this child was a problem to her household. They thought at first it was charity. But she could have given her a gown and a tract, told her to keep her nails clean and say her prayers, and have been accounted righteous above the average.

Aurora had a heart set finely to tenderness. It cherished the child. And something in the child commanded her love. She had 'Mandy with her on all occasions, taught her pretty ways and tricks of dress, and planned better life for her.

Aurora had her own outlook. After certain morning mails, she always ran to meet her pupil, dimpling, her hand over a big envelope in her girdle.

"Amy!" (With Aurora, 'Mandy was child-woman Amy, a slender, dark, intense creature, showing her best to this magnet, who drew her best.) "See, dear! know who's in San Francisco?"

"Cap-tain Kin-g-s-ley!" in a low, close whisper.

"Hu-s-h! And he's a horrid old fellow, isn't he? No use to his country—isn't handsome at all, and isn't going to take somebody 'way out there to live by the Pacific some day!"

At which stage of contemplating Captain Kingsley's worthlessness, Aurora would fall to pinching her junior for it, or pulling an ear, hiding her dimpling face in the child's neck.

One night they finished their practice together while a winter storm shook the place.

"You shall not go home," said Aurora. "Come up stairs; I shall keep you with me to-night—in my very own room."

There, in dressing-gown of voluminous whiteness, she brushed her misty hair, and watched 'Mandy with absent, smiling, purple eyes. Thinking of Captain Kingsley, perhaps. Of the near approach of New Year's day, and the two-fold life waiting for her on the other side of that day. Miss Aurora's hair was like that vapor beaten up by cascades. It was very bewitching, and her personal strong point.

'Mandy, not knowing what the new year held for her, sat also silent, loving the beautiful woman. In the first stage of 'Mandy's growth toward this friend, she had loved fiercely and despairingly. She used to ascend to the Jinks' attic with a triangular piece of glass in her hand. Then she said her prayers and contemplated her visage by turns. "I love her! I love her! Oh, dear God, how I love her! Is she like You? She tells me You're the best of anybody, but I can't see You, and I can see her. Oh, bless her! Please bless her, and make her love me more! Make me get pretty so I'll be fit for her to love!"

Then turning from her devotions, and taking observations in the glass—"I *hate* my nose! Its a mean nose—it turns up! Oh, please make my nose turn down and get slender. Her'n don't look this a-way! And make me get good! I hate the Judge—she loved him before I ever had her. I hate Captain Kingsley. He's going to marry her all to himself. Oh God, please do something with me; I can't be like the others. All the others have some one else, but I've only just got her! (Here, like a dissolving view, would appear suddenly to 'Mandy's eye the home life she had once seen through a plate-glass window. In the heart of a luxurious room, a father lifted his arch, beautiful daughter's face between his hands and kissed it. 'Mandy's heart

fainted under the cold sky. She knew such things were not for her. Therefore she pleaded in agony): "God, please make her love me most, for I've only just got her!"

Other girls of her years were beginning to feel the woman stir within, to hunt some natural, healthy way out of the maze of childhood. But 'Mandy, under happier stars, would not have developed like these; she had a tinge of that strange essence we call *genius*. You may laugh at the statement that there *is* a celestial sadness which sets a man apart from his fellows. But look around your world and perceive it. When the Lord makes a miniature creator of a man or woman, that man or woman must take the suffering of the creator along with the glory. The being of gifts is erratic. He cannot grow like a tree, adding ring to ring, till he stands hoary and fully developed. Rather is he like lightning, which is forever chafing, yet is always the same—the child of the clouds.

But 'Mandy had learned the picture of love. It is natural to her type to conceal, even with poignant suffering, their sacred feelings.

Aurora put a cushion beside her knee, reached for her child, and began to dress the heavy locks of 'Mandy's head. "Why, what pretty hair you have, darling!" she said, gathering the mass in both hands. "Soft, too," turning a coil over her finger, "and bright as bronze! So long for a childling's hair. How old are you?" she drew it from the forehead and burnished all its length.

"I think I must be fifteen," replied 'Mandy.

"Heavy lamb's-fleece. Why, mine is scarcely longer now."

Miss Aurora crinkled it over the brown front, and turned up 'Mandy's face to see the effect. At the moment a lovely tint grew through it, as rose color grows through November night-skies. Aurora saw the eyes were deep, and brooding with thought. She drew the face against her shoulder and kissed it. And in kissing it, she sealed a loyal heart to herself in love, such as few mortals are blessed with.

While the storm raged without like a mad and baffled world, this child slept in her comforter's arms. I wonder will she lie so, while she is resting from her stormy passage, in the arms of the Best Comforter.

III.

The Judge was a short, but dignified man. Between the cold, calm lashes of his eyes, his nose rose like a cliff: perpendicular for a long distance, but with an upper slope toward the brow.

Two things absorbed him—the law and his daughter. The law first, as the grandest of all human conceptions, and a structure to be maintained at any cost; a temple demanding a priesthood. His daughter, as the flower of his individual life.

The Judge was a just man, but awfully severe. Culprits who stood under his sentence expected nothing but the rigor of the law. He had bitter enemies among criminals.

There was a man who came down step by step to degradation; but his career was a concealed one till circumstances hemmed him in, brought him to the bar, and fastened his crimes upon him. He had influential friends, where money brought eloquence and tricks of practice to bear in his favor. The bald-headed Judge's nose stood like a rocky promontory against these proceedings. Believing the man guilty, he ruled his case accordingly, and in the sequel, sentenced him to a full term of imprisonment.

This man took occasion to hiss a curse at the Judge as he was led past.

"I'll strike you in the core of your life for this!" he vowed, glaring on that unmoved promontory. "You brought me to shame; I'll bring you to grief!"

Inside of walls he brooded, all his evil centering in one hatred. While the Honorable This and the Reverend That, his lovely wife and disconsolate friends ceased not day and night to make intercession for him with the Governor. So, when pardon brought him out, he had a ripe heart, ready to burst into the crimson flower of murder.

IV.

"To-morrow evening," said Aurora, getting the child's face in her hands. "This is New Year's eve. What happens to-morrow night, little one?"

"Your wedding."

"H-u-s-h!" with quick hand over 'Mandy's mouth. "Jealous of it yet, as if it were a secret! You've been waiting like dear little patience. I told Jane to bring you to my room. He stayed so long, the incorrigible bore!" said Miss Aurora, drawing her face to severity. "But he only came last week, and has seen so little of me. Besides, this was the last evening Miss Aurora ever was to bless his sight. We'll pardon the Captain. Now let us go down before

the lights are turned out; I want you to sing for me. Isn't it all going to be beautiful for you, darling?" talked on Aurora, whose tongue was in practice. "I told you your voice would make your way. You'll have to study hard, of course, but music doesn't seem work to you. And in a little while you shall come out to San Francisco to me. How changed you are!" cried Aurora, seizing the girl and whirling her for inspection, as if it had struck her suddenly. For 'Mandy had been learning and living intensely. She sat down and sung. And I am glad, that in that last hour, she sung her best. Her soul went rejoicing out.

When they went up stairs together, it was late. But Aurora still flitted restlessly.

A man's feet were on the lower step of the stair. The house was dark, excepting that east room, where he knew the Judge's darling was sitting.

"Cuddle at my feet, dearie," she said. "Let us get close together and watch the grate awhile. I'll turn the gas low. There. Here you are, my little girl! I love you."

The man's feet were midway of the stairs, still and supple as a cat was he.

Aurora's arms folded her youngling in.

"I know you love me," she whispered. "But tell me so to-night, little one. Tell me! You never have said it!"

'Mandy lifted her face—a rapt, con-centered face, and breathed, as men breathe consecrating vows, "I *love* you!"

The door stood open, and on its threshold the evil, basilisk man, covering the lovely head of the Judge's daughter with his pistol!

She saw murder in his eyes, and her tongue grew fast between her jaws. Beauty, health, and blessed love one moment—and crashing death, bloody flesh—eternity, the next!

'Mandy's back had been to the door. She turned her head at Aurora's look, and saw what an instant later she could not have thwarted. Quick as a meteor she was on her feet. Her breast was the shield which saved that lovely head. One—two—three quick shots! Then the house rang! He could not see his work through the smoke, but had little doubt of it, and left it.

Aurora had a heavy burden in her arms when the terrified household burst in, and all her drapery dripped red. She cried aloud hoarsely with the bitterness of despair.

There were runnings to and fro, and flying lights, and quick calls for medical help. The old Judge stood himself, like a sentenced prisoner, white and quaking beside his child. Captain Kingsley came below, and walked with the step of an alert guard up and down the passages. Aurora came once like a little Banshee to wail in his ear, "She saved me! It was papa's enemy—who threatened him so in court. She stood between—and she will die!"

The rest of the night she held the gasping child in her arms, and soothed her with the agony of love. But nothing could save 'Mandy. Poor little lungs! they had been so free! they had been such glad organ-pipes to the sweet throat! Now, gashed with lead, they were strangling her life in blood.

About dawn her New Year began. She lifted her arms with slow, painful effort, and slid them round Aurora's neck. There they rested content.

Aurora held her close, kissing the glorified little face with the passion of parting love.

"Oh, my little one! my little one! my little one! I'd rather it had been me!"

"*N-o!*" Then the principle on which she died struggled out as knotted breaths, touched with the blood which flecked her lips: "I L-O-V-E you!"

Thus, for love's sweet sake, she entered her eternal New Year.

---

## LIGHT

F. W. BOURDILLON.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

## "WHAT IS IT ALL, WHEN ALL IS DONE?"

"The sun goes up; and the sun goes down,
And a thousand years are the same as one;
The leaves grow green, and the leaves grow brown,
And what is it all, when all is done?"

Aye, what is it all, if this life be all,
But a draught to its dregs of a cup of gall,
A bitter round of the rayless years,
A saddening dole of wormwood tears,
A sorrowful plaint of the spirit's thrall,
The grave, the shroud, the funeral pall—
This is its sum; if this life be all.

But it is not all—beyond this shore,
A sun goes up to go down no more,
The leaves that grow green, are green for aye,
And the flowers that bloom, know not decay.
A thousand years are indeed as one,
But of bitterness, then, the soul hath none,
And this is it all, when all is done.

## MAX KROMER.

### A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF STRASBOURG, 1870.

*By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer."*

### CHAPTER XI.

"From desolate homes is rising
One prayer, 'Let carnage cease!
On friends and foes have mercy,
Oh Lord: and give us peace.'"

So you must think of us as living in the cellars, with no light except that of the lamp, and hearing, every now and then, the crumbling of the old walls above us, which were so precious to my poor grandmother. I think her mind began to fail her a little, and no wonder; for she talked incessantly of the days when she was a young wife and mother, and called me sometimes by my grandfather's name, and sometimes by my father's. She grew restless and uneasy whenever I was out of her sight, and would cry bitterly, Gretchen said, all the time I was away, though she never forgot to tell me to go every morning and see how the cathedral was standing. So I found it to be my duty—that is, I thought it was what the Lord Jesus Christ would have done in my place—stay with her in the chilly damp and darkness of the cellars, except when there was some necessary errand which sent me away.

It was more irksome than I can tell. This was the worst and dreariest part of the siege to me. Sergeant Klein was dead, and there was no one to bring us any news, either of expected succour, or surrender. Sylvie was gone, and I could hear nothing, not a word, of her, where she was, or how she was; she might now be lying in some lonely grave, lost to us as Louise was for ever lost to her brother. If it had not been for Elsie I do not think I could have borne the suspense and confinement. She was our only delight and comfort, whiling away the weary hours with her pleasant prattle. Her little vest was being quickly finished under my grandmother's superintendence, for nothing took her thoughts away so much as to have Elsie sitting on a footstool beside her, knitting the birthday present for the Lord Jesus Christ. It seemed to bring Him so very really and closely among us as a living person, that whenever I felt inclined to murmur at the dreary hours, when I would so willingly have been out in the open streets, amidst all the stir, and even the horror of them, the mere sight of Elsie and her work would recall Him to my mind, and make me think how gently He would stay beside any poor aged and desolate woman. Elsie was surely his gift to us when everything else was being taken away. Gretchen herself used to stand still, watching her fondly some times, and would make her a little cake to tempt her to eat when her appetite began to fail.

It was now that I discovered Gretchen's secret store, without which we should have suffered many a sharp pang of hunger. In the darkness of the farthest cellar there had been carefully constructed, so as to escape observation, a small door, not four feet high, opening into a small vault. It must have been built with the house, nearly three hundred years before, when sieges and wars were more common than they have been of late times. When the siege had been first pro-

claimed, Gretchen had stored in it a good pile of potatoes, and carrots, and apples, besides a strong thick chest filled with flour, which was now beginning to smell musty from the damp, in spite of the thickness of the wood. There were stores of sugar, and wine, and oil as well; so that there was enough to last us for a whole month yet; and surely the siege must be ended before then! I put my arm round Gretchen's neck, and kissed her brown cheek; for, thanks to her, we were safe from dying of starvation. She was so pleased, that she gave Elsie and me a roasted apple for dinner, beyond our usual allowance.

Still, our close confinement, and the want of good, nourishing food, began to tell upon us all. We could not keep up our strength on apples and potatoes; and no flesh meat was to be had for love or money. Our baker's house had long since been destroyed, and scarcely any good bread was to be bought in the city. Our flour was musty, but we could get none better; and hundreds would have been thankful even for ours if we could have spared it for them. Gretchen did all she could to make our meals palatable; but it was both difficult and dangerous to cook; for we had no stove, of course, in the cellars, and she had to venture up to the floor above, where a stove was still standing.

Every day saw the want, the famine, and the deaths grow greater. Lisbeth told us that they were running short of everything that was needed in the hospitals, while the number of the patients was increasing almost every hour. As for the Botanic Gardens, they were piled up with the graves. If the bombardment was to go on much longer, the city would be only a heap of ruins, peopled with skeletons.

One day when I had gone out much later than usual to visit the cathedral, and was moving slowly and languidly along the street facing the grand middle entrance, I saw a great rabble of the citizens pressing in at the door under the tower, while a few soldiers stationed there were doing their best to beat them back. Most of them looked wild and wolfish, like the lads I had seen fighting for a morsel of half-rotten turnip; and they fought desperatly, bearing down the soldiers with frantic energy. A man stood near to me, leaning against a wall, his wasted hand pressed against his heart, and watching the conflict with hungry eyes.

"What are they about?" I asked.

"They are the citizens," he gasped, speaking the words painfully, "with the white flag; General Uhrich has refused our petition to surrender, and they will hoist it themselves. I think I shall die as soon as I see it."

There we stood, looking with all our eyes, we and a crowd of others, men and women, watching the struggle, and catching now and then a sight of it within, as the line of citizens passed the windows in the tower, fighting their way upwards. At last we saw them come out upon the gallery which runs along the western front of the cathedral, and out floated the flag in the air, white as a small white cloud against the sky, and we set up a very feeble shout of triumph.

I was hurrying home to carry the good news, when a yell of anger and despair, louder than our shout of triumph, made me run quickly back again. The flag had been torn down, and a troop of soldiers from the garrison had come to disperse the mob. Oh! the dull, dead misery of that disappointment! The crowd was being driven back, some of them uttering fierce oaths and cursing General Uhrich; others wailing and wringing their hands like women. I, too, went home almost heartbroken, and stood opposite our old house, once so peaceful and happy, looking at the havoc made in it. There it was, the rooms open to the rain and wind, the walls tottering; more than half of it gone. On a fragment of one of the walls which was still standing, there was hanging yet a picture of Christ on the cross. It haunted me all night long; for my head was weak and full of fancies, and I could not keep it out of my mind that He was being crucified afresh in Strasbourg. But only the next day, late in the evening, when it was almost too dark to see it save for a few minutes, the white flag floated once more from the cathedral tower, and no one threw it down again. The news seemed to spread like wild-fire through the city, for how we heard it I never knew. All that I recollect is that I dragged Gretchen up out of the cellar, and carried Elsie in my arms, to see the blessed sight. Hundreds of miserable creatures crept out of their dens, wan and wasted, to lift up their eyes to the flag on the tower, and then fell to weeping, partly for joy and partly for sorrow. In a few minutes after it had floated there, the dreadful booming, of the cannon ceased; and though our ears, so long accustomed to the roar, listened for it, it was gone, and not an echo of it was left. Neither Gretchen nor I could sleep that

night for the very stillness, but my grandmother and Elsie slept peacefully.

The Germans entered Strasbourg the next morning, bringing with them wagon-loads of provisions, which had been prepared in readiness against the surrender of the city. You should have seen the crowds of all sorts of people thronging round the wagons, with glistening eyes, eager to snatch away the first thing put into their hands. Our old friends across the Rhine had not forgotten us, nor had they turned into enemies. The soldiers themselves, who had been doing all they could to destroy us, were now ready to share what they had with us. The suddenness of the change was almost more than we could bear; we could hardly believe it; and one or two old people died, they said, of joy that the trouble and the terror were all over at last.

But it was not all over for me. One more great terror awaited me. I had left Lisbeth with my grandmother, who was too agitated and shaken to stay alone while Gretchen and I went to get some fresh food from the wagons. Gretchen had gone home a few minutes before me, and I was following with some bread in my hands, when I saw Lisbeth coming up the steps of our cellar, with Elsie in her arms. Just above them hung the heavy lintel of a doorway, which had been nearly shaken down during the last day of the bombardment. They had just reached the level of the street, and saw me running towards them. Elsie clapped her hands, and Lisbeth's face was bright with smiles, when in a moment, before I could do anything to warn or save them, the timber fell, and struck down both their dear faces out of my sight.

How I reached the place I do not know; but here Lisbeth lay, with Elsie's little head pressed down upon her bosom, and her arms clasped about the child; and the black lintel lying across them both. Lisbeth's face was white and still, with a half-smile upon it; but Elsie's face I could not see.

I sat down beside them, without power to move; in an agony of grief and terror such as I had never felt before.

But before many minutes had passed by, Elsie's sweet, clear voice rang in my ears, sounding to me for a moment like the voice of some one dead. She was trying to move, and lift her hands to Lisbeth's face; and then I saw that the lintel, though it had knocked them down, had not crushed them, for the end of it had caught upon a projecting stone on the other side of the arch. Lisbeth might be stunned but she was not killed.

Still I had not strength enough to move the heavy timber, which was besides so entangled with other portions of the doorway, that it would be dangerous to stir it yet. I laid my hand on Elsie's head to quiet her.

"Lie still, my Elsie," I said, be quite still, and do not wake your mother. I will wake her by-and-by. Be very quiet till I come back."

I had just turned away, wondering where I could get the help I needed, for everybody was so engrossed in their own wants, when I saw—but I could not believe it—I saw my father, standing opposite the ruins of our house, and gazing at them as if they could tell him what had become of Sylvie, and his mother, and me.

Ah! you will never know, and you can never imagine, what it was to see him after all our peril and sorrow. I flung myself into his arms, and felt as if I was in heaven for a minute or two. But there were Lisbeth and Elsie to rescue; and not waiting to answer one of his questions, I dragged him across the street to the place where they lay. Lisbeth's eyes were open, and she quite smiled when I looked down upon her face.

It was almost an hour before we could get them safely out of the mass of fallen building; but I never left them, and I fed them by morsels with the bread I had brought. When the steps were clear, we all went down into the cellar to my grandmother and Gretchen, who were almost dead with fright, thinking they were buried alive, and cut off from the succour which had come at last to the citizens of Strasbourg. But all was right now; there was no more pain or terror, and my father was there to take care of us all.

It had happened so that my father's health had given way in his exploring expedition, and he had been compelled to return to Egypt, where of course he had heard of the war between France and Germany, and had hastened back at once to come to our help. He had been outside the city, at Appenweir, a few miles off across the Rhine, for the last three days, watching, with many other people, the awful bombardment of the city, but unable to do anything. Last night the news had reached them of General Uhrich's surrender; and he had come as quickly as he could, prepared to remove us at once to Appenweir.

When all that was done, and my grand-

mother and Gretchen were settled in some pleasant lodgings, my father and I set about to trace out Sylvie. The only chance was to find out where Madame Berthon had found refuge, but as her husband was now gone with the other officers as prisoners into Germany, we met with many difficulties. At last we discovered that Madame Berthon was in Basle, just within the Swiss frontier, and we went down all the valley of the Rhine on our way thither. All through widespread meadows, green with pasture, and past rich fields of corn, and under the vineyards grown wild with untrained tendrils; a lovely valley, sheltered by mountains, and filled with trees, just tinged here and there with autumn colors. It was very peaceful, so full of peace that I could hardly bear to look at it, and remember what we had been passing through in Strasbourg, while out here the sun had been shining, and the birds singing, and the flowers blooming, like the Garden of Eden was before man spoiled it. This was the Garden of Eden, yonder was the place of which God was saying, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the earth."

We found our Sylvie at last, very pale and delicate, nervous too, ready to start and cry at any sudden sound. But I think that, when I saw her folded in my father's arms, after all the great troubles we had undergone, my gladness was almost unendurable.

Even after all she had suffered, we could not persuade my grandmother to come and live with us in London. From her new home in Appenweir she could still see the cathedral, which was now the dearest place on earth to her. There was a talk, too, that all the buildings which had been destroyed were to be restored as quickly as possible. All was quietness and order again in Strasbourg. The shops and the markets were reopened; and, as far as possible, every trace of the havoc had been cleared away. But the graves were there, and the ruined houses, and the households, almost as in Egypt—"There was not a house where there was not one dead."

My father, who knew many learned and influential men among the enemy, had no difficulty in obtaining a safe-conduct, which enabled us to go into the neighborhood of Phalsbourg, which was still suffering the horrors of a siege as we had been. We went then in search of Sergeant Klein's little farm amongst the hills, where his children might be still hoping and watching for his return. But from all the country round, from lonely farm-houses, and little hamlets, and larger villages of the mountains, the inhabitants had fled before the army, perhaps with a faint hope of returning home some time when peace came back, but oftener with breaking and despairing hearts. We could find no one who knew Sergeant Klein's farm or family; and as for the brother of poor Louise, he was still shut up in Phalsbourg, ignorant, no doubt, of his sister's death.

Lisbeth, whose home and property were altogether lost, promised gladly to come and live with us in London. Only a few days ago Elsie climbed on to my knee, as I was thinking over all these things, and drew my attention to her by patting my cheek. She held in her other hand a parcel wrapped in silver paper, which she opened gravely, and showed to me a little white vest quite finished, and with every stain, either of her own work or of the dust of falling walls, washed away. But the child's lips were quivering, and she was trying hard to keep back her tears.

"Max," she said, "there is no way for me to give the Lord Christ his birthday present when Christmas comes."

"Why not, Elsie?" I asked.

"Because He is a long, long way off, up in heaven," she said.

"No, Elsie," I answered; "He is here, with us. He said, 'I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you.' So He comes often, every day; only we cannot see his face or hear his voice yet. And you remember that, when He went away, He told His disciples not to grieve over it, though for a little while they could not see Him. 'Nevertheless, I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.'"

"I am glad He comes," she said, her face brightening; "but if we cannot see Him, how am I to give Him his little white vest?"

Then I opened my Bible, which Elsie was beginning to learn to read in, and I let her spell out, word for word, this verse: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Elsie sat still and thoughtful, with her head resting on her little hands, and then clasped them together with gladness as the meaning came into her mind.

"Max," she said, "we must go and look

for one of the least of the Lord Christ's little brothers, and see if the vest will do for him."

But my father would not hear of Elsie's little vest being given away, and he bade Lisbeth lay great store by it, and keep it in remembrance of the six weeks' siege of Strasbourg, saying Elsie would understand why it was kept when she grew older. I scarcely understood myself, till my father read those words to me about the woman who brought her alabaster box of ointment, and poured it on his head, and the disciples called it a waste, and said the money should have been given to the poor. "Ye have the poor with you always," said the Lord, "and whensoever ye will ye may do them good; but me ye have not always. She hath done what she could."

THE END.

# OUR PARTY AT SEA.

## EXPERIENCES IN SCOTLAND.

REV. J. S. BRECKINRIDGE.

A Cunard steamer plies twice daily between Belfast and Glasgow. We took the night boat, secured a seven by nine stateroom, containing four berths. Only one could disrobe at a time, and we solemnly retired in single file to our couches.

We were unusually grave, and for two reasons. First; suffocation stared us in the face. Second; the Doctor had ordered fish for supper, and had been served with one containing all its natural appurtenances; judging from the Doctor's forcible statements, its entrails must have been numerous. He did not ascertain the facts in the case until little was left of the fish, and then his indignation was first-class; he carried this irritated state of mind with him to bed, and we all felt blue. Morning, however, found us still respiring, and in better spirits.

We had entered Clyde river, a very sluggish stream, and were nearing Glasgow; on either bank were many large vessels under construction; they swarmed with workmen, whose blows upon wood and iron were deafening. This stream, upon whose waters floated the first passenger steamer ever built in Great Britain, retains a preëminence for ship-building over all other rivers in the Kingdom.

On reaching the city we found it thoroughly astir. The Doctor had recovered his appetite as well as his temper, and we took breakfast.

A peculiarity we had noticed in the butter of Ireland, we continued to notice here and all through Scotland—it contained no salt, and was, as a rule, insipid.

Being refreshed by this, and other unseasoned articles, we sauntered through the busy streets of Glasgow toward its cathedral, which is an ancient edifice, remarkable only for several very fine stained-glass windows, and a crypt in which are shown half a dozen stone coffins said to be more than one thousand years old.

We took the P. M., train for Loch Lomond, and reached Balloch, where a steamer for Inversnaid receives passengers.

Our ride up the lake would have been more romantic had not a very matter-of-fact rain-storm accompanied us the whole distance.

Loch Lomond is a fine sheet of water, bordered on either side by shores of considerable boldness. It has been thought to resemble Lake George, of New York State, and does in a measure. It has a "St. Anthony's Nose," "The Islands" about 30 in number, and several spots which might be christened "Roger's Slide," if some Major Rogers would be kind enough to furnish a pretext for so doing; and its waters are remarkably "clear." Our party decided that there was little to choose between the two lakes, but that if compelled to express a preference, it would be for Loch Lomond.

Some interesting historical reminiscences are associated with it; the rocky cavern in which a Scottish freebooter, familiarly known as Rob Roy, imprisoned captives, is seen from the steamer, and on reaching Inversnaid, his "cave" in which he hid when pursued, and which sheltered Robert Bruce after the battle of Dalry, is in sight. At this spot we passed the night, our accommodations were excellent, and we fell asleep to the music of a mountain stream which dashes down into the lake a few rods from the hotel.

The next morning, with three horses and a great flourish of the whip, we started across the country for Loch Katrine, five miles distant, and passed on our way the spot where Rob Roy once lived, and where Helen McGregor, his wife, was born.

On reaching Stronachlacher Pier, we found a steamer ready to convey us up the lake—a cozy, fairy-looking little craft, named Rob Roy, which seemed to be so wrought upon by the poetical surroundings, that its very engine sent forth gentle puffs which woke no echoes. We were soon convinced that a trip through Loch Katrine is one of the pleasantest which can be experienced in Scotland.

The shores are quiet, giving back no sound, while Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" touches every island, inlet, and bordering height with romantic interest.

On this green isle to the left lived "Ellen," the heroine of his story; and yonder shines the "Silver Strand," on which she first met the "Knight of Snowdoun."

The poem was exposed for sale on the boat, and we availed ourselves of the opportunity to read portions of the fascinating tale while dreamily passing the spots where their scenes were laid.

Ere we desired it, the sail of ten miles was over; and the rumble of wheels again heard, we were whirling away from the wharf to Trossack's Hotel, and there climbed to the top of a vast four-horse coach; the driver is communicative, and after lashing his horses into a run, begins to point out the objects of interest.

First comes Rob Roy's "Watch Tower," and we are discouraged; for though none of us object to Rob Roy individually, or to an occasional mention of his name, yet to have it constantly dinned into one's ears, is monotonous.

The next turn gave us relief, for here, says Jehu, is the exact spot where Fitz James' steed, exhausted by the chase, "stretched his stiff limbs to rise no more;" and a little farther on is Coilantogle Ford, where Roderick Dhu received his death-wound at the hands of this same Fitz James.

We descended from our lofty seat at the expiration of about one hour, having ridden nearly eight miles in that time. We had reached Callender, a rail-road station, and were soon on our way to Sterling.

We devoted a few hours to this city for the purpose of visiting Greyfriars church, and the Castle. In the former, Romanism was abjured by the Earl of Arran; at its altar James VI was consecrated King, and in its pulpit sat John Knox, who delivered the coronation sermon on this occasion.

Adjoining the old Franciscan sanctuary is a celebrated cemetery, containing a pyramid erected in commemoration of the Covenanters; several monuments which mark the graves of prominent leaders in the great Protesant Reformation; and one with which a touching story is connected. Two sisters of Glenvarnoch renounced catholicism, and amid the persuasions of friends and threats of enemies, adhered to their new belief. They were taken to the sea shore, and fastened to a stake at ebb-tide, and left to slowly perish as the tide came in. This monument is white marble, and represents the sisters watched over by a guardian angel, and the whole is an elegant piece of sculpture, dedicated to the "Virgin Martyrs of the Ocean Wave." The castle is a very ancient fortress, and from an early period has been considered, in a military point of view, the "Key of the North." In it kings have been born, baptized and crowned; and a room is shown which witnessed the assassination of the Earl of Douglass by James II. We saw the royal chair of James V, and sat in it. Most of us have a far better article ot furniture in our own houses; it is hard and uncomfortable. On the battlements was shown the "Ladies' Look-out," a circular hole in the wall through which ancient dames slyly peeped at manly sports going on outside.

Mary Queen of Scotts often gazed sadly out from this aperture during her imprisonment in Sterling castle.

We looked through and tried, with rather feeble success, to call up the stirring scenes of the past. Descending into the city, we saw, for the first time since landing, a scene of drunken confusion. By the side of one street, was a father, daughter, and two sons, all in a state of beastly intoxication. The daughter, a girl of eighteen, was, in a maudlin way, persuading the others to accompany her home, and yet could not take the first step in that direction herself.

On another street we saw a man holding by the hand his little boy of six; every step they took was a stagger; one was cursing and the other crying, and both apparently too drunk to know the way home.

The streets were full of similar scenes. In this city we came upon a peddler's wagon, the like of which had never before

crossed our field of vision—it was a one-horse store and dwelling house combined; it was crowded with merchandise, and yet accommodated a good-sized human family.

I looked in at the back-door, and saw a baby gently sleeping in its crib, and outside two or three children with wild looking hair were playing around the cart; near by stood the mother watching for customers, while the father lounged around the corner of the street a short distance away. The wagon was hung with wicker baskets, brooms, etc., and through the top projected a useful though not very ornamental stove-pipe. These itinerant stores are said to be quite common in Scotland.

We reached Edinburgh at 7 P. M. It was Saturday, and this grand old city was to give us our first Sabbath experiences in Europe. We understood that a Rev. Mr. McGregor was the star preacher of the place, and that his church was the one in which Chalmers used to read his matchless sermons in his matchless way, and decided to worship there in the A. M.

We did, and were gratified; the minister preached a sensible, fiery sermon, and as he leaned over his pulpit, and poured forth his burning utterances, we were reminded of John Knox as he is described by contemporaries.

In the P. M., the Professor and Doctor determined to hear another noted man who was advertised to preach, but being deceived as to distance, they, after walking several miles, reached the church in time for the benediction, and came back feeling much more like singing a dirge than the doxology. We could not persuade the Doctor to leave his room again that day, but the Professor, in whom persistency is a marked characteristic, consented to accompany me again in the evening.

We attended the Wesleyan Church, and heard a young man preach a very young sermon; the Professor fell asleep, and watching him was all that prevented me from doing the same. A prayer-meeting followed, in which we both took far more interest; its exercises indicated superior intellectuality on the part of those who participated in them, and yet were vivified by old-fashioned Methodistic zeal.

On Monday we visited the Castle, and saw, among other objects, "Mons Meg," an old cannon in which balls made of stone are said to have been used; some of the balls were on exhibition; the "Crown Room," and crown jewels, but we thought the time spent here poor investment: "Mary's Room," and a fine portrait of the queen in her youthful beauty.

On our way from the Castle to Holyrood Palace, we passed the house in which John Knox lived, and saw the window from which he sometimes preached to the people. Also the house once occupied by Oliver Cromwell, the cemetery in which lie the remains of Adam Smith, and the "Old White Horse Inn," where Dr. Johnson lodged in 1773.

Reaching the Palace we are disappointed in its appearance, but visit its rooms with an interest made keen by the numerous and tragic events connected therewith.

In this apartment, the "Audience Chamber," Queen Mary and John Knox held their frequent and fiery religious conversations; in this, the "Queen's Supping Room," her favorite, the Italian Riccio, was assasinated before her face; and up these steps, "Mary's Private Stair," crept the rude men who perpetrated the foul crime.

From the Palace we ascend "Arthur's Seat," near by, and from its summit, eight hundred and twenty-two feet high, gain a magnificent view of Edinburgh. Descending, we tread the path over which Sir Walter Scott was accustomed to stroll at evening, and, crossing the valley which separates the Old from the New, climb a public stairway containing at least one thousand steps, and stand on "Calton Hill."

And now, though many other spots call for a visit, if the readers of this letter are as weary as we were that Monday P. M., they will be glad to rest before going farther.

---

We talk of human life as a journey, but how variously is that journey performed! There are those that come forth girt, and shod, and mantled, to walk on velvet lawns and smooth terraces, where every gale is arrested, and every beam is tempered. There are others who walk on the Alpine paths of life, against driving misery, and through stormy sorrows, over sharp afflictions; walk with bare feet and naked breast, jaded, mangled, and chilled.—*Sydney Smith.*

## HYMN.

"So He bringeth them to their desired haven."—PSALM 107: 30.

How does he lead them? This they cannot tell,
They only know He doeth all things well—
Through fire and water some, where floods do meet
O'er briars and thorns, with torn and bleeding feet,
Where tempests rage and storms burst overhead,
And clouds portentous all around are spread;
But still He leads them, rough or smooth the way,
And all His paths are peace, and lead to day.

And some, where springs abound and pastures sweet,
Go singing all the way with gladsome feet;
And some He leadeth gently on the way,
Guiding the wandering steps that fain would stray;
Others go trembling on the road for fear,
With faith so weak that will not see Him near;
But still he leads them, rough or smooth the way,
Who follow on to know. He shows the way.

How does He draw them? Some by cords of love,
That sweetest cord to lift the soul above;
But not all thus—so wisely doth He lead—
Love would not always answer to their need;
And so, by other cords—pain, fear, unrest—
But always just the one most fit and best;
And so He draws them from themselves and sin,
Until they find their perfect rest in Him.

How does He keep them? This is theirs alone
To whom the secrets of the Lord is known—
In perfect peace, though outward foes prevail,
They stand upon a rock none dare assail;
Though every human prop have given way,
They rest in Him, their comforter and stay—
And so He keeps them till, their journey o'er,
They enter in where they go out no more.

## A LITTLE SOCIETY AFFAIR.

H. M. LEWTRAL.

Josie lingered in the dressing-room the night of Alice Durham's party. Her drapery was satisfactory, and so was her hair; her gloves were buttoned and her fan in her hand; yet she lingered fluttering about the heart, and growing chilly in her satin slippers.

She was refrigerating herself to meet Dick: for Dick and she were "out" with each other. She felt the need of dignity, and the dear child had no dignity. She had only indignation, and a tender fear of hurting him further, in one conglomerate emotion.

Dick was her ever so many times removed cousin, and by nature's law her protector and lover. He was a rushing, honest, handsome youngster of twenty-two; who had grown to Josie all his life, but had never realized this till a breach was made between them. It was a silly affair, yet they were both so young it seemed to them the principal event of the nineteenth century

Alice Durham began it. She only obeyed that feminine instinct which would not let her leave another woman in peaceful possession of a lover. She liked Dick because he was thus a thrall; and could not resist seizing him out of the hand of her natural enemy, and binding him to her own chariot wheels. Alice Durham was a sparkling, beautiful girl, and Dick like the masculine blockhead, was pleased with her flattering preference, and stood in stolid admiration while she wound her spells. He held Josie's hand, but turned fascinated eyes after Alice Durham.

Josie had not a drop of the siren in her, but she *had* a strong infusion of the spicy woman. She took occasion to quarrel hotly with Dick concerning a skate-strap, and to part from him in disdain.

Dick was bewildered. If Josie had told him she resented Alice Durham's partnership, he would have "explained." No sage is so full of "explanations," as a conceited youth of twenty-two. All human motives and mental phenomena lie open to his piercing eyes. He would have made it clear as transparent air to Josie that he had been struck with the mildest form of Platonic friendship for Alice Durham. But as I said, her conduct bewildered him. His little girl all afire so suddenly, and gay Alice Durham turning up such a gentle, amiable card at the same time—women were more difficult

to predict about than the weather, even to Dick the sage.

He nursed his dignity two days, and then made business an excuse for calling on Pater-Josie. Papa was not in: but mamma was, and Josie left Dick and mamma in sweet counsel, while she went up stairs to look after the children, whom she alternately squeezed and scolded with exaggerated humors. Cool and tart as iced lemonade was Josie, and Dick departed wroth.

They afterwards met in the street, and greeted each other with dreadful politeness and the high American titles of Mister and Miss!

"Why doesn't Dick run in?" inquired Mamma, "and there's Alice Durham's party coming off. I thought he would be your escort as usual."

To whom Josie snapped unfilially, "Don't mention Alice Durham's party, mamma, I'm sure I don't want to go. And as for Dick, its such a relief! He was getting to be a perfect bore!"

But when Alice Durham's party was due, she was in a fever to attend it, and got there with all decorous haste.

Notwithstanding she was fallible and had caught the lie social, Josie was truth and honor in her heart: she said to herself on the stairs, "I have done wrong in coming here. I dislike my hostess. Never again, as long as I live, will I go making a parade of friendship where there is none." She shrunk from the effusions of the lovely woman who received her. Did you ever observe how two women who abhor each other will fly together and kiss? It must be upon the same principle which causes clouds to discharge electricity into each other, or opposing battalions to close with a clash! But Josie threw a haughty little head back from Miss Durham's proffered beautiful mouth. Though her lips had lied on her heart, her heart shouldn't lie on her lips. Graceful and chill as frost-work, she made the proper expressions, and floated down the drawing-room stream like a little duck putting on swan airs.

Al. Twirley was in her train immediately, taking greedy shares in her card, for Josie was his dancing divinity: and several other gentlemen lingered near to speak their little speeches to her. Did you ever note the average man's career through a drawing-room? He enters, pulling down his vest or smoothing his gloves, or with a contemplative finger on his moustache (if nature has to him one accorded:) and after greeting his hostess, makes the tour of the rooms like the traveling patent-right man, with a stereotyped harangue. Says the average man:

"Good evening, Miss Brown. Been a very pleasant day.

"How are you enjoying yourself?

"Seems to be a very pleasant affair."

Then, moving his battery, he opens again:

"Good evening, Miss Jones. Been a very pleasant day.

"How are you enjoying yourself?

"Seems a very pleasant affair."

This is his triplet of remarks. The average man doesn't know what to say, but his ambition is to appear "pleasant:" and bless him! he means well.

Dick watched the bees round Josie, and felt disturbed. She looked so pretty and so unconscious of it. Though he had the post of honor beside Alice while she received her guests, he *did* want to go and make it up with his little girl, and secure some dances with her.

"How well Josie is looking!" remarked the penetrating Alice during a pause in her occupation, "what a dear little thing she would be if she hadn't such a temper!"

"She *is* fiery!" assented Dick, thus reminded of their quarrel, which passed in detail before his mind's eye and put Josie below par again.

The promenading, and dancing, and fluttering, and gabbling, and flirting—all the grists of the social mill were duly ground out. Josie danced in the same set with Dick, and deigned scarcely to touch him with her white glove, while her eyes met his with such a sweet, frank indifference!

But she grew tired early, and nestled down in the half-deserted library, having refused to keep an engagement: and here Professor Wigand found her.

Professor Wigand was a German, and fond of the truthful woman. Your butterfly he abhorred: and when forced to render polite services to her, you might have detected him shrugging his shoulders, muttering in his heavy throat gutterals sounding like "*donner-welter!*" and "*der teufel!*"

But satisfaction radiated from his spectacles and the end of every blonde hair, when he could appropriate such girls as Josie, and pour down upon their young mobile faces the stream of his beloved science.

With Josie's little hand clenched between his elbow and his dress-coat, he raced up

and down the library, holding forth on articulates.

"Now, dere is dat liddle fellow," said the Professor, "you calls him 'gatter-piller!' You ladees ven you sees him, go dis way—O—h!" the Professor drew back imaginary petticoats, and gave a tragic scream—"from dat *craceful* liddle fellow what his mec—mec— (vat you call it?) mechanism is so wonderschön! Did you ever have cut him in pieces, Mees Josie?"

"No," sighed Josie, who just then caught a glimpse of Dick whirling in a round dance with Alice Durham, "but I almost think I'd like to cut him in pieces!"

"Circle and circle!" glowed the Professor, "and den his fine, dellycate hairs!"

They brought up at the door as Dick and Alice whirled past.

"*Very* fine hairs, indeed!" said Josie, speaking distinctly for Dick's ears, "scarcely perceptible, in fact!"

And then she wanted to twist her tongue: for Dick reddened: he was so sensitive about that upper lip growth of his! she was ashamed of her fling.

So she punished herself by allowing the Professor to gallop up and down with her for an hour, while he stuffed beasts, and fish, and birds through her head. She was such a listener as always charmed him. He pierced the earth's solid ribs, and dragged up mastodons; he bridled the ichthyosaurus and cantered delightedly before Josie. And just when he had gotten her appetite nicely whetted by the description of a reindeer's stomach, people began to go down to supper, and Al. Twirley came to claim her.

She went down, a weary little thing, and almost drove the devoted Twirley to distraction by her daintiness, and her inattention to the pains he took to secure eatibles from all parts of the earth to please her.

She knew Dick was with the young hostess at a side-board, and determined not to lift her eyes that way. Now, when you make a resolution of this sort, your looks are surer to steal out of leash and take a peerage, than if you had put them under no ban. Thus Josie caught a glimpse of Dick, and that glimpse fastened her eyes to him. He was pouring wine for Alice Durham. Alice lifted her glass and her liquid eyes; she was intoxicating him with two liquids.

Josie knew Dick dare not touch that cup. The wine-devil was already in his blood. His dying mother administered an oath of total abstinence to him as his only safety: and Josie on her knees had sworn to that vow with Dick.

She stared while Dick lifted the red temptation, looking through it with passion in his eye. ("Drink!" said Alice, "we will drink to each other!") Then Josie forgot her own wounded self-love, and darted across the room.

"Dick!" she said, reaching out her hand, "I see you are going to take wine! Pour some for me, too, please! *You know I promised* HER *I'd drink the first toast with you!*"

The young man's face blanched instantly. He looked through Josie as though a transparent substance, and saw it all again. A lovely, prematurely white-haired woman fainting back on her pillows: Dick's cheek was on one of her hands, and Josie's head under the other. The boy and girl were promising never to touch a thing which had cursed their family, as long as God would mercifully uphold them against temptation.

"You know I promised," repeated the young girl glittering, "*to drink the first toast with you!*"

"Is it a wager?" asked Alice, smiling on both, and anxious to pierce this secret understanding.

"A *heavy* wager!" breathed Dick, "and I nearly lost! I forgot!"

"Then you will not drink with *me?*" murmured the siren with a reproachful turn of her melting eyeballs.

"I *will not*," said Dick with boyish bluntness, "Josie!" He darted after her. "Come out with me where its cooler, a moment. You are too warm." But when he had her under his eye, she looked too cool.

"Go back to Miss Durham," she urged crisply, gathering her mouth at the corners to keep it from quivering.

"I can't! Come with me out of this glare!"

He drew her across several rooms to where an arch of greenness gave entrance to a conservatory. Dick rushed to the extreme corner of this, and, dropping Josie's hand, covered up his face.

"Oh, Dick!" opened Josie, trembling, "You would have drunken with that girl, and have broken your promise to your mother!"

"That's so!" acknowledged Dick, recovering himself, though still crestfallen, "I forgot everything! Men are fools!" cried this magnanimous youth, careful to include others in the denunciation of himself. "You were so dear, to come and remind

me, Josie. Believe I'd have shot myself if I'd broken my word! How silly we were to quarrel about a skate-strap!"

"Skate-strap, indeed!" fired up the young lady. "You let that girl make a fool of you. She doesn't care for anything but her own vanity!" spouted clear-sighted Josie, "she'd draw all the young men in town through a wine-glass, just to prove her power over them!"

Dick caught an enlightening flash from cousin Josie's eye.

"The dick—ens!" he whistled softly, "it isn't *skate-straps* you're mad about after all; its *Alice-traps!* Say, Jo, you're *jealous!*"

"Jealous!" sparkled the young lady, rising like flame toward the conservatory roof, "*Jealous*, sir!" The word acted like a ton of coal on a furnace fire. "JEALOUS!" sniffed Josie, drawing magnificently aloof from her accuser.

"But at this instant Al. Twirley put his head in at the door and looked all around; without seeing them however, for foliage was thick about them, and the lights were low. "I thought I saw Miss Josie come in here!" he cried.

Josie took a step as if she would meet him.

"Confound that blockhead!" growled Dick, "you're making yourself rather conspicuous with him this evening. Talk about flirts."

Josie turned a sweet, mocking face over her white shoulder, and retorted—

"Dick, *you're* jealous!"

"Well, I am!" acknowledged the more honest animal, "and that's the truth of it! Josie, wait, you've treated me shabbily. You flew out at nothing"—

"Nothing!" darted Josie, turning in her rustling drapery to listen.

"Yes, just nothing. No cause for it. And then you kept a fellow in hot water for over a week. And now you're flirting with all the spooniés in town! Even with Al. Twirley!" declared Dick, lashing himself into fury, "that little—that—" here failing in adjectives, he could only froth "*that* Al. Twirley!"

"He dances as well as Miss Durham," murmured Josie, "and he didn't press *me* to take wine with him! *He* respected my peculiar social notions! I think he's very nice!"

"Nice," howled Dick, "confound him! and that Miss Durham, too, I shall never see her again without thinking of what she tempted me to! I never cared for her, Josie!" proceeded Dick, falling from the blood-thirsty to the sentimental, "you're the only one I ever did or ever shall—"

"There's the German," broke in the young lady, "not the Professor," she threw the pun laughingly back at him over her shoulder, "but the dance I promised Mr. Twirley."

"Wait a minute!" breathed Dick, springing forward in despair and clasping her white sleeve. "Josie, you know you are *mine!* No one else shall have you! I'll keep you here. Let Al. Twirley go hang! And the other one, too! Darling!" with a cheek on her faintly resisting head. "I've been a brute! Forgive me! Love me, darling, there'll never be anybody else to me!" vowed Dick, casting a prophetic eye into the future.

"*Don't* let her get such influence over you again!" quivered Josie, melting, "I'd be willing to have you marry her if you preferred, and it would make you happier!" said the young creature with a magnanimous burst, now that no such catastrophe was possible; "but I can't bear to see her make you bad!"

This speech sounded so angelic, that Dick was just preparing to go down on one leg and swear by moons and stars and undiscovered planets—when another party interrupted their seclusion.

Alice was on Twirley's arm hunting Josie. The moment this experienced being saw Dick's imbecile expression, she gave up her game. "I lost my power somehow, in that wine," she meditated.

They all went back to the parlors, and nobody noticed this story I have told, because everybody was busy with his own double life and society affair.

## HUMAN LIFE

After a while—a busy brain
Will rest from all its care and pain.

After a while—Earth's rush will cease,
And a wearied heart find sweet release.

After a while—a vanished face—
An empty seat—a vacant place.

After a while—a name forgot—
A crumbled head-stone—unknown spot!

# FRIENDS OF THE PRISONERS.

H. H.

In many of the Paris prisons is to be seen a long, dreary room, through the middle of which are built two high walls of iron grating, enclosing a space of some three feet in width.

A stranger visiting the prison for the first time would find it hard to divine for what purpose these walls of grating had been built. But on the appointed days when the friends of the prisoners are allowed to enter the prison, their use is sadly evident. It would not be safe to permit wives and husbands, and mothers and sons, to clasp hands in unrestrained freedom. A tiny file, a skein of silk, can open prison-doors and set captives free; love's ingenuity will circumvent tyranny and fetters, in spite of all possible precautions. Therefore the vigilant authority says: "You may see, but not touch; there shall be no possible opportunity for an instrument of escape to be given; at more than arm's length the wife, the mother must be held." The prisoners are led in and seated on a bench upon one side of these gratings; the friends are led in and seated on a similar bench on the other side; jailers are in attendance in both rooms; no words can be spoken which the jailers do not hear. Yearningly eyes meet eyes; faces are pressed against the hard wires; loving words are exchanged; the poor prisoned souls ask eagerly for news from the outer world—the world from which they are as much hidden as if they were dead. Fathers hear how the little ones have grown; sometimes, alas! how the little ones have died. Small gifts of fruit or clothing are brought; but must be given first into the hands of the jailers. Even flowers cannot be given from loving hand to hand; for in the tiniest flower might be hidden the secret poison which would give to the weary prisoner surest escape of all. All day comes and goes the sad train of friends; lingering and turning back after there is no more to be said; weeping when they meant and tried to smile; more hungry for closer sight and voice, and for touch, with every moment that they gaze through the bars; and going away, at last, with a new sense of loss and separation, which time, with its merciful healing, will hardly soften before the visiting-day will come again, and the same heart-rending experience of mingled torture and joy will again be borne. But to the prisoners these glimpses of friends' faces are like manna from heaven. Their whole life, physical and mental, receives a new impetus from them. Their blood flows more quickly, their eyes light up, they live from one day to the next on a memory and a hope. No punishment can be invented so terrible as the deprivation of the sight of their friends on the visiting-day. Men who are obstinate and immovable before any sort or amount of physical torture are subdued by mere threat of this.

A friend who told me of a visit he paid to the Prison Mazas, on one of the days, said, with tears in his eyes, "It was almost more than I could bear to see these poor souls reaching out toward each other from either side of the iron railings. Here a poor, old woman, tottering and weak, bringing a little fruit in a basket for her son; here a wife, holding up a baby to look through the gratings at its father, and the father trying in an agony of earnestness to be sure that the baby knew him; here a little girl, looking half-reproachfully at her brother, terror struggling with tenderness in her young face; on the side of the friends, love and yearning and pity beyond all words to describe; on the side of the prisoners, love and yearning just as great, but with a misery of shame added, which gave to many faces a look of attempt at dogged indifference on the surface, constantly betrayed and contradicted, however, by the flashing of the eyes and the red of the cheeks."

The story so impressed me that I could not for days lose sight of the picture it raised; the double walls of iron grating; the cruel, inexorable, empty space between them,—empty, yet crowded with words and looks; the lines of anxious, yearning faces on either side. But presently I said to myself, it is, after all, not so unlike the life we all live. Who of us is not in prison? Who of us is not living out his time of punishment? Law holds us all in its merciless fulfilment of penalty for sin; disease, danger, work separate us, wall us, bury us. That we are not numbered with the number of a cell, clothed in the uniform of a prison, locked up at night, and counted in the

morning, is only an apparent difference, and not so real an one. Our jailers do not know us; but we know them. There is no fixed day gleaming for us in the future when our term of sentence will expire and we shall regain freedom. It may be to-morrow; but it may be three-score years away. Meantime, we bear ourselves as if we were not in prison. We profess that we choose, we keep our fetters out of sight, we smile, we sing, we contrive to be glad of being alive, and we take great interest in the changing of our jails. But no man knows where his neighbor's prison lies. How bravely and cheerily most eyes look up! This is one of the sweetest mercies of life, that "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," and, knowing it, can hide it. Hence, we can all be friends for other prisoners, standing separated from them by the impassable iron gratings and the fixed gulf of space, which are not inappropriate emblems of the unseen barriers between all human souls. We can show kindly faces, speak kindly words, bear to them fruits and food, and moral help, greater than fruit or food. We need not aim at philanthropies; we need not have a visiting-day, nor seek a prison-house built of stone. On every road each man we meet is a prisoner; he is dying at heart, however sound he looks; he is only waiting, however well he works. If we stop to ask whether he be our brother, he is gone. Our one smile would have lit up his prison-day. Alas for us if we smiled not as we passed by! Alas for us if, face to face, at last, with our Elder Brother, we find ourselves saying, "Lord, when saw we thee sick and in prison!"

—*Bits of Talk.*

# DOROTHY.

U. L. T.

You say that my love is plain,
  But that I can ne'er allow,
When I look at the thought for others
  That's written on her brow.
Her eyes are not fine, I own,
  She hasn't a well cut nose,
But a smile for others' pleasures,
  And a tear for others' woes;
And yet I will own she's plain,
  Plain to be understood,
For who could doubt that her nature
  Is simple, and pure, and good?

You say that you think her slow,
  But how can that be with one
Who's the first to do a kindness
  Whenever it can be done?
Quick to perceive a want,
  Quicker to set it right,
Quickest in over-looking
  Injury, wrong, and slight?
And yet she is slow indeed,
  Slow any praise to claim,
Slow to see faults in others,
  Slow to give careless blame.

"Nothing to say for herself,"
  That is the fault you find?
Hark to her words to the children,
  Merry, and bright, and kind.
Hark to her words to the sick,
  Look at her patient ways,
Every word she utters
  Speaks in the speaker's praise.
Nothing to say for herself!
  Yet right, most right you are;
But plenty to say for others,
  And that is better by far.

You say she is "commonplace,"
  But there you make a mistake:
I would I could think she were so.
  For other maidens' sake.
Purity, truth, and love,
  Are they such common things?
If hers were a common nature
  Women would all have wings.
Talent she may not have,
  Beauty, nor wit, nor grace,
But until she's among the angels
  She will not be "commonplace."

# PERFECTING.

MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

"It seems to me," said Jenny Hart to her Sunday School teacher, "that good people get the worst of everything."

"What makes you think so?" said Miss Bradley. "I was thinking of Mrs. Clark; everybody knows she's the very best woman that ever lived, and see how much trouble she has: after losing all her children and her property, her husband must be taken away; I don't see how it is; I think good people ought to be happy."

"You are quite right; they ought to be happy, and they are happy."

"Oh, Miss Bradley, I know lots of good people, and I don't think any of them are very happy; they have a great deal more trouble than folks that do just as they please."

"Are you sure that your good folks are good? Christ said there was none good but God."

"Why, I s'pose they're not perfect; but who expects to be perfect?"

"I think God expects us to be perfect sooner or later; and until we are perfect, He will keep us at our lessons. Now tell me, Jenny, who has the hardest lesson in your school, the primary class, or the graduating class?"

"Why, the graduating class, of course."

"That is, the good scholars have the hardest lessons. But if they were perfect scholars, if they knew all there was to be taught in that school, they would have no lessons at all. They are 'good,' as compared to the primary class, but not 'good,' when compared with the ideal they are capable of reaching. Let us take another illustration. In an orchard, which trees does the farmer select for pruning and grafting?"

"The best trees."

"Yes; those with most life and health—the 'good' trees. The trees with one or two vital branches are left alone; they are not worth the trouble of culture. If they were pruned, there would be nothing left."

"You mean," said Jenny thoughtfully after a moment, "that good folks have trouble because they are good."

"Yes," said Miss Bradley, smiling, "that's a short way of putting it. The best, the most valuable must bear the most discipline, the hardest tests, of whatever kind its nature requires, in order that it may become perfected. But who can tell what the pupil needs for graduation in a certain school?"

"The head teacher of the school."

"And who knows what is lacking to the tree?"

"The owner of the tree."

"And suppose the advanced pupil should complain because his lessons were harder than the primary pupil; suppose the full-boughed tree should murmur because it was pruned more than the poor dying thing at its side—suppose for this the pupil and the tree should murmur and resist, and call the teacher and the gardener cruel and unjust?"

"That would be very foolish," said Jenny, her young face bright with comprehension.

"Foolish to the last degree, for it would delay the gracious process, and perhaps make impossible the final perfection. I agree with you in your estimate of Mrs. Clark; comparatively she is good. She has left class after class in Christ's school, and her lessons are hard in proportion. But the Teacher alone knows what is still lacking, and as she has been confided to His care, He must see that she is perfect in what He undertakes to teach. But if her lessons are hard, her power to learn is great—her faith in her Teacher is strong. A boy generally sheds more tears over his alphabet than over his geometry. By the time he reaches the higher and the harder studies, he has learned the joy of intellectual work, the joy of development; he has also risen to a joyful mental companionship with his teacher—the master has become the friend.

"I can understand that, Miss Bradley. I had a horrid time over my multiplication table, but I like arithmetic now. I take solid comfort working out problems with Mr. French."

"In the same way, dear Jenny, you must conquer the beginning of spiritual knowledge, so that you and Christ may be dear friends, working together; then you will welcome the hard lessons as proofs that you belong to His High School, as proofs of rapid advancement toward perfect companionship with Him.

# CODFISH AND POTATOES

ELEANOR KIRK.

## CHAPTER IV.

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Merriam, as Hope related her conversation with Mrs. Sincoe. "Folks will come round when they see we can get along without them. I always told you so. girls. If it wasn't for mortifying you, I should be out when Mrs. Sincoe calls. That would be treating her exactly as she deserves."

Hope did not attempt to argue the point. She was quite sure that not only would her mother see the lady in question, but would express herself very glad to renew the acquaintance, and as as usual Hope was correct; Mrs. Sincoe's call, being in point of welcome a decided success; and when Mrs. Merriam said to her daughter, as the lady drove away,

"Mrs. Sincoe thinks, Hope, that I need a change very much, and has invited me to spend a few days with her."

Hope expressed no surprise, taking it for granted that her mother would accept the invitation.

"Would you go, Hope?" inquired Mrs. Merriam.

"And why not?" replied Hope; "I should think such a visit would do you a great deal of good."

"But to have to come back to this horrid place; oh, Hope, my child, that thought spoils all the pleasure. Must we always live in this way? Don't you think, Hope, that we might afford to board in some good, genteel family now, you and Kate are doing so well? That would be something like living; but this drudging, and cooking, and hand to hand manner of getting along just about breaks my heart."

Mrs. Merriam had evidently thought this matter over until she had quite convinced herself of its practicability, and was fully determined to carry her plan into execution.

"Let us wait a little, mother, said Hope, soothingly, to whom boarding was a *bete noir* of the most frightful proportions. "It is true that we are doing remarkably well; but until we get a little money ahead, I do not think it will be wise to make such a change. I am sure we are very comfortable."

"Comfortable?" repeated Mrs. Merriam. "There is one thing I want to impress upon your mind, Hope; that if you have a desire to be popular as a teacher even, you will have to make some pretensions to gentility. Who will believe in the ability of a woman who hails from such a quarter of the city as this?"

"Mother," said Hope, "I shall never paint pictures like a Raphael or a Claude; but I have decided that what talent I possess shall be recognized. What do you think the purchaser of one of Claude Lorraine's glorious sunsets cared about the dress the artist wore while engaged in his work? Do you think he stopped to inquire what he ate for his breakfast, or whether he lived in a palace or a shanty? The recognition I am striving for is the recognition of brains. The idea of gentility is so far removed from my realm of thought at present, mother, that the very word is abhorrent to me. Necessity has made me a worker in this vast machine-shop, and—"

Mrs. Merriam was weeping bitterly. Hope stopped short, then continued: "But I will do what ever you think best, provided there is no doubt about our meeting expenses."

This concession was a hard one to make. Hope's strong common sense showed her plainly that this boarding notion was an extremely foolish one, and its foundation simply a love of ease, a desire to shirk honest work, and a false idea of comfort; "but then," she reasoned, "mother is worn and troubled, and certainly unfitted for so great a change in her manner of living, and ought I not, as soon as circumstances will permit, to do all in my power to make her happy?" It didn't take long for Hope's conscience to settle this point, and once settled, there was no more to be said about it. So Mrs. Merriam bade her daughters good morning a day or two after, and looked so comfortable and happy by Mrs. Sincoe's side in the carriage, that Hope was doubly glad that she had promised to comply with her wishes. In the meantime, Mr. Earnest called once or twice, made some suggestions about Hope's work, selected the sketch for his next picture, and tried in a round-about manner to draw Kate out in regard to her unfortunate meeting with his nephew; but the only effect produced was a closer compression of Kate's pretty lips, and a haughty expression

of countenance which only crept into the young lady's face when the name of this gentleman was mentioned. One afternoon not long after this, Kate was returning from her teaching, when she heard a quick step behind her, and in a second more a familiar voice said, in most deprecating tones,—

"Please, Miss Kate, may I speak to you a moment?" and she looked up into the face of Will Harkness. It was a very red and confused face that met hers, and Kate turned from it indignantly, saying as she did so,—

"No sir, you cannot. Your opportunity is well selected—a side street without companions. Really, sir, your tact is wonderful. Never speak to me again, Mr. Harkness, as long as you live, for I hate you, and everybody like you," and with these unlady like words, Kate turned and left him. Poor Kate suffered martyrdom that day. Mr. Earnest called in the evening to see if Miss Kate Merriam would take entire charge of the musical education of his daughter.

"But I have no piano," replied Kate, keeping her eyes fixed on the music she was copying.

"But *I* have, Miss Kate," was the quiet response.

"Where?" inquired Kate.

"In my library."

"Where is that?" Hope's face would have been a study, had there been any one to observe it. How this conflict was going to end, she hadn't the remotest idea.

"At my residence, No. 309 West —— St.," said Mr. Earnest, quite conscious that his companion was working up to an explosive point.

"That is the Harkness residence, I take it," said Kate, pushing aside her crotchets and quavers.

"You take it correctly," replied the gentleman.

"Well, I shan't come there to teach your daughter music; no sir! Mr. Earnest, if you knew the insults I have received from this family," continued Kate, her face aflame, "you would never add to them this strange request."

"I do know them," said Mr. Earnest, gently.

"You do," exclaimed Kate, rising. "Then all I have to say, Mr. John Earnest, is, that you are worse than your relatives."

"Kate," said Hope, taking her sister's hand in hers, "perhaps there are some things that can be explained."

"Explained?" repeated Kate with a curl of her proud lip.

"There was something else, Miss Kate, that I was intending to speak to you about," continued Mr. Earnest, taking not the slightest notice of his companion's rage; "but you look so fierce now, perhaps I had better not go on."

"Oh, proceed, by all means," she said. "After what has just passed, I can certainly bear anything."

"Well, then, since you insist upon it, Fanny came to me this morning with the intelligence that she had dismissed Prof. Doret, and had made up her mind to ask you to teach her."

"Indeed?" replied Kate contemptuously; "and what did you say to her?"

"Oh, that you would probably be very glad to add another to your class, or words to that effect. By the way, ladies, if you are not engaged to-morrow evening, I want to take you to the Philharmonic."

Kate looked into her visitor's face quizzically.

"Will you go," he continued.

"It would give me great pleasure," replied Hope.

"And you, Miss Kate?" he inquired.

"Philharmonic? Philharmonic?" said Kate slowly, her face brightening. "Why, Mr. Earnest, I thought concerts were things of the past. Do you really mean it? am I once more to hear some good music? Why yes, Mr. Earnest," and now Kate Merriam was sobbing as if her heart would break. It is not at all to this gentleman's discredit to state that tears all unbidden rushed to his eyes, and that he wasn't ashamed to be seen wiping them away. It was all disclosed to him then. He saw how the tender, noble nature of this girl had been wounded, and how heroic her struggles had been, and how severe the discipline which had enabled her to bury her most cherished enjoyments, and go on patiently with her work.

"Mr. Earnest," said she, with quivering lip, "I shall be glad if you will forgive me. I know that you are our friend, and I am ashamed of myself. I ought to teach May, and I will; and if I can—but don't count upon it, please—I will try hard to be civil to Fanny if she asks me to teach her; but oh, from the bottom of my heart, Mr. Earnest, I hope she will not. We have nothing at all in common, and why need I ever be brought in contact with her again?"

"What do you mean when you say you have nothing in common, Kate?" inquired Hope. "Do you mean that you consider yourself Fanny's superior?"

"Yes," said Kate promptly. "I know that Fanny Harkness is little, even to meanness; I know that I am infinitely her superior in everything that goes to make up true nobility,, whether of the intellect or the heart. I know that I wouldn't have treated a fallen foe as she treated an unfortunate friend."

"No, you wouldn't, Kate," said Mr. Earnest soothingly.

"Then," replied Hope, "if it is true that by nature you are made larger and more capable of spiritual development than your neighbor, what, then, is manifestly your duty toward that neighbor? Isn't it to bear with his weakness, and shield him from censure? isn't it to strive in every way possible to open his eyes to the light of truth, isn t it—"

"Yes," interrupted Kate, "theoretically it is so, even with me; but practically, I'm not there. Now please tell me what *I* could do for Fanny Harkness?"

"Give her music lessons, if she desires it." answered Hope. "Let her see, to begin with, that you have no false pride—"

"Oh, but I have," broke in Kate, "heaps and heaps of it."

"Well then, let her see that you don't intend to have, if you can help it. Show her that you are determined to *possess yourself!* and that untold riches is the result of being one's own mistress. Let her feel the power of self-denial; let her understand your inward contentment, and your desire to be helpful to others; and, more than all, make her understand that your whole heart is in your work."

"You could do all this, Hope," replied Kate with a loving glance. "You could take her up in those soft little spiritual fingers of yours, and knead her over to your own sweet will; and the fun of it would be, she'd never see what you were doing till the loaf was pretty well baked, and ready to come out of the oven; I haven't any talent in that direction. I know I can teach music, but as a professor of ethics, I should be a failure."

The next day Hope gave her first lessons in drawing to the class assembled in Mrs. Sincoe's library. With an ease and straightforwardness which surprised them all, she commenced her work. The hand-shakings were mostly cordial, but friendly intercourse was evidently not the object to be attained from Hope's presence among them.

"Ladies," said she pleasantly, "I see among you several who I know will take hold of these drawing lessons with zest—not merely for amusement, or simply because they are so kind as wish to afford employment to one who needs it. Now, while thanking you all for the kindness that has brought you here this afternoon, I shall, nevertheless, be obliged to request that those who do not care for the study, will be frank enough to confess it, and leave the class. I could not do my pupils justice with one pursuit who remained for any other reason than an honest desire to learn."

There were red faces, and pale faces, and a few very haughty looking faces, and a few very subdued ones in that group. Fanny Harkness was first to break the silence.

"I'm sure *I* want to learn, Miss Merriam; that's what I *came* for; how is it with the rest of you?" and strangely enough, it turned out that there was not one among the number who hadn't the strongest possible desire to be a great artist.

"Uncle John," said Fanny that evening, "if you could only have seen the airs of Hope Merriam this afternoon, you would have laughed. She actually made me feel during the whole hour and a half that I spent in her society, as if it was an act of the greatest condescension on her part to show us how to make straight lines; and you never would have thought by her behavior that she had ever been on intimate terms with any of us. I said to Mrs. Sincoe, 'Miss Merriam knows her place;' and Mrs. Sincoe answered in the queerest kind of a way, 'Miss Merriam knows herself.' I told mother what she said, and mother said that was a good answer, and more than that, it was the truth. Mother seems to have taken a queer stand about the Merriams. Kate is cut after the same pattern as Hope. This afternoon, after she had finished May's lesson, I sent for her to please stop in the parlor; I wanted to see her. 'Please tell Miss Fanny,' said she to John, 'that I am here, and am in a hurry.' She rose as I entered, and said: 'You would speak with me, Miss Harkness?' I held out my hand, but she didn't see it. Said I, 'Kate'—'Miss Merriam, if you please,' said she. I never felt so much like a fool before in my life; you see, she remembered my cutting her that day. Said I, 'Miss Merriam, I sent for you to see if you would be kind enough to give me in-

struction in music. I am dissatisfied with Prof. Doret.'

"'Never mind about Prof. Doret,' said she. 'The question is, what do you want to take lessons of me for?' Ah, uncle John, you would have thought she was the Queen of England by her actions. 'Why, Miss Merriam,' said I, 'because I want to make a good player.' 'Very well,' she answered. 'I will come to you twice a week—Mondays and Thursdays, at two o'clock; that is the only hour I have unoccupied. My terms are fifty dollars for twenty lessons;' and she walked out of this house just as if she owned it. I can stand Kate's airs better than Hope's. I was almost tempted in the class to say something about codfish and potatoes. I reckon that would have brought her down a peg."

"Very likely," said Mr. Earnest; "I'd do that, if I were you, Fanny. It is a good idea. I mean to utter those mystic words sometime in her presence myself;" and again John Earnest left his niece convulsed with laughter.

"Sometimes it really seems as if uncle John was making fun of me," said Fanny to herself, as she watched his retreating figure. That evening, Hope, Kate, and Mr. John Earnest attended the Philharmonic concert, and strange to relate, were not seen by any of the Harkness family.

Mrs. Merriam came back from the Sincoes apparently much happier than when she left home. The change of scene, added to the pleasure of meeting a few of her old acquaintances, and the constant companionship of the gentle and dignified hostess had accomplished more than Hope had ever dared to expect. "I have concluded," she said, soon after her return, "that it is best for us to remain quietly here, until, as you say, we are sure of our means. Mrs. Sincoe is a very domestic woman, Hope; she makes all her own cake and pies, and does as much work in the kitchen every day as *I* have since we have lived here."

"Mrs. Sincoe is a sensible, large-hearted Christian woman," said Hope, and thought, as she made the remark, of the different means that had to be employed in the education of different individuals. A week's intercourse with an upright, clear-headed friend had swept away more of the cobwebs of false pride, than poverty, or the necessity of labor would ever have done; and this fact Hope made a note of, drawing from it the logical and philanthropic deduction, that by the use of the right means, every soul is capable of right development. Here was a lesson for the educators of the race, and the realm of thought opened by this reflection was so vast and absorbing, so new in its application of principles, that Hope sat still and wondered what she had been doing all these years, and how she could ever have been so stupid as to have expected the rules that applied to the sum of her life to be at all applicable to another's.

One evening, as the trio sat in their cozy little parlor, Mrs. Merriam reading, and Hope and Kate talking over the events of the day, a familiar knock announced the approach of Mr. Earnest. "He is here again," said Kate with a sly little laugh, as Hope went to the door. Kate's surprise can be better imagined than described when Will Harkness also entered, and after politely greeting her mother and sister, approached her, saying, "Miss Kate, you must listen to me this evening. I do not deserve your contempt, and on that account do not propose to submit to it any longer." So Miss Kate bowed her proud head and listened.

"Can you understand it, Kate?" he asked, when he had finished his explanation.

"I can," she answered with trembling lip. "But it looked badly, Will, and I don't think I was very much to blame for believing that you wished to give up my acquaintance. I supposed this all *had* to be," she continued, turning to her sister to hide the happy tears that filled her eyes.

"Yes," said Hope. "It was a part of a lesson that never could have been properly learned without it."

"I trust its the last of its kind," remarked Will with a shudder.

A few months after this, John Earnest asked Hope Merriam to become his wife. Her pictures had attracted the attention she desired, and had become, if not worth their weight in gold, at least worth a large pile of greenbacks; and so far as prosperity and artistic reputation were concerned, Hope Merriam was on the high road to fame and fortune. Had this not been the case, it is altogether doubtful if she would have spoken the hearty "yes" she did to the gentleman's proposal.

A week or two after the wedding, Mr. Earnest said to his wife, as he left the house one morning, "I shall invite Fanny to dinner to-day, Hope, and I have a little request to make. I want some codfish and potatoes prepared, and I want you to do it."

"Codfish and potatoes?" repeated Hope. "Codfish cakes you mean, I suppose."

"No, not cakes," he replied. "If you have a codfish tail in the house, I would prefer you to strip that; then cook about nine potatoes." There was a queer look in Mr. Earnest's eyes as he stopped a second to note the effect of his words upon his wife.

"But why a codfish *tail*, and why just nine potatoes?" she inquired; and then, as if a sudden light had been let in upon her, continued: "Oh, John Earnest! I remember now. You *listened!*" and then and there, holding her close in his arms, he told her the whole story.

It was a scene for an artist when, that evening at dinner, Mr. Earnest uncovered a side dish, and politely inquired of his niece, "Fanny, will you be helped to some codfish and potatoes?"

"Codfish and potatoes?" stammered Fanny inquiringly.

"Yes," he answered, looking her squarely in the face.

"Codfish and potatoes. This is a favorite dish of yours; pass your plate, Fanny, Hope cooked this herself; she learned how when she lived in —— street. It is a very economical mixture, but exceedingly palatable."

And then Fanny Harkness, glancing up into her uncle's face, read its expression, and comprehended all.

(THE END).

## GOOD BYE.

REV. M. G. WATKINS, M. A

"Good-bye!" life knows no sadder word,
More cruel stabs fond hearts ne'er wound
Than those which in thy cadence sound,
Oft spoken lightly, lightly heard.

Phrase that aye strains a tender soul,
But off th' unthinking careless falls
Like foam-flakes blown from granite walls,
What echoes round thine accents roll!

"Good-bye!" the cheery captain says,
Seeks other stars and untracked seas;
Death wanders down the summer breeze;
His wife shall mourn him many days.

Love's pilgrim dwells, with eyes that yearn
Tow'rds tear-dropped cheeks, upon the last
"Good-bye!" as if all joy were past,
Next morn his darling will return.

"Good-bye!" a kindly grasp, a nod,
Our loved one bravely leaves his home;
His glee to hung'ring ears will come
No more; a silence falls from God
Upon it, but its airy grace,
Its deep tones, in our breast survive
With last adieux from those who live,
Though held from sight by envious space.

Another woe, when thoughts that swell
With anguish utterance cannot find,
When parting darkens all the mind,—
Another woe we all can tell.

In breathing to our friend "Good-bye!"
Since sore-bruised feelings choke the spring
Of love, its sweetness cannot bring
Itself to light, we can but sigh.

Yet friends must part, Time steals away
Our hearts piecemeal; their cherished joys—
Their close-linked ties—all are his toys;
But Hope soars higher; so we say,

"Good-bye!" and, writhing on the rack,
Love strives to mend the commonplace,
As fainter grows the saddened face,
With murmured prayers, "Come back, come back!"

## ART OF PLAYING SECOND FIDDLE.

ETHEL C. GALE.

The world may be said to be divided into great or small orchestras—only we call them "circles," or "classes" of society, each having its own great harmonies to evolve, but often producing vilest discords instead.

To the philosophical observer, one great source of these discords seems evident in the constant attempts at usurpation of the leading parts by inferior performers. The sweet voice of the flute rises into a discordant and querulous shriek in trying to imitate the clear commanding note of a cornet-a-piston; and scarcely a violin of them all is willing to take the place of the "second fiddle." The ability, gracefully and graciously, to play this comparatively humble

part is indeed one of the most rarely attained of social arts; but it is not the less a necessary acquirement, if we would not add to the already sufficiently peace-destroying discords of life.

To enable us to take our first step in this art, we require self-knowledge, a "giftie" which no "power can gie us," but which we may each acquire by first learning to be unselfish. Not until this heavenly lesson has been honestly learned can we weigh justly our claims to position of any kind, and to study diligently to fill well the lowly part which we feel to be our own. If there is in us the material of which "first soloists" are made, we may be sure it will only develop slowly, and that the popular voice will proclaim our powers as soon as we have them. Sooner, perhaps, for who cannot recall how, during our late war, one General after another was welcomed with acclamations as the coming great man, who yet proved to be able only to play secondary parts in the terrible prelude, the wailing symphonies, and the crashing finale of that awful oratorio. Yet there were great men among those secondary players, men who but narrowly failed of the highest, but who, having failed, had greatness enough to acknowledge the failure, and to go on doing their duty, and playing their parts in a way to excite admiration in all. Had they been less great, they would have rebelled against the popular decree which, after trial, pronounced them incompetent to wield the bâton of the leader, and would have plunged the nation into still deeper depths of perplexity by their vain and ambitious struggles as the heads of factions.

When we leave the Oratorio of War for the Opera of Society, we naturally find less greatness, and proportionately more weak strivings after place and preferment, with the inevitable consequence of discords more or less distracting, generally in accordance with the prominence of the instrument, but sometimes out of all proportion, as the shriek of a penny whistle will overpower the sweetest tone of the clarionet.

The part popularly known as "second fiddle," offers no special attractions to first-class performers, but frequently more real talent can be evinced in gracefully descending to the lower position than in filling the higher, while the harmony of Society depends more upon the quality and temper of the mass of its members than of its leaders; just as the full, sweet harmonies, produced by the well-trained orchestra, depend less upon the powers of one great musician, than upon the measure of skill with which each comparatively insignificant performer plays his part.

In public life, the person who attempts to usurp a place higher than belongs to him, is obnoxious; in social life, absurd; in domestic life, wicked. Yet it is in the last that we see the least acquiescence; especially on the part of those who are condemned to fill but secondary places in the hearts, or esteem of their friends. Doubtless it is very hard to give much affection, and receive but little; to see the half-hearted, the tyrannical, the disloyal absorb love and devotion to which they have unjust claim; but struggles and rebellions will not alter the fact, though quiet submission may.

And it is also a little hard when new relationships step in, filling places which tried old friends have never attained. Accordingly, we often find the relatives of each of a newly-married pair setting themselves in stubborn array to resist what they are apt to term an usurpation on the part of the new comer into their private domain; forgetting that this new and higher relationship is but the filling of a niche, previously unoccupied, like the creation of the grade of General in our army—not superceding, but simply out-ranking the old grades of Lieutenant and Major Generals.

The "human nature" in each of us does not like to play "second fiddle" to any one under any circumstances, and least of all in the hearts of our friends; but it is an art we must all acquire if we would not do more evil than good in the world, for there is not an individual living who, in some way and at some time, is not called upon to sacrifice himself to the good of the society in which he moves; to play an humble part as earnestly, conscientiously, and lovingly, even, as if it were the most brilliant rôle in the universe; observing strictly, and cheerfully the golden rule of the courtly old Jewish gentleman, whom Christians have named Saint Paul: "In honor preferring one another."

# MOLLIE GIBSON'S ECONOMY.

DOROTHY DALE.

When John Gibson handed over to his wife the plump little roll of greenbacks requisite for the purchase of sufficient material to puff and pucker, flounce and flute, gather and gore into what women now-a days call a walking-suit, as she glibly counted over the fives and tens, he meekly asked, "And how much more for the making, Mollie?"

"Not one cent, sir," answered the heroic little woman; "I intend to make it all myself."

Whatever satisfaction Mr. Gibson might have been expected to derive from this unlooked for development in the relation of demand to supply, was entirely lost in astonishment at his wife's determination, and doubts as to her ability to accomplish it. John thought that, if he knew himself, he had as fair an amount of brains as most men, and considered also that he had rather distinguished himself on certain of those occasions affording opportunity for the display of mechanical genius, which occur now and then in everybody's household; but he would not on this account attempt to build a steam-engine; and he even had the audacity to hint that Mollie, though quite equal to the lesser demands of her wardrobe, would not be apt to find herself much better able to construct a walking-suit—that elaborate conglomeration of substantials and jim-cracks which seemed to him to be so fearfully and wonderfully put together.

Mollie had a good deal to say for her ingenuity and perseverance, and chided John very prettily for his lack of faith in her ability, and failure to appreciate her efforts at economy, but he continued, in a provokingly skeptical state of mind notwithstanding, and ended up his side of the conversation with, "Well! we shall see," the sequel to which, in a man's mouth, provided things do not turn out well (and they don't always in this world), is sure to be, "Didn't I tell you so?" Many of us know this, by experience, to be the most comforting thing in the world to a woman dangling between the two horns of a dilemma, which somehow never seem any the less sharp because they happen to be of her own making.

Mollie was now in a flutter of anxiety to commence operations, and the morning following this little passage of arms with her husband, went into the city to select the material for her dress.

Ah, what an undertaking! Here was the beginning of doubt, anxiety and perplexity. Happy Mother Eve! who escaped all this difficulty in her shopping. Mollie flitted out of one dry goods palace and into another all the morning long, until, weary and foot sore, with her hands full of samples, and her head full of the hundred and one pieces of "nothing like it in the city" which she had, over and over again, been disinterestedly urged and advised to purchase while the opportunity was afforded, she at length sat before a counter-full of magnificence, with her ideas concentrated upon just two pieces of silk, in setting forth the merits of which, the clerk had exhausted himself and his vocabulary. Tired of exhibiting, expatiating and exhorting, he now stood silent, first on one foot and then on the other, patiently waiting, while the handsome, but not easily suited little lady before him daintily fingered his silks, held them up to the light, stood afar off to try the effect of distance, and at last, when he thought she had surely made up her mind, and he had put on his blandest smile to receive her decision, sat leisurely down, and with her head upon her hand, entered upon a fresh examination of the goods, as if she had never laid eyes on them before.

Mollie was in a brown study. The piece of silk which she preferred cost more than she had meant to pay; but then—and at last, saying to herself, "It does seem a little extravagant, but as I am going to make the dress myself, I think I can afford it." She pushed the costlier piece towards the clerk. "Twenty yards of this, if you please," she remarked, as nonchalantly as though it had been a matter of five minutes' consideration.

With a sigh of relief, and her forty dollar's worth of silk, Mollie was leaving the store, when she caught sight of a "perfect love" of a parasol. She stopped to admire, found it an exact match for her new dress, and thus soliloquized: "One does like to have things look as if they belong d together, and I believe I will take this, though I should never think of buying it, if I were not going to save so much in the making of my dress."

With this fresh acquisition from the fruits of future economy, Mollie started once more in pursuit of patterns, trimmings, linings, facings, etc., etc., and by the time all the paraphanalia, necessary to the getting up of a dress, had been purchased, had succeeded in collecting a sufficient number of parcels to form a respectable load for an express-man. One thing more, however, for Mollie had concluded that it would be well to have a fresh pair of kid gloves to wear with her new suit. "When one has no dressmaker's bill to pay, one can afford an extra pair of gloves. I think I shall make all my dresses hereafter; I feel as if I could afford so many more things." In this complacent state of mind, Mollie went home, with very full bundles, and a very empty purse.

And now, for days and days she was busy as a bee from morning until night. If you could have looked through that open window, where the June roses were climbing and blooming, you might have seen her at her work, with what looked like acres of silk about her, stretched in lengths upon the table, hanging languidly over the backs of chairs, and lying in billowy heaps at her feet. As she works away, laying on patterns and cutting them off, now and then a fold of silk steals over her shoulder, and, perched for a moment before the mirror, she murmurs with feminine satisfaction, "How becoming it is to me!" Ah! "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, saith the preacher"—not the preacher's wife, mind you.

For several days the dressmaking progresses with marvellous smoothness. The patterns fit wonderfully, the sewing-machine runs as though it had been brought up to this sort of work, and Mollie is in a state of unbounded ecstacy at her success. She exhibits her day's work to her husband every evening, and he, though he praises without stint what she has accomplished, keeps a "laugh in his sleeve" in reserve for future developments. He says nothing, but concludes that Mollie is coming to grief, when he finds her one evening in a less enthusiastic frame of mind than she has latterly indulged in. And no wonder; for poor Mollie has discovered a woeful blunder in her handiwork, the setting right of which, turn and twist, and contrive as she may, will involve the purchase of several more yards of silk. This is mortifying, without doubt, and not specially economical; but it is, of course, quite unnecessary to mention it, and Mollie makes a quiet trip to the city, returns on an early train, and when her husband comes home an hour later, looks charmingly cool and fresh in her white muslin, as she blandly inquires if it has been a very warm day in the city.

The extra six dollars' worth of silk is smuggled into the works, and no one the wiser for it; but somehow this last portion of the walking-suit, with its French name—polonaise, upon which Mollie has set her heart, proves obstinate and unmanageable to a desperate degree. It will not fit here, and it hangs askew there; it is too long in one place, and too short in another; and what with trying on, ripping and basting, ripping, basting, and trying on, till she is ready to drop down with fatigue, the sorely vexed young dressmaker is at her wit's end. In despair, she at last throws the hateful garment upon the floor, and herself beside it, and then and there indulges in the relief of a few tears—not very refreshing ones, however, for though she manages to get rid of them and their traces before her husband comes home, she is in the end obliged to pass the evening on the sofa, while John bathes her head, and anxiously inquires what she has been doing to bring on such a nervous headache. Perhaps she has been sewing too steadily, or her dressmaking may have worried her.

"Oh no!" Mollie replies rather faintly, while conscience gives a reproachful little twinge.

Some days later, Mr. Gibson being unusually at leisure, came home at an early hour, and not finding his wife below stairs, went up to her room and entered just in time to see her, as fine as a peacock in her new suit, handing a five dollar bill to her dressmaker, who had been busily at work there for a couple of days.

Poor, discomfited Mollie turned "red as a rose" at this unlooked for *exposé* of her defeat, and hadn't a word to say, either to John's uproarious laughter, or his exasperating question, "Don't you think now, my dear, you might make my coats as well as your dresses?"

# AT WASHINGTON.

JOHN DINSMORE.

The Capitol at Washington is a deservedly celebrated building. Its size, its beauty, its grace, are all wonderful. It has been greatly admired by Americans, of course, and, strange as it may seem, by Europeans also, including even Englishmen. I do not believe that any structure in the world, seen from a distance, is more magnificent and imposing.

It is 751 feet and four inches long, and covers an area of 153,112 square feet, or more than three and a half acres. Its greatest width, including porticos and steps, is 324 feet. The rotunda is 95 feet six inches in diameter, and its height, from the floor to the top of the canopy, is 180 feet three inches. The height of the dome above the base-line of the east front is 287 feet eleven inches; its greatest diameter is 135 feet five inches. The entire weight of iron used in its construction is 8,009,200 pounds. It was finished in 1815. It is crowned by a bronze statue of Freedom, modeled by Crawford, which is nineteen feet six inches high, and weighs 14,985 pounds. Quite a tall young woman, and in very good condition! She doesn't look much like some of our etherialized American girls.

It is no slight task to get to the top of the dome, but, after you get there, you will feel paid for your trouble. The position commands a very fine view. Towards the east, you see the Congressional Cemetery, in which are buried Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, George Clinton, of New York, who died while they were Vice Presidents of the United States, many members of Congress, and other distinguished persons, besides a good many who were not at all celebrated. It is rather a neglected spot now, and people do not care to be buried there if they can find more cozy and fashionable quarters. Beyond, are the hills of "My Maryland," looking blue, and soft, and hazy. Beyond the limits of the city, towards the north-east, is Glenwood Cemetery, of modern origin. It is a lovely spot, the abode of green grass, graceful trees, and singing birds. To the north is the Soldier's Home, a large, white building with a tower, built under the auspices of Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War in the time of Franklin Pierce. In it are victims of three wars; that of 1812, with Mexico, and of the Rebellion, also of numberless Indian "difficulties." Some of them are very old and infirm, and others quite young. The octogenarians, who fought with Scott and other heroes of the war of 1812, have wonderful stories to tell of their campaigns, as they go hobbling over the lovely grounds that surround their Home. It is, indeed, a *home* for them in their declining years; but loving wives and children are not there to smooth their wrinkled faces, and make the path to the tomb bright with the assurance of a reunion in the home beyond. As I have walked and talked with them many a time, my heart has ached because they have no near relatives—wives, children, sisters, or brothers—to love them. Their surroundings are comfortable; they have pleasant rooms in which to sleep; they have abundant and healthful food; they have books, magazines, and newspapers; they have good care when sick; they have *not* those, who, connected by blood or marriage, feel it their peculiar duty and privilige to minister to them. Most of them never married; some lost their wives and children.

Nearer to us is Howard University, a preparatory and collegiate institute for both sexes. The buildings are very large and fine, and the principal one, made of white brick, looms up grandly. They have a fine situation, overlooking Washington, and affording a view of the river for more than ten miles. The corporation is possessed of a considerable fund, and is doing a good work for the colored race. The University was intended for both races, but the colored people thought it was for their especial benefit, and flocked to it in large numbers when it was opened. Consequently, the pale faces have gone elsewhere. In this latitude, white children do not care to go to school with black ones.

Not far from it, is another institution of learning, the Columbian College. It was founded some fifty years ago by the Baptists, who still have control of it. It is prosperous and improving. Connected with it, is a Law School and a Medical School.

Toward the northeast is Georgetown, ancient and slow. It was a more important place some years ago than it is now, al-

though it yet has considerable trade. A good deal of flour and coal is shipped from here to the northern ports. The coal comes from the mountainous region of Maryland, by the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. There are some very fine residences in Georgetown, built upon the heights, and owned by wealthy people. It is, also, the seat of Georgetown College, founded some eighty years ago, and still conducted by the Jesuits, and of a scarcely less venerable and distinguished academy for girls. We catch a glimpse of the Potomac, which at Georgetown is very narrow, and on the other side of it, the former home of General Robert E. Lee, Arlington. The yellow mansion (as it is called), with its pretentious pillars of wood, is a conspicuous sight, even at this distance, which is not less than three miles in a straight line. Near it, in the soil which was once owned by Washington, are buried the bones of sixteen thousand Union soldiers. The headboards are not visible from our position, but they are there, marking the resting-place of a formidable army, whose marches have been undergone, and whose troubles are ended. The oaks, that sheltered for many years the adopted son of Washington, are still there, in their ancient vigor and beauty. It is a lovely spot, a fit habitation for the living or the dead.

As you cast your eyes to the left, you see the Freedmen's Village, and, still farther to the left, Alexandria. This ancient city is interesting on many accounts. It was a place of considerable importance more than a hundred years ago. It had merchants whose flour and tobacco were sent to distant ports. It was then called Bellhaven. Here it was that Braddock's army prepared for its famous march. Colonel George Washington, then a very young man of great promise, joined Braddock at Bellhaven, and gave him some very good advice, which, as everybody knows, was not heeded. Here is Christ Church, in which the Father of his Country, his wife, his wife's granddaughter, Eleanor Parke Custis, and his wife's grandson, George Washington Parke Custis, used to worship. The pew in which they sat is still shown, and the Episcopalian's still hold service in the old church every Sunday. Washington used to ride on horseback to Bellhaven from Mount Vernon, a distance of eight miles, very often. I well know an old white-haired gentleman, who, as a baby, sat on the great man's knee and was trotted in the same way as babies are trotted by small men to-day. Washington was very fond of children, and it was a source of great regret to him that he had none of his own. He adopted his wife's grandchildren, and was a loving, tender father to them. Still, I have heard and believe, that these adopted children always experienced a feeling of awe in the presence of the "Father of his Country." Indeed, I have no doubt that Martha Washington herself, felt humble and inferior before him. His dignity was overpowering, and he rarely forgot it. I fancy that young Custis and his sister Eleanor were glad to run off to some obscure corner of the Mount Vernon estate, where they could laugh and play with perfect freedom, hidden from their foster-father's eyes.

"Long Bridge" is well named. The Potomac is one of our broadest rivers, and it requires a long bridge to cross it. Over this famous structure, during the war, hundreds of thousands of soldiers went and came. After the battle of Bull Run, they came flying across it, almost, in mortal fear of Beauregard's hosts, who, unaware of their rapid flight, were expecting another attack. As we look, we observe a long train of cars on the bridge going toward the south. They are in no danger of being attacked now, thank God! In the dim distance we see Fairfax Seminary, a name well known during the war.

On this side of the river, toward the south, distant three or four miles, we behold an immense brick building, situated on high ground, surrounded by trees and grass, and commanding a view of Washington and the adjacent country. It is the insane asylum —"St. Elizabeth." Alas! it contains a good many men and women, and some children, whose intellects are lacking in something—what is it? Here is confined Mary Harris, a young woman who, some eight years ago, killed a man named Burroughs in a corridor of the Treasury. He was a clerk there, and she sought him with a pistol, lying in wait for a good chance to shoot. Her aim was good. She was tried and acquitted, of course, on the ground of insanity. A short time ago she escaped from the Asylum, pawned her gold watch, and went to Pennsylvania; she was recaptured, and brought back. The detective who brought her from her retreat, says that she showed no symptoms of insanity while in his custody for twenty-four hours. In this institution are many soldiers and sailors, who became insane during the war and afterwards. It is

owned and supported by the United States, and is one of the largest and best conducted asylums in the country.

To get to the insane asylum, one has to cross the "Eastern Branch" of the Potomac. On this branch, within the limits of the city, is the Navy Yard, where are employed a good many mechanics and laborers. Where the Eastern Branch and the Potomac unite, is the Arsenal. Here are made cartridges and many other things used in warfare. Immense cannon and cannon-balls abound, and give a very warlike aspect to the neighborhood. Near the arsenal, are the abodes of the officer in charge and his assistants.

All the objects of interest to be seen from our standing-place, cannot be described. They are too numerous. I will not attempt to mention them all. There is the White House Jail, the War, Navy, Treasury, Interior, Post-office, and Agricultural Departments, school-houses (some of them very fine), the Smithsonian Institute, and the Washington Monument. They have all been described many times.

The view is certainly a fine one. Washington is admirably laid out, the streets are wide and straight; the public squares numerous and beautiful; and the public buildings large and elegant. The Capital will remain the Capital for many years. Demagogues and agitators may try to remove the seat of government elsewhere, but, in my humble opinion, they will try in vain for one hundred years, at least.

# MISERY JIPPEAU

H. V. OSBORNE.

## CHAPTER X.

Misery Jippeau did not return to the American House that night, but remained with the Browns, at an urgent request from the entire family. The next morning, however, he bade good-bye to his friends, and went at once to the hotel, impelled by some force he did not understand. Two letters awaited him; one was from his father and ran as follows:

M. JIPPEAU:

*My Dear Boy*;—The house is very lonely without you, and destined to be lonelier still, as I have just received letters from Mr. Machias relating to business which requires my personal attention, and I leave for the West on the 4:45 P. M. train. If you choose to remain in B——, do so. I shall be gone a week, at least. Suit yourself, my dear boy, I believe you generally do. Enclosed find cheque—fill out the blank with the figures you like best. Your letter from B—— was duly received. I consider it a rare specimen of chirography, and the spelling of the words would no doubt bring great joy to the heart of Mr. Phonetic, could he see it. Substance of letter beyond criticism. Rather unkind for one to remark upon the saw-dust in which another packs his gems, but I contracted that habit from the world, I suppose, which teaches one to judge of things from outward appearances. It is a shabby custom, my boy—we won't endorse it. Some of the rarest wine, you know, is found in bottles whose labels are hidden under mould and dust—whose seals are corroded and sunken. The customs of the world have degenerated in the long run—and in fact, times have greatly changed. Men don't wear their hearts on their faces, as they were wont to do in the years when customs originated; customs, too, have been so patched up and cut over, and re-trimmed by modernizers, that the original designs have been entirely lost sight of in 'the fashion' of the thing. Be guided by your conscience, my boy, and fear no one. Speaking of conscience, I am inclined to think that that, too, is more a matter of education than people give it credit—that the still small voice objects and approves, according to the light in which we have been trained to regard things. However this may be, *sincerity* is the main point, I suppose. You will have this all thought up and mentally discussed by the time we meet, so I will add nothing further in this direction. I have had no difficult conundrums propounded to me since you left, so have been obliged to get up my own puzzles, and have done a considerable in that line.

By the way, a queer looking little ragamuffin, about as big as an exclamation point, rushed into the office yesterday, and asked to see 'the boss.' Charlie directed him to my desk, and being very busy, I looked up not as graciously as I might have done, and when my eyes encountered the little dirty scamp, I frowned out: 'Well, sir, what will you have?' 'I say,' said he, grabbing off his cap and reaching up, 'be you that little feller's father?' I looked around for a 'little feller,' supposing he had brought in one for me to claim, and seeing none, replied: 'The only little fellow that *I* father is miles away from here. What do you want?' 'Give us his d'rections! Ain't you Mr. Dan'l Jippeau what lives up on th' av'noo, an' ain't ye got a boy wot ye calls Misere,

an' wot we boys calls Jipp? Well then, its him I wants—little Jipp—put her down on this paper, an' if I don't bring yer the noose to-night 'thout a charge, ye can go back on Nixon as a boy wot don't folly out his agreements.'

'You want my boy's address, do you?' I replied. 'I hope you are not going to challenge him—Jipp, as you call him, isn't much on his muscle—would never make a prize-fighter in the world.'

The gamin laughed, and while I wrote the desired information, he remarked: 'Jipp's a better *rassler* wid his tongue nor his fists! Lord,' said he, 'wot a butt'r yer son is, sir, wid his head.' Then catching up the card I had written, he bowed himself out, saying, 'Ye'll git yer *dispatch* to-night!' Whether said dispatch had any connection with the promised *noose*, I was left in fear and ignorance; but as later in the P. M. I was honored with a *Despatch*, a *Telegram*, and a *Penny Post*, which were left on the steps, I concluded the boy had no malicious designs upon me, but that the *news* had unintentionally *roped me in*. I suppose the boy intends to call upon you for charity—perhaps you are well acquainted with him. Maybe he is your partner in the butt'n business. I hope trade is good. However, don't be annoyed, my dear boy, I understand as well as you that he merely referred to your mental strength. I've an idea he's the owner of the dog you spirited away. Perhaps he has had a letter from him, stating that the cheques he passed in were forged and worthless.

All your friends inquire for you. Mr. Boggs has just called, and I shall be obliged to cut this communication right here. My regards to the people on the hill.

Yours to command,
DANIEL JIPPEAU."

Misery read the above communication very deliberately, and when he got to the conscience and custom sentences, he laid down the letter and began to work the problem to a satisfactory conclusion. After turning the question over and over however, he grew discouraged at the many sides it presented, took up the letter and read on to the close, being exceedingly interested in his father's account of his interview with Nixon.

The second letter was post marked R——. The superscription was evidently M. Jippeau, Esq., but each character comprising it had an individual slant of its own, and the scribe had prolonged or shortened said characters according to his own taste in such matters—it was evident *custom* had not influenced *him* in the slightest degree. A laugh had met that letter at every resting place until now, but Misery Jippeau held it in his hands eagerly, and carefully cut the envelope.

The document set free spoke its ideas in this fashion:

dere jipp.

mister long—penny post mebbe ye no—is about snuffed out—his candel wont burn mutch longer, butt, darn it, it never blazed so brite—he got a cold into his boans a bein out so late—papers dont sel wurth a sent—times is orful dul in papers an it takes nex to all nite to git em off yer hans—turv an me got stuc on 15 da befor yesterda—i think i shal go into boot blakkin—i spose it ll come to that—he kofs orful—he's a gittin holly ide like larry—an blame it penny's bin neer to me if i did teese him—its a comin down kindy ter blac boots butt this gittin stuc on noospapers is plade—yesterda i licked Harry Williams—he was sassy an dident no his plase—turv sez it wil go hard with penny if ye dont come bac a flyin—hees a askin fur ye nite an da an turv sez git jipps drecshuns an he wil come bac shure—i aint a askin fur me butt fur that littel bundel o' boans thats a lyin in that suller—that littel hack wots moast hacked up—jipp hees neer to me—blame it all—an i wood like ter hav ye greese the charryot weels wots a goin to cary him off i woodent ax it fur me butt if it haint to mutch to cum bac rite suddin it wood rejoise his hart an eese us all—i can git a second han outfit with blakkin throne in for 75—i think shees a go. yours truly—

nixon.

Misery finished this communication hurriedly, consulted his watch, and found he had just fifteen minutes before the next train was due. He hurried to his room, tossed his things into his valise, paid his bill, secured a carriage, and with rapid driving reached the station just in time.

Entering a car, he walked its entire length and took the most undesirable seat of all. He had traveled before. He knew what it was to be a boy on a railway car, with no protector. It is, "Sonnie, you don't mind taking another seat, do you? we ladies want to sit together." Or, "Bub," from a masculine, "let this lady have this seat—you don't mind the sun," and so on until he reaches the place no one else covets. There he may rest without being besieged.

Misery took the last seat in the car, tucked his valise under his feet, and his ticket in his cap. He didn't want to be bothered by any one. He was thinking of Penny Post, of what might happen, and of how slowly the cars went. A third of the distance had been compassed, and still the boy was lost in deep thought. Suddenly some one seized him familiarly by the shoulders, and a voice shouted in his ear,

"Hello, old boy, how ye was!" Brought

back to consciousness, Misery sent a startled look at the interrupter of his dreams, and quickly displaced said look with a smile of greeting.

"Its Mathers, isn't it," he exclaimed; "I forgot you were a 'car boy.'" And he moved to make room for him.

Mathers was delighted at this friendly recognition, and took the proffered seat eagerly.

"Have a prize package, Jippy?" inquired he gaily, "'twon't cost ye a red;" but Jippy declined.

"Its bully good fun a sellin' of 'em—my eyes, how the folks git took—they expec's a fortin 'n ev'ry one o' 'em—an' 'gad, how they kin be so green, gits *me!* Smithson puts 'em up, an' pays me a commish."

"So you make your money taking folks in," observed Misery soberly. "You don't look like such a kind of a boy, Mathers—where do you get the relish for it?"

"Ducks," said Mathers, not at all put out, "come by it natural. The barbers ain't the on'y ones as gits their livin' a shavin folks—eh, Jippy? I want to learn bizness, an' I find by watchin' others, an' a listenin', an' a-keepin m'eyes peeled, that a felly that can't take another in, ain't no account among the chaps as has the money an' makes it. Don't admit it, ye know, in words, mebbe, but they give ye the wink an' chuckle wid one another, an' I git the drift o' what they means. They puts out a bait, an' when ye snaps at it, they looks to each other an' winks, an' nods, an' coughs, an' laughs silly, because they hauled such a greeny; but still, its jist these fools as bites as makes 'em rich. An' while there is fools a-plenty, bizness will be run on that basis, I s'pose," ended Mathers coolly.

Misery looked greatly disturbed, but could scarcely deny the facts urged.

Mathers resumed: "Ye look so shocked, Jippy; ye'll git used to it," watching him closely. "Ye knows, Kipples an' Stacy, when they gits stuck on a lot o' goods, they turn the hose on 'em on the sly, an' afterwards advertise a lot o' goods 'slightly damaged,' ye know, 'from auction,' ye know, an' the people flock there, ye know, an' gobble 'em up, ye know, like hot cakes, ye know. Spile 'em to sell 'em, Jippy! Ocky Adams was a 'cash boy' there, an' when they shipped him, he blowed on 'em. An' yet old Kipples goes to church o' Sundays, an' prays like an git out—an' gits up an' lays down the law to sinners like he war a first water saint. I tell ye ag'in, Jippy, the more I look around, the more dodgers I see, trickery everywhere, an' the hull kit a pad'lin' in it. When a felly *don't* git along, Jippy, they say he's too honest to make money, *an' its so:* if ye're dealin' wid sharpers, ye've got to be a sharper yerself, or be fleeced. An' s'pos'n ye are honest, who's goin' to b'l'eve it! Ye see, my bizness ain't so bad as it might be, Jippy; I'm a teachin' greenies, for a small sum, to keep their eyes open, an' not b'l'eve wot everybody says—teachin' em to be wary-like."

Misery put out his hand and grasped Mathers' tightly. He turned his beautiful eyes full on Mathers' face. It was a frank, honest looking countenance — Mathers' — and his eyes — the soul's outlook—were blue, and blue means true. His expression was a bright and happy one—a sort of noble look this Mathers had — and a deal of intelligence. Reproach was written in every line of Misery's face, but Mathers didnt flinch as he returned his gaze. Misery's eyes, in their own silent language, would have melted the most obdurate heart, and yet, to all appearances, they appealed to Mathers in vain.

"For thirty pieces of silver the Son of Man was betrayed. He died then upon the cross for you, Mathers, and me—for all the world beside," exclaimed Misery, in a tone of beseeching. "I cannot deny it, Mathers, that over and over again, for less sums than that, men betray their Master—barter away the souls He gave His precious life to save. But *why* they do it, I cannot understand. It is not difficult to see why a poor, forlorn, ignorant boy is brought to steal a sum of money when occasion presents—he sees in it bread, shelter, and little comforts he never possessed in his life; he sins, to be sure, but the temptation to him is so great, we can comprehend *why* he could not resist; but how these rich men, who have amassed wealth, to whom more money can bring no comfort they do not already possess — to whom more money creates merely a change in the figures of their bank accounts—how *they* can sell their honor, *and* bring reproach upon *His Name*—betray their Master for a few pieces of silver is more than I can fathom. Money may be the passport in this little narrow world, Mathers, but the bank keys and safe-combinations of earth won't unlock the gates of Heaven for us. Mathers, there is only one name which can cause those gates to turn on their hinges, as we stand

there waiting to go in—it is the name of *Jesus Christ.* 'There is none other name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.' Will you throw away that name, Mathers, for money—for *money?* Will you cheat this one and that one out of a few pennies, whenever opportunity offers, and cheat yourself, in the end, out of life eternal? Oh. Mathers, don't, *don't.* There *are* rich men who have earned their money *so* fairly—I think God must love to look at them and bless them—they are not very plenty I know, but honest *poor* men are just as scarce; you know that yourself, Mathers, you've mixed with all these, and you know I'm saying true."

Mathers face had been growing brighter and brighter, as the face of Misery Jippeau shaded itself in sadness. Misery could not understand it at all, and when he paused in his remarks he seemed utterly discouraged and broken down. He knew not what to do next, he had advanced his strongest arguments, and he felt they had failed to produce any effect whatever. What to offer next he knew not; he was just about to withdraw himself from further conversation, when Mathers, taking in the woe-begone countenance of his friend, smote himself inwardly for causing it, and began to prescribe for it at once by unburdening his heart, just as he had intended to do all the time, as soon as Misery should cease to argue.

"Jippy," said he, hurriedly and eagerly, "jist lemme tell ye—jist ye hold yer horses and I'll be glib, for we're a'most to the end. Ye know when I went into this biz, I went for to git a livin'—nothin' else. Didn't think anythin' further'n somep'n to git grub by, an' I follered up this snap an' got it. Ridin' on the cars was fun, seein' new people was fun, a readin' their faces was fun, an' a sellin' these prizes was fun for awhile. One day a greeny buys a box—ye'd orter seed his eyes, they was jist bugged out like a toads; an' fust his face got white, an' then red, an' I was a watchin' him through the windy on the platform all the time. I was a chucklin', too, Jippy, till I seed his look when he found on'y a brass ring; *then* all the laugh went out o' me, an' I felt as mean an' sneaky as nothin'. I jist wanted to go an' fork him over his quarter, but I kept waitin' till it got too late. The next day I took in two or three jist sech innicents, but it went ag'in the grain every time. Once or twice I jist said I'd go hungry before I'd touch another darned lot; then somep'n 'ud say, 'Old boy, yer a fool—jist watch yer betters, an' how they makes money.' And, by golly, I *did.* An' 'twas jist as I told ye—a slicin' each other every time. 'So that's the way to git rich, is it,' says I; 'an' its to be expected ye'll rig a felly if ye *kin,* an' he'll make it up a riggin' some other 'un, if *he* kin.' So I jist takes a double lot o' prizes next day, an' I've been a shuttin' my eyes, an' a sellin' 'em ever since; but, Jippy, I couldn't git over the mean feelin's though. I tried to argy 'twas 'cause I was green. I went twicet for to see ye, Jippy—over to Nix's an' Peter's, but I didn't find ye, an' so its gone on till to-day. Ye didn't know I was drawin' ye out," continued Mathers warmly, "but I went it strong a purpose. I don't know much about yer Jesus Christ, Jippy, but I'd like to git a livin' fair an' square, an' if He's got the say, an' He says be *honest,* I'll folly out the regerlations, and let Him take the risk. Mebbe He'll gi' me a lift when He sees me a tryin'."

Misery didn't speak; he was too much overcome to utter a word, but he clung tightly to Mathers' arm, and his soul, as it glowed through his eyes, lent such a radiance to his face it hushed Mathers in reverence. Thus they rode together side by side and in silence, into the city of R——.

Stepping out upon the platform, Misery walked the entire length with Mathers, and then, obliged to leave him, he talked to him briefly and earnestly, and in a way Mathers never forgot. And when the latter went his way, he proceeded directly to Smithson's, delivered up his packages, and declined serving further. Though thrown out of work entirely, Mathers walked from that place most gladly; and as he wended his way to his lodging, the whole city of R—— could not have produced a prouder, happier boy.

Misery had no sooner left Mathers than he encountered Nixon, walking along hurriedly, with an old faded bouquet in his hand, which some one had evidently cast away. Thrusting it behind him, Nixon came forward, and greeting Misery, began to talk in a rapid, incoherent manner about everything and everybody, getting off stale jokes and forced laughs, and directing Misery's attention to every surrounding object. Forced to take breath at last, Misery managed to edge in the following inquiry:

"And Penny Post, how is he? the dear little fellow?"

"Penny Post?" repeated Nixon, striving for composure, "oh—how *is* he, did you ask? Let me see," musingly; just then two great tears rushed from Nixon's eyes, and he could restrain his grief no longer. Putting his hands to his face, he backed up against a tree and blubbered out, "Oh, Jippy, he went out last night jest like a flash — Penny Post is dead, Jippy, he's dead!" sobbed Nixon bitterly.

*To be Continued.*

# THE VENDOME COLUMN.

(*See Frontispiece*).

No one who ever visited the beautiful capital of France can have forgotten this wonderful piece of art, lifting its lofty spire at the end of the Rue de la Paix, in the centre of the place Vendome. It was directly in front of the hotels where our countrymen most loved to congregate, and on their way to the garden of the Tuileries. How many times we have all lingered at the base, to watch the solemn file of old soldiers as they came to renew the rings of white immortelles upon the pinnacles of the iron railing. How glorious were those bas-reliefs of battle-scenes, winding far aloft, a sort of spiral history around the column, two thousand figures in all cut in the metal.

Some persons used to climb to the top of the monument, following a mysterious staircase through the darkness and dust on the the inside. The outlook from the dome of the Pantheon was better, however. Of late years, moreover, this was becoming more and more difficult, for the authorities gave permission rarely.

The very next season after his coronation as emperor, Napoleon the Great set out upon his Rhine campaign. Victory followed his eagles as usual, and when he returned in 1806, the people, wild with enthusiasm, saw him erect this huge tube of bronze, pouring into the melted mass twelve hundred Russian and Austrian cannon, which his armies had captured.

In general fashion, it was modelled after the well-known column of Trajan, at Rome —in every respect larger, however, and in details more finely wrought. The hollow shaft was twelve feet in diameter, and stood upon a stone base; this last covered almost entirely with bronze plates, on which were some fine bas-reliefs, representing shields, swords, guns, standards, trophies of the campaign in promiscuous grouping. At each corner of the pedestal stood a colossal eagle, in bronze like the rest, and holding garlands of metal fashioned like twined wreaths of oak-leaves. Through this base of stone, a heavy bronze door, massively ornamented with chaplets of oak-leaves, and embossed with insignia of the empire, led into the spiral stairway, by which one could reach the summit. As he came out he found himself on a narrow gallery, around which ran a balustrade, and there, at the top, was placed a colossal statue of Napoleon.

The original statue was torn down when the Bourbons came into power again in 1814. Once more the metal passed through the fiery furnace; and reappeared as part of the horse on the Pont Neuf, which Henry IV., in equestrian majesty, bestrides.

In 1833, when Louis Philippe was beginning to hope he could better hold his new throne by gratifying the clamors, daily increasing, which the uneasy rabble raised for a restoration of the imperial times of glory, he removed the mere flagstaff which disfigured the column, and erected a very good picture of Bonaparte, in bronze, representing him in cocked hat and military overcoat. This same figure now graces a monument at the far end of the Avenue de la Grand Armée, about two miles behind the Arc de Triomphe, at Courbevoie.

For when this "nephew of the uncle" came into power, he removed the image, and put in its place a statue clothed in imperial robes, and holding the ball.

The destruction of the beautiful column took place in the afternoon of May 17, 1871. For over a week the workmen were making preparations for its overthrow, but so firmly was it anchored on its solid foundations that for days it defied the efforts of the vandals to dislodge it. At last, however, it fell with a great crash, and the grand and graceful shaft that had been the glory of Paris lay a shapeless mass of ruin on the pavement.

Any madder piece of insensate rage it would seem that not even a French fool could commit, than this of overturning the column of Austerlitz.

# "ISN'T IT WORSE FOR A MAN, FATHER?"

It is two years since I left off the use of tobacco. I certainly did *enjoy* my cigar. I prided myself on my fine Havanas, and might have been seen almost any morning with one in my mouth, walking down to business and puffing away in a most comfortable manner.

Why I left it off was this: I had a little son about six years of age. He almost always hurried to be ready to walk down with me as far as his school. His bright face and extended hand were always welcome, and he bounded along beside me, chatting, as such dear little fellows only can. The city has in it many uncared-for boys, whose chief delight seems to be to pick up pieces of discarded cigars and broken pipes, and with their hands in their pockets, to puff away in a very inelegant manner. One morning it seemed as if little Edgar and I met a great many of those juvenile smokers. I became very much disgusted, and pointed them out to little Edgar as sad warnings of youthful delinquency, talked quite largely, and said the authorities ought to interfere and put a stop to such a public nuisance.

A little voice, soft and musical, came up to me as I gave an extra puff from my superb Havana. A bright little face was upturned, and the words, "*Isn't it worse for a* MAN, *father?*" came to my ears. I looked down on the little fellow at my side, when his timid eye fell, and the color mounted on his boyish cheek, as if he feared he had said something bold and unfitting. "Do you think it is worse for a man, Edgar?" I asked.

"Please, father, I think boys would not want to smoke, if *men* did not do it."

Here was the answer. I threw away my cigar, and have never touched tobacco since in any form!

# THE TRAGICAL STORY OF SPINGLE AND GLORIE:

OR

## BETSEY BEETLE'S REVENGE.

CHAS. A. DICKINSON.

"Oh dear, I wish you'd stop your noise,
You ugly beetle you!
I'm tired to death of good advice,
And all this great ado
About the way I spend my time,
My foolishness, and vanity,
And my attempts to ape the ways
Of feminine humanity.
You'd better shut your homely mouth,
And leave this very minute!
This nook is mine, and you've no right
To set a claw within it."

"Tut, tut, Glorinda Butterfly,"
Said Betsey Beetle mildly.
"I boast no beauty; still I'm not
The trespasser you've styled me.
This nook was mine long ere the day
You burst your chrysalis.
Your talk concerning ownership
Is therefore quite amiss.
You know full well a senseless pride
Is all that brings you here;
For, were it not for yonder pool,
Whose waters, deep and clear,
Reflect the beauties you possess,
You'd stay away, I fear."

"Yes, there it is; my pride again,"
Said Glorie in a passion.
"Why, don't you know, you simple bug,
That pride is all the fashion?
You'd better use your dried up wings
And fly to Fanny Stile;
Alight upon her looking glass,
And preach to her awhile
About her pert and silly ways,
And costly, gay attire.
She'd have her brother take the tongs
And put you in the fire.

If handsome girls, as big as she,
Can spend their time in dress,
A butterfly as small as I
May do the same, I guess."

"You're wrong, my dear," said Betsey B,
"The creatures you call girls,
Who wear birds' feathers, silk cocoons,
Sheeps' wool, and oyster pearls,
And think themselves the handsomer
For all this strange disguise,
Are far from being patterns fit
For honest bugs and flies."

"Such talk will do for some, no doubt,"
Said Glorie with a shrug.
"I thank my stars I'm not like you,
A dingy, awkward bug.
Behold my gold and purple wings;
Compare them with your own.
My skin is like the mullein leaf,
But yours is hard as stone.
My legs are small and graceful, too,
While yours are big and sprawling.
In short, your ugliness throughout
Is really quite appalling."

"I own I'm not a brilliant fly,"
Said Betsey smiling quaintly,
"But then, good looks without good deeds,
At best, will shine but faintly.
And now, Glorinda, mark my word:
Unless you grow more humble,
The day will come when pride and you
Will have a fearful tumble."

As Betsey turned and crawled away,
Glorinda sought the pool;
And resting on a bending fern
That touched its waters cool,

She gazed with eager, sparkling eyes
  Upon the image fair—
The lovely form, of many hues,
  She saw reflected there.

"My! how I hate that thing," said she.
  "I'd really like to choke her.
I wish I had old Hornbug here,
  He'd hush the noisy croaker.
Ah, ha! I think I see a way
  To rid myself of Betsey;
I'll go to Spingle Spider's house,
  He always loves and pets me.
I'll tell him how the beetle acts,
  And how her grumbling frets me."

---

"Good morning, Spingle, how d'ye do?"
  Said Glorie to the spider.
"Quite well," said Spingle, drawing near,
  And settling down beside her.
Glorinda moved away a bit,
  And facing him exclaimed:
"I've come to ask a service, sir,
  For which your tribe is famed.
A bug, called Betsey Beetle, lives
  Beside yon crystal pool,
Who's even dared to call me, sir,
  An idle, painted fool.
Whene'er I go to sun myself
  On my accustomed brake,
This vicious thing is always round,
  Some spiteful speech to make.
You call yourself a friend of mine;
  I ask for your assistance.
Will you ensnare that meddling bug,
  And end her vile existence?"

The crafty Spingle bowed his head
  And touched it with his claw.
"Indeed," said he, "my lovely friend,
  Your word shall be my law;
Your wondrous charms have won my heart.
  Say, is my love requited?
I fain would have your life and mine
  Within this web united."

"Oh no," said Glorie, "that's absurd.
  Your web would spoil my wings;
My feet were never made to walk
  Along those sticky strings.
I thank you for your compliments,
  And trust that your affection
Will still continue as before,
  In spite of my rejection.
About Miss Betsey Beetle now,
  I'd like to have your answer.
Will you entangle her to-day?
  Please tell me if you can, sir."

"I'll go at once and spin my web,"
  Said Spingle with a sigh.
"But pay me with your own dear self,
  My precious, charming fly.
Refuse me not, Glorinda dear,
  For, mark me, if you do,
The web where Betsey Beetle hangs
  Shall be my gallows, too."

---

'Twas afternoon. Glorinda sought
  The quiet nook once more.
She glanced around; no Betsey came
  To vex her as before.
"I'm sure I did quite right," said she.
  "For Betsey was so ugly.
Her speeches and her actions, too,
  Were really quite unbugly.
I wonder how he captured her.
  And where the web was spun.
He'll doubtless come to claim his pay
  Before the day is done.
Myself indeed! I like to be
  Extolled and loved by Spingle;
Yet I prefer my present life,
  Unfettered, gay, and single."

With this, she spread her gorgeous wings,
  Poor, silly little fly,
And sought her old accustomed perch
  Above the pool near by.
But here, across the waters stretched,
  She noticed something new:
A thickly-woven silken web,
  Which quite impaired her view.
And, as she tried to raise her feet,
  She found, to her dismay,
That all along her fern-leaf perch
  A treach'rous network lay.

The more she strove to free herself,
  The more she got entangled;
Those brilliant wings, her pride and joy,
  With blue and gold bespangled,
Within the silken mesh were caught,
  And sadly marred, and mangled.
At last, o'ercome with mortal fear,
  Fatigued, and nearly strangled,
She fell upon the fatal web,
  And o'er her mirror dangled.

"How like you that reflection, miss?"
  A sneering voice inquired.
"You've doubtless never seen yourself
  In silken robes attired."

Glorinda slowly raised her head,
  And saw her base derider—
The one who'd sworn eternal love,
  The faithless Spingle Spider.

"My luscious dear," continued he,
  "Could you believe that I
Preferred to dine on beetle bug
  Instead of butterfly?"

"O-oo, you horrid monster you!"
  Exclaimed she, loudly crying.
"Oh Betsey! Betsey Beetle come!
  I'm dying! Oh, I'm dying!"

"'Twill do no good to summon here
  A clumsy bug like her—"
Just then a buzzing filled the air,
  And Betsey, with a whirr,
From regions just above the pool,
  Came down on Spingle's head.

"I sometimes use my dried up wings
  And awkward claws," she said.
At this, Sir Spingle turned about
  And, filled with terror, fled;
While Betsey, with a quiet smile,
  Her clumsy claws employed,
And soon Sir Spingle's murd'rous trap
  Was totally destroyed.
Poor Glorie, penitent, ashamed,
  Of all her glory shorn,
On tattered wings flew feebly off,
  Unhappy and forlorn.

And now, by way of moral here:
  Beware, my charming lasses,
Lest you, like Glorie, find a snare
  Before your looking glasses.

'Tis hardly wise for butterflies,
  Or boys and girls, to mingle
With such notorious flatterers
  And crafty knaves as Spingle.

We gladly recommend to all
  Miss Betsey's character;
And trust, whene'er you take revenge,
  You'll pattern after her.

# NEPHEWS AND NIECES.

S. H.

Once there were some children who had an aunt who was about a hundred years old. That is to say, she appeared to them to be about a hundred. Their mother seemed to them to be about ninety-nine, as indeed mothers usually do, but Aunt Gertrude must have been a very little older, because she was more particular about various things, noise at the dinner-table, for instance, lending her scissors, and the draught from the door.

"Eleanor, dear, you forgot to shut the door." If she said that once a day she said it a dozen times. As for the scissors, if she did lend them, she never forgot the fact a moment, and always knew which child had taken them.

"Willy dear, you had my scissors before dinner out under the lilac-bush; will you go and get them before you forget where they are?" Now the mamma never kept the run of her scissors in the least. You could lose a dozen pairs a year, and generally did.

In spite of these little particularities of Aunt Gertrude, the children were very fond of her. In certain ways, too, she assumed a certain youthfulness which was beyond their mother's; that is, she spent more time looking in the glass; and she had gorgeous and surprising clothes, which she put on upon occasions much to the glorification of the children, whereas their mother was persistently clothed in black alpaca; although, to be sure, she had a lovely blue silk for parties; but this she wore very rarely, and put it on even then only after the younger children had gone to bed; but the older children had seen her in it twice, and told the others about it. Aunt Gertrude used to remonstrate with the mother of the children, and try to persuade her that light colors were more becoming, and soiled no sooner. But upon this subject they had a settled difference of opinion.

Aunt Gertrude was not the real aunt of these children, only an intimate friend of their mother; she was called "Aunt" not only by them, but by a great many other children in various parts of the world. It appeared to them as if she travelled continually, with a wonderful trunk, from one set of nieces and nephews to another, for the mere purpose of entertaining them, even more than to do marvellous patterns of worsted work, and put on the surprising clothes.

So when it was announced that she was coming for a visit, there was always great excitement, and "Aunt Gertrude is coming!" was the cry which resounded through the house; and when she had arrived, there was a general climbing all over her, as if she were an aunt-hill instead of an Aunt, until the mother said, "children, you must let Aunt Gertrude alone; you can talk to her quite as well without tiring her so." So they all went off to a little distance, and sat eying her like a circle of cats who want very much to get at a pan of milk; and by and by when mamma was gone off to put the baby to sleep, little by little the circle grew smaller, until Aunt Gertrude was quite hidden and surrounded by small people.

Now on these occasions it was very pleasant in the darkening room, where the soft summer air came in at the open windows sweet with the perfume of honeysuckle, and outside the sky was still lovely with the tints of the faded sunset, and the line of the hills was dark and tender, and the leaves trembled on the quiet trees. The grasshoppers and crickets kept up their song, and a friendly Katy-did who lived in the cherry tree before the door, never gave over saying she did in the most cheerful manner possible. Careful not to interrupt too much the Katy-did, and not to wake the baby, and not to disturb papa's serious meditations at this hour, Aunt Gertrude in a low voice generally told the children some story, or played with them some peaceful game, and although perhaps the children preferred it when the game broke loose and became uproarious, and everybody came tumbling in a heap on the floor, the parents preferred it when it took a more quiet turn. All sorts of stories she told them, some so improbable that it almost tired you to think of them, and some that made them laugh so they fell out of her lap, and some so silly that they knew better themselves; but here is one that she told them one time which is really true. If you ever meet those children, you can ask them if it is not; and the way you will know which chil-

dren to ask, is by their knowing an *Aunt* Gertrude.

"When I was in Egypt,"—she began. Now perhaps you do not believe that, but the children did, for they saw her before she went and after she came back, and besides, she had a pair of yellow shoes which she brought them, and other things. Besides, when she was in Egypt, she rode upon a camel.—"When we were staying in Alexandria, Mrs. Kew asked me one afternoon to go out of town for a walk, for Alexandria was so muddy then that there was no comfort walking inside the town. Indeed it was never a very good place to walk, for the side-walks, where there were any, were very narrow, and the camels and donkeys thought they had quite as good a right to them as anybody else. It was not very pleasant, but surprising, to find yourself suddenly squeezed up between the side of a blue house with yellow stripes, and a donkey covered with fresh grass which almost hid him like a green petticoat, so that nothing but his ears and nose stuck out.

"Oh Aunt Gertrude!" said Robby.

"Robby! don't interrupt," said Eleanor.

"So we went out of town about three miles to Ramleh to get our walk. We went in the cars to "Fleming-station," which was a blue sort of pagoda with a red roof; and there a brown Arab with a blue shirt on, tied with a variegated scarf, and a red turban, held the door of the "railway carriage" open for us to jump out. Mrs. Kew had brought her little son Peter with us, but we left him to play with little Bob Morris, who lived near the station, while we walked to the sea-shore; for Alexandria, you know, is on the Mediterranean Sea, and so is Ramleh. Ramleh, in fact, is only a collection of gentlemen's pleasure houses quite close to the sea, where the people go and stay in the very hot weather to be refreshed by the cool winds from the Mediterranean.

Eleanor now felt hot all over, because she remembered perfectly well where the Mediterranean was, and Patty felt hot all over because she could not remember at all, but had an idea it was in South America, and was spelled with a great many t's and r's, and the boys had no more idea of it than the Red Sea, and were therefore perfectly happy.

"We had not far to go to reach the sea, but it was across a plain of sand trodden hard in various little foot-paths, one of which we followed. All but the paths was covered with little plants growing close to the ground like grass, but they were not grass, but the loveliest little flowers, in great variety of form and color; little blue things, little red things, little yellow things, like a marigold, only tiny, tiny; little clusters of bells like fairy morning-glories no bigger than your little finger nail. I picked a handful of them to show the people at home, and to paint; but when I got back they were all faded, they were so delicate—and now I will tell you an odd thing. I remembered about those dear little flowers, and two or three weeks afterwards, I thought I would take my colors and go to the place where they were growing, to paint some of them; when lo! and behold: they were all gone! flowers, leaves, stems, nothing was there but sand. You see it is very hot and dry there—the sun burns up everything, only very early in the spring the heavy rains which made Alexandria so muddy, brought up a crop of these little evanescent plants. They stayed as long as they could find any moisture; but when the rains stopped, they were discouraged, and the old hot sun burnt them up in a minute. You must know it was in the beginning of February when I was taking this walk, and the heavy rains which answer there for a kind of winter, were already over, and the climate was rushing through its brief spring to a hot, very hot summer, which lasts much longer than ours. I must tell you about one of those little flowers. It was a little delicate white thing with sharp spiking leaves, that seemed to pick and tear the poor flowers the very minute they got open. It looked like white floss mixed up with a paper of pins. I saw a great camel gobbling it, pins and all, as if he liked it, and I wondered which stomach he meant to digest that in.

"This flat plain between the railway and the shore, is not divided off by any fences. Flat-roofed houses are scattered about at little distances from each other, and, on the trodden paths I spoke of, trains of camels are seen moving along. You know they go in strings, with a rope from the back of one fastened to the mouth of the next, loaded heavily with great pieces of stone, or anything else their owners want to get about from one place to another. If this was Egypt, those Irishmen who are digging down the hill by the station at Roxbury, would be Arabs, and that dump-cart they have, and that meek white horse, would be several camels; and they would make

the camels kneel down, and all the growling and jabbering that is now done by the men would be done by the camels, for Arabs are very silent, and camels are very growling. Then they would put the stone in a sort of saddle-bag made of rope that hangs upon the backs of the camels, almost as much upon one camel as here goes into one cart; and when all the camels were loaded, they would have to stand up with a great growling, and then they would go slowly off with a great growling, and then they would go slowly on with a waving, dipping motion of their long necks which is rather graceful. But they have ugly faces, for their eyes are down in the middle of their noses, apparently.

"But we shall never get to the shore, which is a pity, for it did not take us long. Did I tell you that many of these houses we passed were painted bright blue and white, in stripes up and down? Well, they were.

"Soon we could hear the sea plunging away, and then we came to the head of a beach where it was rolling in, beautiful breakers, just like the dear old Atlantic, breaking against a quite steep bank of soft gravel. There is no tide to speak of, you know, in the Mediterranean, and the waves break on one line only, day and night, night and day, only sometimes washed a little higher by a strong wind.

"We sat down on the sand, and what should we find but quantities of the sweetest little shells! It seemed to be all shells, not sand at all, so many were there, and they were much prettier than those we commonly find here."

"Besides," said Patty, "we don't find any."

"That's very true," replied Aunt Gertrude, "and perhaps that accounts for it. If you put down your hand and took up whatever it touched, you had a handful of these little shells, every shape, all colors. Of course the ones I liked best were little green ones, like pistachio ice-cream."

"Oh Aunt Gertrude! your color!"

"Yes, my color, only think. But there were little red ones, peaked-hat-shaped, and dainty pink ones, and yellow, and pearly white. I meant to go again and get many more; but in Egypt one means to do very many things, and does very few. I said, 'oh! I wish my little nieces and nephews were here to pick up these shells!' and then Mrs. Kew began to ask about those persons, and I gave her a brief account of some of them. Pretty soon it was time for us to leave this pleasant place, which we were sorry to do, for besides the pretty shells, the waves were very attractive, and the broad blue sea,—the Mediterranean is very, very blue,—was lovely to look upon, stretching off as far as we could see to the sky which was very clear, and beginning to be pink with the reflection of the sunset. Several little boats were sailing fast along, with lateen sails, that is, triangular sails, very odd and pretty to look at. But we had to go, for Mrs. Morris had asked us to come back there to "afternoon tea," as the English call it. So we went back; and now I will tell you about the amusing little accident that happened to little Peter Kew."

Just then "ting" went the clock with one stroke, and a voice came out of an easy chair, somewhere in the darkness by the window, which said:

"I thought these boys went to bed at *half past seven!*"

"Oh papa, let us just hear about Peter."

"No," said Aunt Gertrude, "go right to bed, or we shall never be allowed to tell any more stories."

---

## GUESS.

GEORGE COOPER.

I see two lilies, white as snow,
That mother loves and kisses so;
Dearer they are than gold or lands:
Guess me the lilies—baby's hands!

I know a rosebud fairer far
Than any buds of summer are;
Sweeter than sweet winds of the south:
Guess me the rosebud,—baby's mouth!

I've found a place where shines the sun:
Yes, long, long, after day is done;
Oh! how it loves to linger there:
Guess me the sunshine,—baby's hair!

There are two windows where I see
My own glad face peep out at me;
These windows beam like June's own skies:
Guess me the riddle,—baby's eyes!

—*The Nursery.*

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

H. V. OSBORNE, Editor.

## INDIVISIBLE.

Lauchie didn't receive much of a welcome when he came into this world, for he had created expectations which his presence at once dissipated. To be sure he had a winsome little face, which the days rounded and made fair; a pretty-faced, pretty-eyed boy; but Lauchie came into the world a cripple, and when the mother and the father found the kind of legs Lauchie had brought with him, they looked at him reproachfully, and were indignant, that with all their wealth Lauchie should be inferior to the little, toddling, rosy-cheeked child of Bridget's and Mike's that every day passed their house. Their hearts rebelled against the little cripple, and he brought them a burden so heavy that they were obliged to unite all their love, and strength, and prayers to endure it—thus they comforted one another.

Lauchie grew—he had plenty of care—nurse was very kind to the unfortunate, she was nurse, mother, father, and playmate to him, teacher, too, when he grew to ask questions. Lauchie wasn't forgotten by his father and mother, but they took no pride in him as most parents do in their offspring. They were often in the nursery to inquire for him, to sit with him at times by the upholstered window-seat, where he used to delight to rest with the street and its pictures ever before him, but their eyes didn't light up with gladness when they rested upon him; they always had an expression of disappointment in them—an expression which was invariably accompanied with a sigh of discontent. The neighbors pitied these parents, these people of wealth, that they should have had this trial thrust upon them. and ventured to each other such remarks as, "No doubt it would be a great relief to Mr. and Mrs.—, if the child were removed; I'm sure I should not want him to grow up if he were mine!" But Lauchie's mind was bright, even though his body were dwarfed, and by degrees his blue eyes opened to the fact that there existed for him no father's, no mother's love; that he was a grief instead of a joy—a burden rather than a blessing.

"Nursie," said Lauchie, one day, "how much longer is life?"

"Years and years, I hope," said Nursie, "God only knows."

"Years and years for those that are good for something," said Lauchie dreamily, "but days and days only, I hope, for little boys that can only sit still and think. I might better be an angel, for then I could sit and look at God."

"Nursie," said Lauchie, another day, "there's no one but you to love me here, you carried me into your heart, didn't you? I couldn't get into 'theirs,' I was lame you know, and they forgot to lift me in; when I get to be an angel, Nursie, I can fly there myself, God will let me, I think."

Years and years for some people, but only days and days for a cripple, proved true in Lauchie's case, and so one day he was put into a dainty casket and brought to the parlor, where they strewed the white roses around the fairest flower of them all. Lauchie's first visit to the parlor, and he came in state, too; pride had kept him out before, but no little dead boys can walk, and Lauchie with twisted feet under buds and blossoms, was no longer singular in his deformity, he was as any other dead boy to outsiders; still, as the father and mother bent over him alone, he was Lauchie still to them—only—they loved him now—"dear Lauchie."

Lauchie with his wings had at last found their hearts as he while in the flesh had hoped he might.

The little flowers Lauchie's hands clasped so tightly were all showered over with tears, real sorrow-tears, and all through the lovely golden curls the shining drops lay glistening. Yes, Lauchie was loved at last, but to what purpose had he spent even days and days in the world,—of what earthly use had Lauchie, the cripple, been to the father and mother who mourned him now? Lauchie had breathed the question to himself many times, and had mournfully answered it as many by shaking his gold-crowned head and murmuring: "No use at all—my life is all in vain."

Days passed. How lonely the house was; no nursery now, Lauchie and Nursie both gone; no little voice rang down the stairs or went upward in childish song; all was hushed and still in that elegant mansion. But out where the monuments grow over buried hopes, was a little mound and a shaft of white marble—

"Our Lauchie,"

that was all it said. But it meant very much to two who came there—who came and went so lonely.

Months passed—a year—two years went by. Lauchie's father and mother had become estranged; had broken the vow "until death us do part," and without law remained no longer as man and wife. Friends besought them, did their best to re-unite them, tried and failed: the minister and his church, ditto—it availed nothing.

They loved, but they were proud, and neither would make the advance towards reconciliation. They were *one* no longer: unmistakably they were two; they shared nothing in common;

but, though they owned it not, their hearts ached, and they were unhappy.

Poor little Lauchie. Two years passed since God made him whole. Somehow on the anniversary of his death the boy had come most forcibly to the minds of each,—come, as he said he would, and stirred their hearts. The tired, weary man in his wretched home reaches out longingly towards his boy. The restless, lonely woman paces her room and whispers, "Lauchie, dear Lauchie," with quivering lips.

He from the east and she from the west—father and mother—go searching for love, comfort, some sort of consolation, at the grave of Lauchie.

"*My* Lauchie," murmurs the father softly approaching.

"*My* Lauchie,' cries the mother creeping slowly onward.

He from the east and she from the west, both absorbed in themselves and their grief, reverently approach the white marble column. For months past everything has been *my* and *mine*. Now, raising their eyes, through which their hungry souls look forward eagerly, *Our* Lauchie greets the glance of each, and startled as the word corrects their utterances, they encounter one another. There they stand, "my" on the lips of each, and through tears each reading "*Our* Lauchie." Like a messenger from God that monument spoke to the proud, unyielding hearts, and melted them in one. And Lauchie, himself, seemed to be there, going from one to the other drawing them nearer and nearer together. I dont know who was the first to reach out the hand, who was the first to make the advance, but I know that Lauchie was the link which bound them together, and that as the sun went down that night its rays fell in glory on two, who, with arms inter-twined and faces radiant, had been again made *one*. Made so, through the little cripple who thought he had lived in vain, but who, after all, had accomplished a work upon which all others had tried and failed.

For Lauchie, you see, couldn't be divided.

Fortunes may be shared—homes may be broken up—husbands and wives may be parted—but all the laws in the land, to whatever they may agree and however they may bind by their decisions, cannot divide the children. *Mine* may be used advisedly in other cases and claims, but the child once ours remains ours forever. In these days of easy divorces and hasty separations, remember this link and thank God for it.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

O. J. T.—The following communications have been received in answer to your questions concerning Sorrento Wood Carving.

O. J. T., in answer to the correspondent requiring information in regard to Sorrento Wood.

I take great pleasure in relating what I know of the wood, since it brings vividly to my mind the many pleasant hours spent at Sorrento, the town from which the wood is named, and where it is manufactured; the wood is very much after the description of that made at Tunbridge Wells, but with considerable more artistic taste. The correspondent speaks of Sorrento Wood Carving, it can hardly be called so, as the work is done by several pieces of wood being put together with such exactness that it is only by the closest scrutiny one is enabled to detect the line of joining, it is, therefore, more generally called Sorrento Inlaid Wood. From the specimens seen in this country, it is impossible to judge of the perfection to which the work is carried, on account of its expensiveness, difficulty in transporting without breaking, and the duty payable, we very seldom receive any but the cheaper and coarser productions, however, it is not an uncommon occurrence to find specimens throughout Europe worth from two to five thousand dollars gold. As regards procuring the necessary implements for this work, no doubt any of the manufactories at Sorrento can furnish them, the name of one of these is Luigi Gargiulo, near the Sedile, who received prize medals for his works at the London Exhibition of 1862. But buying the implements would be the easiest part; there would be the art itself, and this could only be procured by years of hard labor.

Hoping I have not made my explanation too long to be interesting,

I am Yours Truly,
A reader of
Wood's Household Magazine.

O. J. T.—Send stamp for circular containing full and clear instructions, price list of tools, patterns, etc., to Sorrento Wood Carving Co., 5 Temple Place, Boston. With but little practice any one can make most exquisite holiday gifts. The cost of tools and materials is low and within the easy reach of any one.

If O. J. T., will send to George Parr, Buffalo, N. Y., for his "Technical Guide," he will learn about Sorrento Carving.

Mrs. F. C. Beckwith, Longmont, Col.

C. O. B.—Try sp'ts of ammonia.

M. A. D.—The Lovejoy Metallic Weather-House should not be kept in the house, but exposed to the outer air. You might place it on window-ledge, or hang it on verandah where it

would be sufficiently exposed, and yet well protected from storms.

J. X.—Your friend was correct. The words gem and jewel are often confounded and used in the wrong sense. Gems belong especially to precious stones, and jewels to the ornaments formed of the precious metals, with or without the aid of gems. The word is derived from the Italian *gioia*, joy, whence *gioiello* a jewel, such ornaments being indicative of pleasure.

A New Orleans subscriber says: We have been having a little discussion at home about which is harder to bear, mental or physical pain. I think that the latter is the hardest to bear, but will leave you to decide the question. Please answer in Wood's Household.

We have our own opinion on this question, but would like first to hear from our readers.

Lincoln.—The reason Presbyterians are sometimes called "blue," had rise in the fact that the distinct dress of Scotch Presbyterian clergy was a blue gown and a broad blue bonnet. The Episcopalian clergy either wore no dress or one of black. From this arose the contrasting epithets, "Black Prelacy," and "True Blue Presbyterianism."

Mr. Editor;—Do you know of anything that will remove superfluous hair without injuring the skin?

Please answer in the next issue of your magazine if convenient.

Yours with respect;—G. W. D.

Depilatories should be used with the greatest care—they should be applied to only a small surface at a time, and great care should be taken to prevent them extending to the adjacent parts. They lose their properties unless kept entirely excluded from the air, and no liquid must be added to the dry ones until just before their application, and then no more should be mixed than is required for immediate use.

Take of *sulphuret of calcium* (recent) and *quicklime* equal parts, reduce them separately to fine powder, mix, and keep the mixture in a well-stopped bottle.

Prof. Redwood recommends the following: a *strong solution* of *sulphuret of barium* made into a paste, as wanted, with powdered starch and at once applied.

Mr. Editor;

Will some one tell us through your magazine the proper treatment for Goldfish. Should they be fed anything? if so, what? Can they be kept healthy in a globe, and how long will they generally live thus confined? I purchased two "beauties" last July, and one morning in August found one on his side; it lived about two days in this condition, then died. About three months after that I found the other on his side, and he died in a day or so. Can some one give us a cause? Have poured out a part of the water and put in a dipper of fresh every day, and once in two or three weeks carefully removed them to another dish, and washed the globe; fed them nothing until after the first one died; since that, have given the other a fly once in two or three days. Some one please give all necessary information, and oblige a subscriber.

Lou.

Though goldfish are seen to the greatest advantage when kept in glass globes, yet we regret to be compelled to say that they are very unsuitable dwellings for them. Let us consider for a moment the conditions which are absolutely necessary for the health, and even the existence of fish, and we shall find that a glass globe, however beautiful they may appear in it, is one of the most inappropriate of vessels in which to keep them. In the first place, the fish require abundance of air. Now, scarcely any other shape than a globular one contains so much water with so little exposure to the air. Fish, too, require shade, not when we choose to give it to them, but when they feel the want of it; and it need scarcely be observed that all day long a glass globe is in a blaze of light. Still more, the water in a globe must be daily changed, consequently the fish must be lifted out either by the hand or a small net; and it is utterly impossible, however careful we may be, to handle or not these delicate little struggling creatures without injuring them at one time or another. Indeed, we find—and we have had no little experience in the management of goldfish—that when we take a few from our pond and put them in globes, they very soon begin to lose their brilliant colors, become diseased, and die.

Where there can be a contrivance made for letting in a flow of water, be it ever so small, say a drop a minute, in and out of the vessel containing the fish, the water will not require to be changed.

As a globe will be ever the most popular domicile for these fish, we shall give a few directions how they should be treated in it. When purchasing a globe, procure as wide-mouthed an one as possible, and subsequently never let it be more than three-parts full of water. By these means you will secure as much air for the fish as is possible under the circumstances. Keep the globe also in the most airy part of the room, never letting it be in the sun or near the fire. Change the water daily, and handle the fish tenderly when doing so. We cannot say which is best for this purpose, the net or the hand, but advise our readers to use that which they find the best. Never give the fish any food—all they require when in a globe is plenty of fresh air and fresh water—they will derive sufficient nutriment from the animalculæ contained in the water. Numbers of people kill their goldfish by giving them bread. Now, we do not deny that bread is good for goldfish, and that they will eat it, but the uneaten crumbs immediately turn sour, and deteriorate the water, to the great injury of the fish.

Two diseases, being most frequent, may be

pointed out as the principal ills which it is the lot of goldfish to be heirs to. Sometimes a fish seems less lively than usual, and, on a close inspection, will have a sort of mealy look, and, in a day or two, this mealiness will turn out to be a parasitical fungus. We have heard of several remedies for this very mysterious disease, but there is absolutely nothing for it but to take the fish, at the first appearance of the disease, and throw it away, for it will not recover, and it will only infect the others. We would, however, advise the inexperienced goldfish keeper, whenever a fish seems unhealthy, to place it by itself for a few days; he will then see whether the fungus makes its appearance; if not, the fish may recover, and be returned to the globe.

The other disease is apparently an affection of the air-bladder, arising from being supplied with too little air. We have found fish recover from it when removed from the globe and placed in a pond. When under the influence of this disease, the fish swims sideways, with its body bent as if its back were broken, and in a short time dies. Whenever these symptoms are observed, the fish should be placed in a large tub of water, and a small stream of water allowed to drop into it. The water, through dropping, becomes more aërated, and the fish, thus receiving an abundant supply of air, will frequently recover.

# LITERARY NOTICES

Cecil Dreeme, Edwin Brothertoft, John Brent, Life in the Open Air, Canoe and Saddle; by *Theodore Winthrop*, a new edition, published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass.

The people of this continent, as well as those of every other, are waiting for the appearance of a thoroughly American novel. The English, the German, and the French not only claim that their productions in translations, versions and the like, constitute a large proportion of our current literature, but they also insist that the products of our authors are but reflexes of their own, each nationality claiming that all our works are but the echo, or re-production of its own cultured intellects. In reviewing the works of Theodore Winthrop, the scholar, the author and the martyr, we thrust aside all conjectures concerning the American novelist of the future, and confine our attention to the American novelist of the past. Cultured, brilliant, gentle, dealing only with the conditions, circumstances, and individuals with which he was immediately surrounded; or, as in Edwin Brothertoft, collecting his personages about scenes with which his keen interpretation of American history had rendered him perfectly familiar, we are led to assert that his pure and beautiful productions are as rich in thought and fancy, as subtle in scene and incident, and as sparkling and brilliant in style as any which live in our literature, and as masterly in conception and detail as any we are justified in expecting in the future. His works, without exception, are of a high order of merit, while sometimes his pages are masterly, indeed; as, for instance, his description of the hero horse, Don Fulano, in John Brent, and the three remarkable chapters in the same volume, of the three men who went "over the green sward on their journey to save and to slay." We know of no other works, except a few of Cooper's, wherein American border life and American scenery are so admirably portrayed as in the volume mentioned above.

In Cecil Dreeme, however, we catch for the first time a glimpse of his power, and realize more and more, the oftener we read it, the subtle fullness of his delicate and refined mind. The scene is laid in New York City, the entire plot being fulfilled almost within the limits of four squares. In this book every name has a significance, and contains within itself the nature and disposition of the character who claims it, but so delicately wrought are all the scenes, that the reader is puzzled to conjecture the conclusion until he arrives at the very end. There is seldom issued a work which is so pure and gentle, and which at the same time shows a keener insight into human nature. Everything about the story is charming. The quaint studio in the University of New York, the picture of Lear, the mysterious dark room which to-day bears the same old pad-lock, are all so well described that it is impossible for any one to cast the book aside until it is finished.

Edwin Brothertoft deals with American life during the Revolution, and is no less interesting from being, in a great measure, historical.

His other works are more studies of nature, and reveal a mind awake to rural tastes and natural scenery. We would earnestly advise our readers to buy these works, and to carefully peruse them. They are so bright and eloquent that they can be read over and over, furnishing new themes for thought each time, as a diamond shows new beauties every time it is turned in the sunlight. The publishers have issued these books in a uniform binding, which is neat and tasteful, every way worthy of the pages within.

The Daily Record, or Everybody's Diary for 1874, Hastings & Co., New York City.

Everybody's Diary is just the nicest thing we have seen for a long time. It is large size, 8x12 inches, and over half an inch thick. Each page is divided into three parts, each part devoted to a day, and opposite each page is a full sheet blotter. The edition of which we have a sample is especially recommended to business men, editors, reporters, members of Congress, clergy-

men, doctors, etc., etc., but it is just the thing for a lady's private diary also. It contains a list of Postal Regulations; Telegraph Rates; Populations; Rates of Interest, Currencies, Lists of Foreign Coins, Weights and Measures adapted to U. S. Currency; Exchange Insurance; Moon's Phases; with a variety of other useful and entertaining information. At the end of the book a U. S. railway map is appended. Price of Diary, $1.50; by mail, $1.65.

ELEMENTS OF TACHYGRAPHY, illustrating the first principles of the Art, with their adaptation to the wants of literary, professional, and business men, by *David Philip Lindsley*; published by Otis Clapp & Son, Boston.

This little book has reached its third edition, and has been most favorably received by the public. It is prepared principally as a text book for use by competent and thoroughly-trained instructors, yet there is nothing omitted from it necessary to render it a complete guide to those compelled to rely upon it without the aid of a teacher. Its principles are very simple and very clearly illustrated, and the book only needs to become known to insure its adoption and success.

THE PARISH CHOIR, a monthly publication of Church Music, edited and published by *Rev. Chas. L. Hutchins*, Medford, Mass.

This publication is not started with a view to pecuniary profit, the editor merely wishes to pay expenses, and will reduce the very small subscription price (40 cents per year) as the subscribers increase. We know Mr. Hutchins by reputation, and can fully endorse any musical undertaking of this kind that he may direct. The publication re-produces church music of the best school, Anthems, Te Deums, Offertory sentences, etc., etc. We prophesy for it the hearty support it deserves. For a small amount, choirs can supply themselves with choice music, proved by use to be fitted for public worship.

We have received the January number of THE ECLECTIC, that splendid magazine of Foreign Literature, published by E. R. Pelton, New York City. The contents of this number are as follows: The Land of Moab; Petrarch; Growth and Decay of Mind; Tyrolese House-Mottoes; three beautiful Love poems by W. Story; Spring Floods; Autobiography of John Stuart Mill; Spanish Life; Evening Longings; Pope as a Moralist; "Pigeon English;" Insect Civilization; Lafayette: English Dictionaries; Random Sketches in Natural History; Napoleon the First; Waiting; Literary Notices; Science and Art; Varieties. The selections are made principally from Quarterly Review, Cornhill Magazine, Temple Bar, Macmillan's Magazine, Blackwood's, and Saturday Review. Subscription price $5.00 per year.

The valuable publication of Austin Black, entitled Manufacturer and Builder, we can recommend to engineers, manufacturers, farmers, mechanics, artisans, architects and others, as a journal every way worthy of their support. The January number contains the following *illustrated* papers: Combined Hand and Power Planers; Oysters and their Culture; Planing and Grooving Machines; Theory of Bridge Building; Exploitations of Forests; Improved Steam Piston Packing; Electricity as an amusement; Improved Brick Machine; Plumbing; Newton's Improved Curb Roof; Automatic Knife Grinder; Friction Clutch Pulleys; Amianthus or Asbestos; Wagner Inst., Philadelphia. In addition to these illustrated articles are papers on: Future Prospects for Lumber; Artificial Production of Rain; Illuminating the Fog; Economy in Burning Gas; This Remarkable Age; Recollections of Prof. Agassiz; Mirrors; Health in House Building; New Way of Coloring Metals; Production of Cork; Nickel; Preferences in Science; Difference in Human Exhalations, and Notes and Queries. Price $2.00 per year. We will send it with our Magazine for the same price.

# OUR HOUSEKEEPER.

## ECONOMY IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

RUBY CARL.

Every lady who presides over a home, flatters herself she is a model economist. A hint to the contrary would receive her utmost contempt. We will not discuss economy in dress, although there may be no lack of material or need. It is the vast waste in the culinary department that we have in mind just now.

There is, in a large proportion of families, much more food *purchased* than is actually made *available*. The fact exists as much among the poorer classes as among the rich.

Nice "roasts" are sent home, costing perhaps nearly a day's earnings, to be, too often, miserably cooked for the family dinner. The meat is put into a slow oven to cook *hours*, receiving little or no attention. It appears upon the table, tough and juiceless, and is unpalatable and unnutritious, of course. The next day, shapeless pieces of the aforesaid roast are "warmed up" in a spider, forming a kind of non-appetizing *fry*. It is found to be about as uninviting and unsavory as the previous dinner. The bone, with what is left, is cast aside as *worthless*.

Many persons, who are almost dependent upon *charity*, would think it *mean* to save the bone of a nice roast for a soup, or the ungainly pieces of meat for a "hash." And yet, many economical, palatable, and nutritious meals may be pre-

pared in all private families, with the exercise of good common sense, and a little science, from just such material.

There are some households where luxurious living is almost unknown. Yet, the meals are prepared in such a way as to quicken their appetites, and strengthen their bodies for mental and physical labor.

When we have a pie of meat to roast, the oven should be hot enough to close the pores immediately, thereby retaining the juices. The meat *must* receive attention, and be frequently "basted," or else we may as well expect to masticate sole-leather, and can do so about as successfully.

The next day there will be nice slices to serve cold. Or, if not sufficient for the family dinner in that way, we can make it *enough* by preparing it thus: chop the meat very fine; add two or more hard-boiled eggs, chopped. Season with salt, pepper, and butter—sage, too, if desired. Then toast, and spread with butter, slices of bread. Place the bread upon the platter, and cover with the hot, chopped meat, alternating bread and meat, until all is used. Mutton, veal, or beef can be prepared in this way. We think it is decidedly relishable, and enough of the substantial, for the main dish of an occasional family dinner.

There is still another dinner from the same roast. We break the bones, with meat adhered, and put them in a kettle, covering them with *cold* water. We now want to *extract* the juices. Boil very slowly. Cold water should be added occasionally, causing the fat to rise, which should be carefully *skimmed off*. Our soup we prefer to be a "vegetable soup." So we add one onion, a little turnip and carrot—sliced thin. Rice, maccaroni, and sliced potato, too, improves the soup. If the soup has been carefully skimmed, so that globules of fat are not seen floating over the top, we will just add a little salt, pepper, and a bit of clove, and we have an economical, nourishing, and palatable meal. Because our family cooking is considered economically, it does not follow there must be a corresponding lack of nutriment.

We no longer wonder why some people can never "afford" to attend lectures or concerts, or enjoy the luxury of a new book, picture, or piece of statuary. If their economy in other matters corresponds with their economy (?) in the culinary department, the enigma is easily solved.

They "practice the most rigid economy." Nevertheless, it is positively sinful to see the stale biscuits, mouldy pie, pieces of meat that some families consign to their waste-buckets daily.

We have heard of some "wives throwing out at the window with a teaspoon faster than their husbands could shovel in at the door," and seeing the lax economy practiced in some households, we do not doubt it.

In some families, if there is not enough of *one* article of food for the family dinner, a fresh supply must be provided. Whereas, a good dinner may be prepared, amply sufficient, if we will include different dishes. A "picked-up" dinner is one of the most attractive meals, if suitably served. What many a woman would throw away as worthlesss, or allow to remain untouched until it became so, a good housekeeper would provide from it an inviting and substantial meal.

The waste-bucket should never receive *clean pieces of stale bread.* There is no need of it. Any housekeeper who permits it, is guilty of gross extravagance. Why do some persons allow large pans of bread to collect? Why are not the large pieces used in making nice dip-toast for breakfast? The smaller pieces should be dried and kept in a covered basket, to be used for fritters, puddings, or "dressing" for fowls. With ordinary care, however, there will be little to use for such purposes.

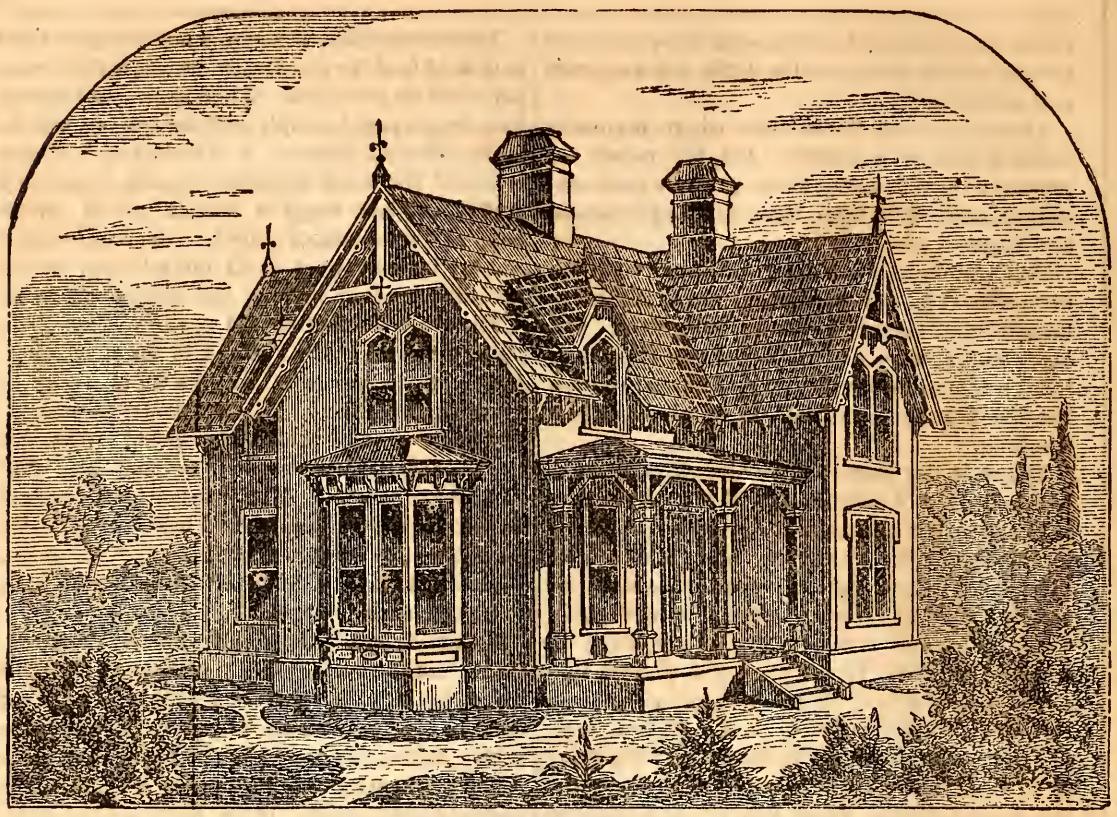
Fish balls are delicious, if properly prepared. "One fish to two potatoes" is about the right proportion. The fish and potato should be mashed finely, and moistened with cream or milk. It should then be formed into small balls, rolled in the white of an egg, or a little flour, and nicely browned. If we have a nice corn-cake made of creamy butter-milk, or some raised muffins or biscuits to eat with the fish-balls, we have a delicious meal.

In cold weather, our Monday dinner should invariably be baked beans and brown bread. It is a good New England meal, and should not be lost sight of. Our loaf of brown bread should be baked—not steamed—in the range-oven Saturday afternoon. Two-thirds corn meal, one-third rye, a little yeast, molasses, and soda mixed—not stiff—with milk and water, and allowed to rise four hours, and our brown bread is ready for the oven.

It takes very little time to prepare the beans Monday morning, and they require comparatively no attention. Bridget has no interruptions in her washing.

Our Monday dinner is economical and healthful, and one such as every family, however situated, would do well to partake.

The waste in the kitchen is not so much owing to the ignorance of the one who, nominally, superintends the household, as to her indifference and utter thriftlessness. The yeast is allowed to get sour; bread is then made from the same poor yeast, and miserable, indigestible bread is the result, of course. Butter is left uncovered, and vinegar jars open; preserves are kept too warm, and ferment; jelly is not tightly sealed, and moulds—not injuring the jelly *underneath*, but a needless waste of any. Bread jars are not scalded as they should be, and the bread—if good when baked—has a musty taste. Cheese and meat are left uncovered in hot weather, rendering each unfit for the table. Such, and numberless other leaks, will keep a family in *want*, when a little care and economy in just such minor details would insure a fair competency.



## DESIGN FOR A GOTHIC COTTAGE.

We give herewith engravings illustrating a design for a Gothic Cottage, for which we are indebted to the supplement of "Bicknell's Village Builder," published by A. J. Bicknell & Co., architectural book publishers, etc., No. 27 Warren street, New York City.

The "Gothic Cottage," of which we give a prospective view, and in Figs. 2 and 3, respectively, plans of first and second floors, can be constructed at a cost of from $2,000 to $3,000, according to locality and style of finish.

The plans explain themselves. The elegant exterior shown in the perspective view will also receive the approval of persons of taste. Without the commanding appearance of more ambitious edifices, such a house, surrounded by tastefully arranged shrubbery, and placed on an appropriate site, would present a very pretty appearance.

Fig. 2.

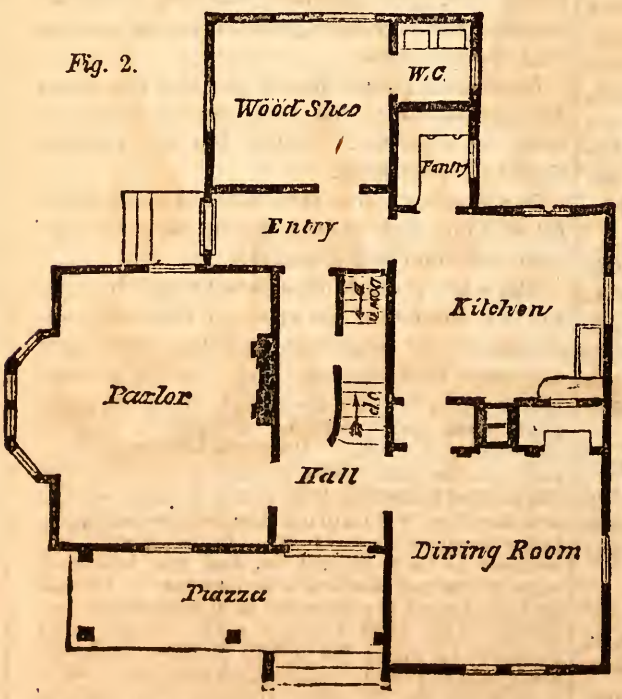
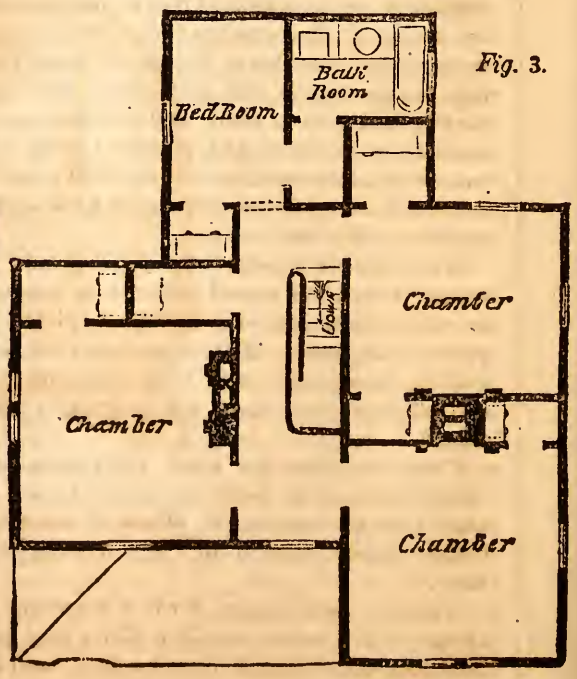
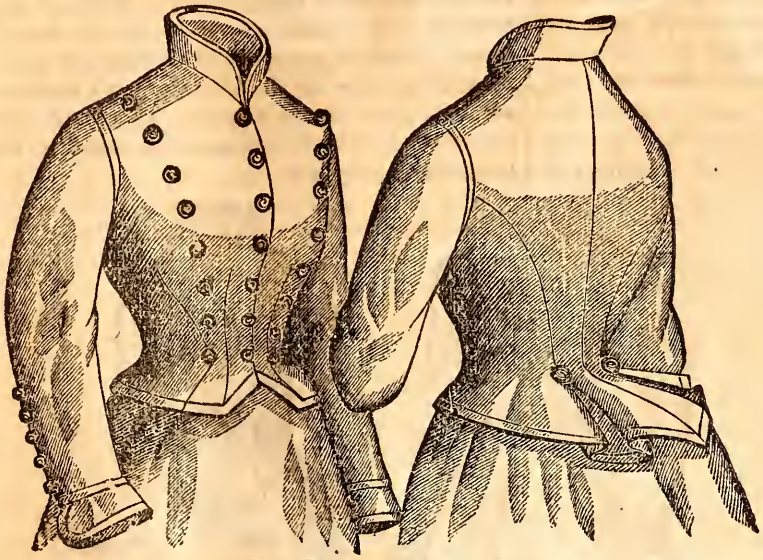



Fig. 3.



# NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BY MME. DEMOREST, 838 BROADWAY.



**ROBSART BASQUE.**

An exceedingly simple, yet jaunty, style of basque, which may suitably be made in cloth, velvet, or any of the heavier qualities of suit materials, either for house or street wear. The simplest style of garniture—a binding of silk or velvet, narrow galoon, cording or braiding—will be most appropriate for the design. The standing collar and deep cuffs add very much to the stylish effect, and may be made either in the material, silk, or velvet. Pattern No. 946, in various sizes, **25 cents** each.

There is less costly dress apparently, but we doubt if there is much less in reality, it is only in better taste, and is put more in the quality of the fabric, and less in the quantity used.

While from thirty to forty-five yards of silk were necessary to the completion of a dress, few expensive silks were used — with less trimming, however, and simpler styles, has come the demand for richer fabrics, richer soft-finished silks and pure Lyons velvet, taking the lead.

A very handsome dress of black velvet was lined and piped with canary-colored satin, and another of lemon-colored satin trimmed with the new "pearled" lace in profusion, was very striking.

Many dresses are still made in the two extreme shades of one color. — Dark blue or dark green, for example, with light pipings and trimmings; these are more suitable for day than evening dresses, the colors not looking well by gaslight.

A great deal of lace is worn this winter, particularly the new "garniture" lace, which is made variously in Oriental patterns, and often enriched with jet or pearl beads thickly wrought in the meshes, or forming the fringed edge.

Cloaks take the form of coats, paletots and mantles, and are usually made in heavy cloth without lining. Irish frieze is one of the new jacket materials of the season.

Winter styles in bonnets assume many fantastic shapes, but they all agree in one thing—in having turned-up brims. It is the brim, indeed, this year, which gives the character to the hat.

Crowns are a matter of taste. They are full and soft, or plain; sometimes they are made of lace, but they are generally so shadowed by plumes and other trimmings, that what they

**LEICESTER JACKET.**

A jaunty, double-breasted jacket, loose in front, and half-fitting in the back, which is adapted to all the heavier materials that are generally used for outer garments. The one illustrated is made in invisible blue cloth, finished with bindings, collar, cuffs, and pockets of black velvet. Silk may be substituted for the velvet, if desired, or the entire garment may be made of the same material. The arrangement at the neck is peculiar. The standing collar extends all the way around, and the *revers* are formed by a facing. These *revers* may be turned up, and the neck will then be quite close, with a standing collar all around. Both sides of the collar, and the facing for the *revers*, should be made of the same material. Pattern No. 948, in various sizes, **25 cents** each.

are made of is really a matter of very little consequence.

Purely light colors in hats or bonnets are not much in favor, even for reception or opera wear. Young ladies prefer hats of black velvet, the brims turned up high on the side and faced with light blue, pink or maize silk, a large cut steel ornament flashing from one side, surmounted with an aigrette, and black, and pink, or blue and maize ostrich plumes curled over the crown, mingled with ribbon or lace, or both.

Of the bonnets, the soft, cap crowns, with straight, narrow brim and coronet front, are the most becoming, though not the most striking. Taste in the milliner is indispensable to the production of a stylish bonnet now-a-days, the shapes having hardly any relation to it when it is complete.

There is a return to opera cloaks this season, at which we rejoice.—Dressy as they look, they are really economical; they last from season to season, and cover up all other deficiencies of the toilet. They are made of white cloth, plain and tufted, and are generally cut in a close dolman, or half-fitting paletot form, with a moderate sleeve. Some are of merino very richly embroidered with chenille and silk, and trimmed with fringe.

*Lingerie* is at present one of the most prominent items in the toilette, and endless are the varieties of frills, ruffs, and *fraises*, which are the leading styles. Many of the new designs are high in the back, and narrow in front, and those the same height all round are much worn, and are becoming when the neck is long and slender.

Many of the new ruffs or collarettes come very low down in front, covering much of the corsage, and are very dressy in effect. Handsome collarettes are made of *crépelisse* in combination with *crépe de Chine*, or soft lustrous silk, on light delicate shades. These are very charming in effect, but are only suitable for very dressy purposes.

**ISOLENA POLONAISE.**

Novel in design, and particularly stylish in effect, the Isolena represents the prevailing idea in the present fashions, all of which are designed to produce a plain effect in front and at the sides. The above design is adapted to most dress materials, and is especially appropriate for velvet, silks, poplin, and the handsome woolen materials which are used for redingotes. The trimming should be selected and arranged to correspond with the goods used. The high, puffed effect is imparted to the upper part of the sleeve by cutting the material of the outer part about an inch and a half longer at the top than the lining, and then sewing it into the armhole separately, and hemming the lining over the seams. Pattern No. 1375, in various sizes, 30 cents each.

# Publisher's Department.

DIFFERENT QUALITIES OF ELECTRICITY TO CURE DISEASE.—Dyspepsia, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Headache, Loss of Apetite, Sluggish Circulation, and a large variety of nervous acute and chronic disorders, are CURED by using the Electro-Medical Apparatus, invented by Dr. Jerome Kidder, 50 Union Place, New York. On the 15th of Nov., 1873, the American Institute awarded to Dr. Kidder the Silver Medal for the best Electro-Medical Apparatus yet invented. Dr. Kidder sends an Illustrated Catologue free, showing the genuine improved Apparatus.

Persons working for premiums on Wood's Household Magazine, will please make the proper distinction between our Premium and Club rates. No further reduction, commission, or premium can be allowed on the combination of publications designated in the Clubbing List.

IT IS NOT SURPRISING that in an educated community, an iron or steel hoop around the body should at once be discarded as a cure for Hernia. The New Elastic Truss affords instant relief. Is worn night and day with comfort; retaining the rupture absolutely at all times, and is never taken off during the few weeks necessary for a permanent cure. Sold cheap. Very durable. It is sent everywhere by mail by The Elastic Truss Co., No. 683 Broadway, N. Y. City, who send circulars free when desired.—*Rural New Yorker.*

# LAUGHING STOCK

A wife of nearly ten years, giving her servant a holiday, was attending to culinary matters herself, and, hearing her husband coming into the kitchen, thought she would surprise him, as soon as he opened the door, by throwing her hand over his eyes and imprinting a kiss on his brow, as in the honeymoon. The husband returned the salute with interest. "Mary, darling, where is your mistress?" The wife discharged "Mary darling" the next day, and has adopted a new plan of "surprising her husband."

The landlord of a Detroit hotel writes out a single bill of fare, which is passed to each guest in turn, and in this way he gives a high tone to his institution and saves a printer's bill. The bill announces "Coffy," "scoupe," "roste beaf," "fride ham," "boyled and bakt potatys," "fride coul puddin," "mins pie."

A little boy and girl had been cautioned never to take the nest-egg when they gathered the eggs; but one evening the girl reached the nest first, seized on the egg, and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying: "Mother! mother! Susy, she's been and got the egg the old hen measures by!"

Easy Shaving.—"Does this razor go easy?" asked the barber of a victim who was writhing under a clumsy instrument, whose chief recommendation was a strong handle. "Well," replied the poor fellow, "that depends upon what you call this operation. If you are skinning me, it goes tolerably easy; but if you are shaving me, it goes rather hard."

A good mother was trying to explain to a young hopeful, the other day, about fighting against the devil. After telling the little fellow who the devil was, and how hard he was to successfully resist, he turned around and said: "Mamma, I'd be scared of the old devil; but if I was to come across one of the little devils, I'd knock the stuffiing out of him."

A lady had her dress trimmed with bugles before going to a ball. Her little daughter wanted to know if the bugles would blow when she danced. "Oh no," said the mother, "papa will do that when he sees the bill."

A gentleman who rather suspected some one was peeping through the key hole of his office door, investigated with a syringe full of pepper-sauce, and went home to find his wife had been cutting wood and a chip had hit her in the eye!

A toper got so much on his stomach the other day that said organ repelled the load. As he leaned against a lamp-post vomiting, a little dog happened to stop by him, whereupon he indulged in this soliloquy: "Well, now, here's a conundrum. I know where I ate the baked beans, I remember where I ate that lobster, I remember where I got that rum, but I'm hanged if I can recall where I ate that little yaller dog."

A young blacksmith wrote his advertisement, stating that all orders in his business would be promptly executed. By mistake it was printed, "All others in this business will be promptly executed." An old blacksmith on seeing the notice, threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Has it come to this, after thirty years of honest toil? Law me! Well!" (Young printers, be careful, and don't scare the old folks.)

A certain college Professor had assembled his class at the commencement of the term, and was reading over the list of the names to see that all were present. It chanced that one of the number was unknown to the professor, having just entered the class.

"What is your name, sir?" asked the Professor, looking through his spectacles.

"You are a brick," was the startling reply.

"Sir," said the Professor, half starting out of his cnair at the supposed impertinence, but not quite sure that he had understood him correctly:

"Sir, I did not exactly understand your answer."

"You are a brick," was again the composed reply.

"This is intolerable," said the Professor, his face reddening. "Beware, young man, how you attempt to insult me."

"Insult you!" said the student, in turn astonished. "How have I done it?"

"Did you not say I was a brick?" returned the Professor, with stifled indignation.

"No, Sir. You asked my name, and I answered your question. My name is U. R. A. Brick—Uriah Reynold Anderson Brick."

"Ah, indeed!" murmured the Professor, sinking back in his seat in confusion: "It was a misconception on my part. You will commence your lesson, Mr. ahem, ahem—Brick?"

Says the Detroit *Free Press;* "In the Police Court the other day, when a man was about to be tried for assault and battery, he brought forward his boy, ten years old, as a witness. The Justice asked the lad if he knew the nature of an oath, and the boy said his father had explained it. "He said," replied the boy, "that if I didn't swear that the other fellow struck first, he'd tan the whole hide off my back." He wasn't used on the stand."

A minister walked six miles to marry a couple lately. He said he felt sort of fee-bill like. The groom saw it.

## THE CHOICEST FLOWER OF THEM ALL.

All in our marriage garden
  Grew, smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
  Suckt the green warmth of the sod;
O beautifully unfathomably
  Its little life unfurled;
And crown of all things was our wee
  White Rose of all the world.

From out a balmy bosom
  Our bud of beauty grew;
It fed on smiles for sunshine,
  On tears for daintier dew:
Aye nestling warm and tenderly,
  Our leaves of love were curled
So close and close about our wee
  White rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance
  Our house of life she filled;
Revealed each hour some fairy tower
  Where winged hopes might build!
We saw—though none like us might see—
  Such precious promise pearled
Upon the petals of our wee
  White Rose of all the world.

But, evermore the halo
  Of angel-light increased,
Like the mystery of moonlight
  That folds some fairy feast.
Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently
  Our darling bud up-curled,
And dropt i' the grave—God's lap—our wee
  White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom,
  Our life was but in spring,
When down the solemn midnight
  We heard the spirits sing,
"Another bud of infancy
  With holy dews impearled!"
And in their hands they bore our wee
  White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing
  Could leave a loss so large;
Her little light such shadow fling
  From dawn to sunset's marge.
In other springs our life may be
  In bannered bloom unfurled,
But never, never match our wee
  White Rose of all the world.—*Sd.*

VIEW ON THE HUDSON RIVER, FROM WEST POINT.

WOOD'S

# HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.

VOL. 14. MARCH, 1874. NO. 3.

## THE GUIDING HAND.

MRS. H. G. ROWE.

It was an invitation to preach at Rockrest on the following Sabbath, "with a view to a 'call,'" so the note ran, and the young minister read that clause over more than once, as he sat in the low-walled, shabby little chamber that he had dignified with the name of "study," and thought over all the pros and cons attendant upon the subject of a possible settlement at Rockrest.

It was a large, well-to-do parish, able and willing to give a fair salary to the man who should make it his business to care for their souls in good, thorough, orthodox fashion, while that there were many poor souls to be cared for—many stray sheep to be brought into the fold of safety, was a strong argument to the zealous young pastor in favor of a sojourn there.

But on the other hand, in spite of the meagre poverty of his present surroundings, the simple, homely, often coarse ways of his small and widely scattered flock, the constant effort to *stoop* to the comprehension of his ignorant listeners, with the absolute impossibility of getting them to appreciate the grand and beautiful in nature and revelation, while his own soul was all afire with reverent wonder and delight, there were honest, loving hearts, humble and unattractive outwardly, perhaps, yet endeared to him by an association of mutual faith and love, and it would be a strong wrench upon his deepest and best affections to part from them.

But there was another than himself to be considered, and a warm glow crept into the young man's cheek while his hand toyed caressingly with the little boquet of late blossoming pansies, whose bright faces looked roguishly into his own with an arch reminder of the dear fingers that had plucked and arranged them, "that," as she said, "there might be one bright spot for his eyes to rest upon in that dingy room," and his face grew grave with a tender pity as he remembered the harsh uncongeniality of the place that, in her patient womanliness, she had glorified with the sweet name of "home," the coarse self-assertion and ill nature that made her life a daily, hourly martyrdom, and with a little manful selfishness, he thought of the blessing that her sweet face and sweeter nature would bring to his own home, if he should ever be so blest as to have one. Here the Rockrest letter received another look, thoughtful but evidently approving, and from a box of manuscript sermons, he carefully selected several which he examined with critical attention, laying them aside, one by one, with evident dissatisfaction, while he held a little consultation with himself:

"That temperance sermon that I am to preach for the Rumford people, at the convention, a week from Wednesday, can easily be rearranged from one of these, and so leave me time to write an entirely new one for the coming Sabbath at Rockrest. I shall certainly do my best, and,"—with a thrill of natural pride, "I believe I shall be able to suit them, for they are, as a class, better educated, and consequently more appreciative than the people in the smaller towns about here."

"Mr. Bryce, Miss Millett wants to know if you've seen anything yit about gittin' that chance for her Cordilly, that you spoke about?"

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by SAMUEL E. SHUTES, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington

It was the loud voice of his landlady, who, with her usual disregard of ceremony, had entered without any preliminary knock, and now stood, her red hands resting upon her hips, and her sharp eyes scanning curiously the manuscripts that littered the table.

The minister sighed as he put aside the half modeled thought that was already taking form and beauty in his fertile brain, and turned patiently toward the homlier details of his pastoral duties.

"No, I haven't seen Mrs. Jason yet, but I shall walk by that way this evening, and will call and see about it."

He turned to his writing, but the inquisitive dame was not yet satisfied; advancing a step nearer, she glanced unceremoniously over his shoulder with a knowing wink, and the significant comment:

"Yer ter work like a good feller, a'ready, I s'pose on that Rockrest sermon?"

And as she caught the mingled look of surprise and annoyance upon his face, she added, good naturedly by way of explanation:

"Our Sam was out to the Corner last night, an' he see Tim Tyler, old Blodgett's head man there, an' *he* said 't Blodgett himself, an' some o' the other big bugs was terribly taken with you, an' was bound to have you anyhow."

This view of the case was not at all unpalatable, if the medium herself was a little rough in her expression of it, but more than all, there was the ring of genuine feeling in her voice as she said in a lowered tone:

"We shall be dretful sorry to lose you, Mr. Bryce, that's a fact, but we ain't such fools as to think that you'll live on the pinched pay that we can afford, much longer. Its only *single* men," with a sly, sidelong glance at the pansies, "that can *afford* to preach for us. But I'd like to say one thing, if you won't think me sarcy,"—(Mr. Bryce protested honestly against such an impossibility),—"an' that is, that seein' old Blodgett is cap'n in Rockrest, an' whatever *he* says all the rest are pretty sure to say 'aye' to, I wouldn't, if I was you, say much on the temperance question that you've been so fierce on, over there. You know he owns the big distillery there, an' he's made all his money out of it, besides buildin' up the place itself by means of it, an' he naterally feels a little tender on that point, and—"

Mr. Bryce interrupted her with some warmth:

"If my conscience bids me speak, all Rockrest shall not bridle my tongue. I shall speak for temperance as freely there as here, whether a rich parishoner smiles or frowns."

The dame pressed her thin lips together with an air of disapproval, that was flatly contradicted by the look of profound admiration that shone in her keen gray eyes, as she said, with feigned indifference:

"Jest as you think best, of course. If you've a mind to quarrel with your own bread and butter, it ain't nobody's business but your own, I s p'ose."

"Oh, I fully appreciate your good motives, Mrs. Crosse," replied the minister with one of those frank smiles that the good woman had declared, many a time, to be "as good as a bushel of smooth words in another man's mouth," and as she went thoughtfully about her work, she put up her hands more than once, to wipe away the tear that would come as she thought of the probability of their being so soon obliged to part with him.

"I know he's beyond and above us," she meditated sorrowfuly, as she chopped away at the tray full of snowy curd that rested upon her knees. "But I don't know, after all, as that hinders his doin' us as much good as if he was more like us, for in lookin' up to him, p'r'aps it makes us willin' to look higher still."

And all this time, Mr. Bryce sat idly beside his table, the papers spread out before him, guiltless of a single pen mark, while with a far away look curiously compounded of loving hopefulness and the yet unsubdued impatience and restlessness common to weak humanity, he looked thoughtfully into the upturned faces of his pansies, as if taking counsel of them in regard to the test sermon that was already beginning to agitate his busy brain. "You are too worldly wise in your purple and gold, you little flower nabobs!" he laughed, tapping with his idle pen the gorgeous petals of his silent confidents.

"Its safe to 'consider' the meek faced lilies, or the patient Mayflowers that are content to hide under their brown leaves until God's own finger of sunshine beckons them forth into the light, but *you* are too suggestive of the good things of this world to be safe counsellors for a man's conscience."

And mentally chiding himself for the moments wasted in idle speculation, he set vigorously to work revising and improving

the temperance sermon that was to be delivered on the following week.

"I'll put all the best and freshest powers of my mind to *this*," he said firmly, "I won't shirk another and perhaps higher duty for the sake of making friends with mammon, even for *her* sake."

There was a world of tender regret in that one little pronoun, and if poor Edna Earle could only have listened to its loving cadences, the weary, uncongenial tasks, the harsh reproaches of her coarse minded sister-in-law, and even the discouraging uncertainty of her own future, would have been forgotten for the time, in the glad serenity of a satisfied heart.

Poor Edna Earle, as everybody called the gentle, city-bred girl, who, on the decease of the aunt who had adopted her, reared her in a home of ease and luxury, and finally died suddenly, making no provision for her future maintenance, came, with her modest, refined face and manners, to find a shelter—*home* it was not, beneath the roof of her only brother, a well-to-do farmer in Philip Bryce's parish.

From the day that he first looked into her pure, patient face, the bond of mutual confidence and sympathy between the young pastor and his new parishoner had been daily growing stronger and more tender, until, at the present time, it was no secret among his people, that their minister only waited a better position, to wed the gentle girl whose unaffected sweetness and patience had won for her the good will and sympathy of all.

She had never complained, even to him, of the trials of her lot, but other tongues were not so forbearing, and he had heard with a burning heart, many a tale of the harsh exactions and cruelly unjust reproaches with which the vixenish wife of Ezra Earle made bitter the life of her gentle, long-suffering sister-in-law.

"If I only had the means to provide a home for her, however humble, she should not be forced to endure this life of bitter dependence a day longer," he had repeated to himself as well as to his betrothed a hundred times, and every time with that same sickening feeling of unmanly helplessness, that tortured him with hints of his utter inability, after all these years of mental toil and application, to make his gifts available to protect the woman he loved from dependence and insult. Her present home was a sure, and, as far as her bodily wants were concerned, a comfortable one, and he could not ask her to share the slender pittance that even now scarcely supplied his own simple needs, leaving nothing for books, nothing for an occasional trip to the city, and a few hours converse with the old and dear friends for whose society he so often longed, nothing for the gifts that love so naturally longs to bestow upon its object, nothing for the intellectual and social privileges that to a man of mind, are the oil that keeps the machinery of his brain in good running order,—and with all these disadvantages, is it strange that this unexpected invitation to preach before the large and prosperous society at Rockrest, should have been received with more pleasure and satisfaction than he would have grieved his people's really warm hearts by expressing in words.

That the news had spread already, he soon learned, for, during his evening's walk, almost everyone he met had a word to say upon the subject, and when he reached the Earle farm-house, and caught sight of Edna's slight figure leaning upon the gate, eagerly watching for his coming, he half expected to hear the same question from her lips that had greeted him so often on the way:

"So you're going to Rockrest, I hear?"

But there was no curious speculation in the soft brown eyes that met his own so tenderly, no flurry of subdued expectation in her manner, as with a pretty maidenly blush upon her girlish cheek as she returned his salutation, she said, in her usual quiet, thoughtful fashion:

"You must be tired, Philip, for you have had a long walk; come in and rest yourself." And she turned to lead the way to the house, but her companion drew her back, and with her hand fast clasped within his own, he told her in few but earnest words the story of his hopes.

"And *then!*" he whispered, with a tender significance that set the little hand resting in his own broader palm, to fluttering and flushing in a most undignified fashion, while, as if to hide her own glad anticipation, its owner put on an air of playful banter, as she returned gaily:

"Don't plan the fashion of your 'green gown' until your wares come safe to market, for perhaps—"

She paused in sudden embarrassment, and her lover took up the word, laughing lightly at sight of her crimsoned face:

"Perhaps I may not give satisfaction, after all, in this test sermon, you were about to say? Very true, for I can do no more than my best, but," with a manful uplifting of his handsome head, and a reverently lowered tone, "I can use the best powers of heart and brain that God has given me, and leave the issue to Him."

Edna's brown eyes smiled their appreciation, as she asked rather timidly:

"You will preach that temperance sermon at Rumford, next week, I suppose?"

To be sure. Did you think," he added, with an air of half playful reproach, "that I would neglect that for the sake of devoting all my time and thoughts to this more personally important one? If you did," pretending not to notice her eyes' disclaimer, "I can satisfy you with the fact that I have already arranged and perfected this same temperance sermon, while I have not as yet decided upon a text, even, for the other."

"That's right, and Philip—if you *shouldn't* succeed in pleasing these people—it isn't every one who knows a good sermon when he hears it, you know," with a little deprecatory smile, "and these Rockrest people may not, in spite of their advantages, be an appreciative audience, after all, don't feel discouraged or humiliated in the least. My pansies," and she nodded smilingly toward a small bed of the royal beauties that, by the farmer's sufferance occupied their few inches of ground in the midst of a vigorous growth of garden fruits and vegetables, "are just as beautiful and bright, with the summer sunshine in their dear faces, if sister Hannah does call them 'weeds,' and refuse to see either beauty or utility in them."

The minister smiled, well pleased with the girl's tender conceit, and for a long, sweet, love blessed hour, the two stood alone, screened by the purple twilight shadows, from the gaze of curious or unfriendly eyes, talking cheerily, hopefully, of their plans for future companionship and usefulness, brave and strong even in view of possible disappointments and drawbacks, as those should be who lean, not alone in the great emergencies of life, but each day and hour, upon the arm of eternal wisdom and love.

It was Mr. Blodgett's carriage and span of dashing grays, driven by Mr. Blodgett himself, that met the young minister at the Rockrest depot, with a cordial welcome and invitation to make his house his home during his stay in the village.

He was a pleasant-spoken, easy mannered man, with that unmistakable air of comfortable self confidence so natural to one who has, by his own shrewdness and energy, forced his way into a position where other men look up to him, until he naturally learns to look up to himself, and to consider himself an authority not to be disputed on all matters, secular or religious, that he honors with his attention.

Like many another well meaning but unrefined person, Mr. Blodgett was profuse with his compliments upon the talent, "smartness" he called it, of his companion, whom he had listened to at a denominational convention some few weeks before, and whom he, then and there, as he now unreservedly declared, "made up his mind was just the man for Rockrest."

"The Baptist preacher here, is a poor, worn out old hack," he remarked irreverently, "and the Methodist is nothing but a smooth-faced boy that can't read a hymn without blushing. By George!" he added, warming up with his subject, and giving the nigh horse a smart tap with his whip by way of emphasis, "Let us once get you into our pulpit, and in a month's time, I'll bet my grays against that old cart horse over the way, we'll have our church crowded with the droppers-off from theirs."

Mr. Bryce tried to express his disapprobation of this proselyting spirit, but his host interrupted him with a good natured laugh and a knowing wink:

"Oh yes, yes! I understand all about *that*, of course, but we *laymen* are privileged to speak the truth, you know. Ha! ha! ha!"

Mr. Bryce was silent, more from disgust than policy.

Nor was it much better when once fairly installed in the bosom of the Blodgett family. Flattered and feasted by Mrs. B., and the girls, who found it no arduous duty to entertain and amuse the handsome young man, whose natural courtliness tinged by a quiet reserve, both flattered and piqued their feminine vanity, he found no time for the solitary hours of thought and prayer that formed his usual preparation for the Sabbath, while in Miss Ella's lively gossip, and her sister's still more lively music, there was nothing either restful or strengthening for the duties of the morrow.

It was in the midst of a rattling gallopade that the host, noticing a look which he mis-

took for one of bodily weariness upon his guest's face, interrupted his daughter's playing with:

"There Cad, you've played long enough for this time, Mr. Bryce is tired and wants to go to bed; so bring the big Bible along, and we'll have the 'customary' before we turn in."

The young lady obeyed, and as the minister turned over the satin smooth gilt-edged leaves of the sacred volume, whose elegant immaculateness stamped it as a parlor ornament merely, his heart sunk heavily in his bosom as he remembered that to this man he was indebted for his present prospects, and his pride as a man no less than his conscience as a Christian, cried out indignantly against the humiliation and hypocrisy of catering to the opinions and tastes of one so essentially gross and worldly in heart and life.

"I will never degrade myself or my calling by doing so," he thought determinately as he smoothed out the page before him, preparatory to reading the evening's lesson, and in the prayer that followed, there was the boldness and freedom of utterance that utter fearlessness alone can give.

But later, as he sat alone in his chamber, the remembrance of Mrs. Crosse's caution recurred to him with unpleasant distinctness, and he recalled with some secret trepidation a casual remark let fall by his host during the evening:

"I pay a third of our minister's salary out of my own pocket, and I think that I have a *right* to say who he shall be, and what he shall say."

The following morning was clear and bright, just the day to tempt everybody abroad, and as Mr. Bryce entered the spacious church, with its elaborate rather than tasteful decorations, its comfortable upholstering, and modern conveniences for ventilation and warmth, he felt a thrill of satisfaction at sight of the well filled pews, whose occupants cast many a curious yet approving look at the tall, well knit figure and intellectual face of the stranger.

The opening prayer had been offered up, the opening hymn sung, and the young preacher stood up before the people, with an earnest appeal for guidance and support in his heart, and upon his lips the text that, written at the head of his manuscript, he read aloud without any preliminary deliberation:

"Cursed be he who putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips."

For an instant the church and its sea of astonished, upturned faces, became a dead blank before his eyes, and his own voice had a strange, unfamiliar sound in his ears as he read the words that were to him even more of a surprise than to his audience; but the next, the sturdy, manful nature within rose triumphant over that momentary weakness, and regardless of the angry eyes that glared upon him from the pew of the rich distiller, he slowly repeated with solemn distinctness the suggestive words of the substituted text:

"Cursed be he who putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips."

It was all plain to him now: in the hurry of departure he had taken the wrong manuscript, and here, in the very face of its friends, he must do battle with the demon of intemperance, armed with the fiery, plain spoken appeal that had been prepared for an altogether different occasion and audience.

"One of God's accidents," he thought, with reverent submissiveness, while a sudden sense of freedom swept over his soul for the first time since he had set foot in Rockrest, and earnestly, freely he proceeded to set forth, with the burning eloquence of a tongue touched with the Divine fire, the terrible consequences of any dallying with the fiend who has been the cause of more fireless hearthstones, more broken hearts and blighted lives, more lost souls, than any other emissary of Satan since the world began.

And the people listened,—at first in all absorbed astonishment at what seemed to them the unaccountable audacity of the youthful preacher; then growing sympathetically affected by his eloquent appeals, one after another began, almost unconsciously, to take those words of solemn warning to his own heart, and before he was himself aware, many a life long friend and champion of the spirit fiend, found his eyelids wet with sympathetic tears as the preacher painted, with a bold yet tender touch, the evils attendant upon this God accursed traffic, evils that, presented daily to their eyes in real life, had been regarded with the cold indifference of custom hardened nature's, now, for the first time, presented their pathetic side to these suddenly enlightened minds, and startled them from their dream of comfortable self-complacen-

cy, to the terrible, soul-searching question of an offended God and judge:

"Where is thy brother?"

Even Mr. Blodgett, angry and indignant as he undoubtedly was, could not wholly escape the contagion of the young preacher's eloquence, nor could he bring himself to treat him with undiminished respect during the remainder of his stay, although at parting, on the following morning, he spoke with a plainness not to be misunderstood in regard to his services in the future: "I like such preaching as you gave us yesterday, if it does hit on me, but let me tell you, young man, you'd spoil my trade before you'd been here six months, and I can't *afford* that. Why, only last night," with a gleam of his habitual good-humor, "I found my wife a cryin' her eyes out because she said she was afraid we wasn't doing right makin and sellin' liquor. So you see you've got me into hot water even in my own house, a' ready. But," dropping his bantering tone, and speaking quick and decisively, "the society will call a meeting this week to decide on giving you a call, and I tell you as I shall tell them, that not one dollar can they count on from me to help support you."

The minister smiled a little proudly.

"I should not accept a call to Rockrest," he said, "for I will never go where I must either be the cause of dissension in the church, or consent to put my conscience in another man's keeping."

"Humph! Well, here's ten dollars for your time an' trouble. Good-bye, and good luck to you," and without waiting a reply; the free-spoken gentleman was out of the car and into his carriage in far less time than it takes to tell about it.

As the cars bore him swiftly along on the homeward track, Philip Bryce wondered at his own freedom from mortification and disappointment, while he looked back to the bright dreams in which he had indulged only a few days before, as to a pleasant tale of his boyish days, now only remembered with a feeling of calm indifference.

That he should, even for an instant, have dreamed of the possibility of living under the supervision of any man, of bringing his conscience down to the measure of another's rule, seemed to him as he now looked upon it, as the wildest, basest of impossibilities.

"Mr. Bryce, I believe?"

The minister startled from his abstraction, looked up into the face of a quiet, gentleman-like man, in a modest suit of gray, who added, with that pleasant directness that sets one at his ease so quickly:

"I happened to be spending the Sabbath in Rockrest yesterday, and had the pleasure of listening to your preaching, of which, I hope you will not accuse me of flattering, if I say that I was much impressed and pleased with your handling of a subject that should enlist the sympathies of every earnest Christian."

Mr. Bryce bowed his acknowledgment of the other's courtesy, and thus a conversation was commenced that, passing from trivial generalities, dropped almost insensibly into graver and more personal matters, until the minister was surprised to find how freely he could converse of himself and his prospects to this acquaintance of an hour, who seemed, as by intuition, to comprehend and appreciate the hidden motives and springs of action that governed and controlled him in his hitherto undistinguished life.

Nor was it a slight link in the band of sympathy the fact that the stranger incidentally mentioned, of his graduating at the same college from which the minister himself received his diploma, as well as a personal acquaintance with several old and valued friends of his own younger days.

"I have not seen them for several years," he said, suppressing a sigh, "I seldom visit the city, and they are all too busy in their active, useful lives, to find time to hunt me up in my lonely, out of the way corner."

The stranger smiled thoughtfully.

"Could you make it convenient to pay us a visit next Sabbath? As an officer of the ——St. church, I wish very much to engage you to preach for us, and shall be happy to entertain you at my own house for as long as you can make it convenient to remain, and rub up some of those old friendships."

As he spoke, he placed in the young man's hand a card on which was written the name and address of one of the most influential and respected men of the day—a man, who, amid all the distractions of business, carried ever with him a heart filled to overflowing with genuine Christian love and sympathy.

"We are pastorless at present," he said significantly, at parting, "and you will be doing us a more than common service by consenting to officiate for us next Sabbath."

The sermon that had been prepared with so much care for a Rockrest congregation, was listened to by the members of the ——St. church, with delighted appreciation, and when, some few weeks later, the whole society united in welcoming to their midst the new pastor and his fair young bride, the happy pair could only look back with wondering gratitude upon the peculiar providences—"accidents" they could not call them—that had brought about such a wonderful change in their lives, and humbly adore and bless the "Guiding Hand" whose wisdom and love had led their feet into the pleasant paths of peace and rest.

# EXPERIENCES IN THE CITY.

JOSEPH W. SNIDER.

Young man, resident of country, hamlet, town, or smaller city, please give me your attention for a few moments while I detail some of the experiences of one who, like yourself, perhaps, had for a long time harbored the idea that the best place to develop his particular faculty for business, and to achieve that position in life, which he felt by natural right belonged to him, was New York City; and let me say right here I am not writing this article to make a good story, but shall stick exactly to the truth in every particular; and if such simple relation of my own true story will serve to deter any young man from taking the step which might result in placing him in circumstances equally bad, if not exactly the same as mine are, I shall feel—I was about to say—fully paid for the trouble of this writing, and under ordinary circumstances, that would be true; but just now I am inclined to think that the hope, destined quite likely to disappointment, of receiving some remuneration of a more material kind has quite as much to do with the motive that prompts this article, as has the wish to do good to others.

In the spring of this year, after quite a number of applications and negotiations by a business man, who took some interest in me, and who occasionally visited New York, I was at last, through his influence, provided with a situation as sort of a man-of-all-work in a wholesale provision store, at a salary of $8.00 per week, which I have since found was very liberal for a new man, who knew nothing of the business.

Arrived in the city, I found that board in a respectable place would cost about six or seven dollars per week, and inasmuch as that included only two meals a day, on the ground of economy I concluded to do as very many other young men are doing, that is, hire a furnished room, and take my meals at a restaurant; but it is a lonely, joyless manner of existence, and I pity any poor human being who has any social element in his nature, who is obliged to live so. I paid $2.50 per week for my room, and thought with the remaining $5.50 I could get along very well, and perhaps lay aside a dollar or two a week towards buying clothing when needed, but I soon found that one unfortunate enough to possess as good an appetite as I, could easily expend $1.00 every day at even the cheapest eating saloon in the city, and not be extravagant in the matter either; and that the half-dollar a day, which I had calculated for the purpose, I could live on but very unsatisfactorily; so at the end of the first week, after paying room, board, washing, and a few little incidental expenses, I found I had spent $8.82. This, of course, would not do, so I gave up my room, and took one at $1.75, which was much more gloomy and cheerless than the other, which was bad enough in that respect, certainly, for it must be remembered that good, plainly furnished rooms, in a respectable location, with nothing elaborate in their appointments, cost from $4 to $6 a week, so high is the price of real estate—and consequently of rents—in this great city. So you can imagine what mine was; enough to say that it was up many stairs, and the bedstead was short and narrow, the bed clothes few and thin. I then took table-board at a place kept by a German, near my place of business, at $4 per week; but the food was cooked in a way I was not used to, and did not very well like — however, I was living within my income, and looking forward to better times. But my greatest hardship during this time was want of society; for a young man of any refinement of feeling, and not possessing to any great degree that quality denominated "brass," might live in this city for years without being brought in

that friendly, neighborly contact with people congenial to him, without which, existence becomes little better than a blank. After a few months, a change occurring in the firm that employed me, I was told that, not doing the amount of business they anticipated, they should decrease store expenses by reducing the salaries of the other clerks, and, as I was the last employed, they should try and get along without my services; not that they were dissatisfied with me at all—would recommend me, etc.

I felt very sorry for this, for I had got used to my business, and could perform it without the half fear of not doing it right that I had at first, and I liked my employers very well, and did not like the idea of having to begin in a new place; however, I did not think it a very serious matter, for I supposed I could easily get a situation before the end of the week (this was on Wednesday) by personal application, or by answering some of the many advertisements which I had noticed in the papers under Help Wanted. I looked in the papers in which the wants are principally published, and selecting two or three which I thought I might perhaps be successful with, I wrote the advertisers in the best manner I was capable of. and was somewhat surprised as the next day passed, and the next also, at not receiving any reply; however, I looked over the papers again, and selecting some more promising looking offers, answered them: some by letter, as directed, and others in person at time and place specified; and although at the first one I visited I was on hand before the appointed time, I found twenty applicants ahead of me, which number was considerably augmented in the time I staid, which was not long, for as soon as the merchant arrived, he said: "Gentlemen, are there any among your number who have ever occupied a position of this kind in this city?" naming a vacancy he wished to have filled, "if there are, they will please come in the office." Five intelligent looking young men immediately stepped forth from whom to select; of course, the rest of us had no chance, and a repetition of this is what occurred every day, for business is done here in New York in specialties more than anywhere else in the country; that is, a firm does business in one or a few separate articles, and the employment runs in the same way. If a merchant wishes to engage an entry clerk, he not only wants one who has served in that capacity, but if he is a dealer in fancy goods, he wants an entry clerk who has been employed in that particular branch of business, and in this city; or, if he does not make this last condition absolutely essential, he will give the preference to such an one certainly, and so it is in all branches of business, whether wholesale or retail; for instance, a retail shoe dealer on 6th Avenue advertised for a clerk, and a young man with whom I had become acquainted applied. The dealer saw that the young man understood the business thoroughly, but told him he had an application by a clerk from another store on the same avenue, and he thought he might influence some trade; at any rate, other things being equal, he must of course give him the preference.

Before the end of two weeks' fruitless search for employment, my money was exhausted, and I had done what cost me a great mental effort, applied to my former employer for the loan of two dollars, which was given me, but in a way which I construed to mean—it must be the last. I still had shelter for another week, but nothing more. I received answers to some of my communications during this time, but they all ended in nothing.

At one place where a gentleman had advertised for a rapid penman, good at figures, I was well received, and the gentleman seemed to take quite an interest in me; now my penmanship could not be called elegant, though good enough for ordinary purposes; as an accountant, I am correct. I had strong hopes of getting employment here, but when he showed me samples of penmanship that had been submitted by other applicants, my heart failed me; one man in particular had left a sample of writing which I have never seen excelled: it was like copper-plate—"the corresponding clerk," the gentleman said, "of a large house—been affected by the panic; he wants to earn $10.00 per week, but would work for less."

I had now been unemployed for three weeks, during the last of which, to satisfy the cravings of hunger, I had sold a few articles of clothing that I could possibly get along without, and now had come Saturday, when the rent of my room for the ensuing week must be paid. I dreaded asking for trust in a matter of this kind, especially from a lady; but the thought of being turned into the street at length overpowered other considerations, so, putting on an indifferent air, I carelessly remarked to my landlady that I did not get any money that day, but

would pay her the first of the week. She looked at me wonderingly, but answered me kindly.

Monday I renewed my efforts with redoubled earnestness, but it was of no use. There are plenty of places where agents are wanted to sell superfluous articles by canvassing city or country, and the most glowing inducements are held out, but even these require the investment of some capital. The business is very distasteful to me, but I resolved to try it if I could get a chance. I found a man who was willing to let me have a sample of his wares without paying for until sold. At first I did not think very favorably of the article he had to sell, (patent razor strops,) but after hearing him explain all the qualities and advantages of his strops over all others, in an argument of a quarter of an hour's duration, backed up by his statements of what agents had actually done and were doing, was led to believe that I could dispose of at least one strop in every barber shop in the city. Enough to say I did not sell any strops that day, and at night, went creeping to my room like a condemned criminal, hungry and faint; when I came down the next morning, my landlady was waiting for me. "I had been thinking," she said, "that perhaps you intended giving up your room, and if so I should like to know it." I acknowledged I had some thought of so doing, and might as well leave that day.

Again I tried the razor strops, but they would not sell; weak and discouraged I returned to my employer, he thought perhaps I was not adapted to that particular business, I thought so too. Finding I had no money, he handed me a ten cent stamp, and the nearest baker sold one loaf of bread more than he otherwise would.

After quite an extended experience among them, I am forced to say that many of the concerns who make great promises to "agents" are what might be termed humbugs.

And now the shades of eve began to come slowly down. How shall I describe the feeling of utter desolation that began to come over me: no money, no friends, no home. I envied the brute beasts, the truck horse with his dray, as he contentedly wended his way to his stable up town—even the dog that followed behind; then came a feeling of angry rebellion against the laws of society and of God, followed by one of despair. Oh, the misery of that long night, walking, walking. I could not stop long to rest—the policemen seemed to be everywhere present, and loiterers at night are looked upon with suspicion, and closely watched. When you see a short item in the newspapers to the effect that a stranger, name supposed to be so and so, last night committed suicide, probable cause poverty, do you ever think of the hopes formed, only to be broken, the yearnings, the longings, the expectations never realized, the long continued mental agony that preceded the last desperate, fatal, mad resolve? I have never seriously thought of ending my own life, but I can easily see how people of a certain temperament and disposition can be brought to take such a step. I next tried the book business, and the first day was fortunate enough to sell one; that night I procured lodging, but the next day was not successful, and, of course, out again; and so time passed on—sometimes with shelter at night, but oftener without; sometimes going a whole day with absolutely nothing to eat. And now cold weather had begun to set in, and it was not until nature had become completely exhausted I could manage to sleep in some unfinished building in process of erection, or covered wagon in the street; and then the sleep I got under such circumstances was not of that refreshing kind that you are accustomed to, reader; besides, there was the continual fear of being molested in my wagon by policemen; in my house, by those having charge of it. One night, in a new building on Hudson street, I had just composed myself in a corner of an up-stairs room for a little rest, when I heard the heavy tramp of a man hurriedly approaching; in a moment he angrily appeared at my door with a big club in his hand, and I was ignominiously expelled; but in my nightly wanderings I soon found on arriving at what I considered the most eligible spots for retirement, that they were preoccupied by some poor unfortunate like myself; indeed, if it were not so, I should hardly have courage to pen this sketch, for I should consider that my being reduced so low must be owing to some fault or deficiency peculiarly my own. I had been informed by a fellow cosmopolitan that lodgings were furnished at the station houses gratuitously to homeless wanderers, but there was something in the idea that made me recoil from making the trial. But one night, when the sleet was coming down, half rain half snow, I concluded any shelter preferable, and

walking into a station house on the east side, I made known to the officer in attendance what I would like. He remarked that it was rather a late hour to come for lodging, but I told him that in my ignorance I did not know that it made any difference; he then inquired my name, age, occupation, and where I was born, my answers to which were all recorded in a book. He then turned me over to the doorkeeper, a rough, surly fellow, who conducted me to the *den*. One glance was enough for me to decide not to accept the proffered hospitality, but I begged the doorman to allow me a moment for observation. To give an adequate description of the scene I am not able; nothing less than the pen of Danté, or the pencil of Doré could do the subject justice. The stench and mixture of stenches that rose on the air, the jibes and blasphemies, prayers and curses from many of the half drunk or crazy inmates, the occupation of one or two in the corner picking the vermin from their bodies, and the general appearance of extreme filth, the yells and moans of the women in the next room—all these made an impression on me which I shall not soon forget.

On the street I again met the policeman who had directed my way to this place; he kindly loaned me a quarter. Lately I have staid for a few nights at a place in the lower part of the city, which is maintained for the aid of the homeless by the munificence of a well-known citizen of this city.

At the present moment I imagine my prospects for the future are a little brighter than they have been. I pray it may not be only imagination. And in closing I have only to say: young man, unless you are possessed of money enough to be independent, or have a positive engagement with a responsible firm, don't come to the great city. I arrive at this conclusion not only from my own experience, but from that of many others whom I have either come in actual contact with, or had knowledge of; men who have been merchants and lawyers, as well as clerks and artisans, and men of all degrees of ability, from low medium to high, don't come here to wait for something to turn up.

## WAITING.

A. A. HOPKINS

I wait: for what? For better things
For hours of which the poet sings?
To drink from purer, sweeter springs?
I hardly know.
Perchance you wonder if there be,
In distant years that we may see,
Some greater good for you and me?
It must be so.

I hold my faith in coming years.
Though dark the present time appears,
The light to be my pathway cheers.
And onward leads;
The past is but a land of dreams—
The present little that it seems—
The future hides the golden beams,
The fruitful deeds.

That which I wait will come sometime;
The greatest good will reach its prime.
And of its fullness, ripe, sublime,
I shall partake;
The nectar springs of which I dream
Will in the sunlight brightly gleam
My longing thirst at that cool stream,
I then shall slack.

Till then I wait; not hoping less
Because the greater happiness
Succeeding days do not possess—
My faith is strong;
I wait with patient firm belief
That joy will give its crown to grief,
And harvest time will bring the sheaf
Awaited long.

God pity him whose faith is dead
In good to come who may have said,
"There is no brighter day ahead,
No warmer sun;"
For him the years will slowly wane,
To him will come no end of pain,
With him will be each lasting bane
But just begun.

The mocking lights we ever chase,
That with our steps fore'er keep pace,
Familiar grow as does the face
Of dearest friends;
And if in all their mocking flight,
Our hope of capture still is bright,
The brilliance of the fleeting light
Will never end!

The greatest good we never hold;
The buds of promise ne'er unfold
Within our grasp the flowers of gold,
But blossom late.
The sweetest hopes are all before;
The rarest joys are still in store;
And patiently for evermore
We for them wait.

# MY PRAYER.

CASSELL.

I'm not a cock-sparrow with a nest in a waterspout, and my half-dozen young ones tucked up warm in amongst hay, and wool, and hair, with a new suit o' clothes growing out o' their skins—best o' quality, best o' fit, and certain to come again regularly every year at moulting time. Victuals, too, in plenty waiting to be fetched from hundreds of doors in the shape of crumbs.

No: I'm not a cock-sparrow; but, 'pon my word, I've been ready sometimes to envy the birds hopping about in the gutters when I've been down, and stood in some quiet corner off the noisy street, listening to their chirping and twittering. They've seemed so different to me, and to have such an easy time of it. No rent to pay: no need to trouble themselves about anything: only got to take a peck here and a peck there, and then find a corner where the wind don't blow, tuck your head under your warm wing, and then go to sleep.

You see things had gone hard with me for a long time. Some people, who are given to talking a great deal and thinking a very little, say that a man has only to be industrious to get on. If ever there was a mistake, i'ts this, and for the simple reason that for every bit of work that wants doing there are half-a-dozen men waiting to do it, although i'ts only enough for one. I'd tried as hard as any man could try, but it all seemed thrown away, that trying of mine, and it used to be quite a matter of course for me to go home and find the wife looking pale, and trying very hard to make believe that there was nothing the matter, when all the time there had been some upset while I'd been away.

Now it was the landlord who had been to say that we must turn out. Another day one of the little ones—Dick that was, little curly-haired chap—had run his head against the saucepan of water his mother was taking off the fire, and was scalded horribly. Only a week had gone by, and I went home to find Tilly down with measles, and for the next month I'd only got to go home, and find first one and then another down, till we had a regular sick house, and all the time me out of work.

They say it never rains but it pours, and so I found it. We'd hardly got the last one through the sickness, before poor Polly slipped on the stairs, fell, and that night I came home light-hearted and happy, as I hadn't been for months, to find my poor girl lying down and looking very white and drawn of face.

"Why, Polly," I says, "what is it now?" and I ran to the bedside, and got hold of her hand as it lay on the counterpane.

"Nothing much, Dick, only I feel a bit faint. I slipped on the stairs—better soon."

She said no more, for all her time was taken up with trying to keep her poor face from working, and contriving to hide from me the agony she was in.

It did not need that though, for as I told you I took hold of her hand, when a horrible sickly sensation came over me, the room swam round, and the great drops of perspiration stood on my forehead, because of the pain I knew I must be giving her, as the arm I lifted came up in a strange, awkward way, making me in my horror let it fall directly back on to the bed.

Poor Polly! and she trying to hide all her suffering from me, for her arm was broken.

"It might have been worse," she said, smiling, after I had got a docter to come and set it. "It might have been worse, Dick." she said. "Suppose it had happened and you without work!"

For I had been, telling her of my luck in getting taken on a job of road-making, but seeing how weak and ill she was, and in what trouble with pain, I hadn't the heart to tell her where.

I was a bit out of heart myself about where it was, and if she had been well, perhaps—I'm not sure—I might have told her all about it; but as it was, of course it would have been like poisoning her peace of mind, for my job was on the permanent way of one of the London lines, and I fully expected that a whole lot of my work would be in the tunnels with the trains roaring by night and day.

I went on the very next morning, and it was just as I expected. Our first job was in a tunnel half a mile long, and about in the middle, where the way was a little sunk from the level.

Our party, which consisted of six, had picks, shovels, and great levers, and we had, besides, four of those naphtha lamps—por-

table gas some people call them—same as you've seen used at fairs or stalls in the busy streets: and in this fashion we walked early to the mouth of the tunnel.

There was one thing I couldn't help noticing about the men of our gang, and that was the pecular dull, heavy way with which they moved arm or leg, while their heads seemed to bé never at rest. They'd good call for it though, as I soon learned, every man working at railway jobs having to divide his time in two, half being for the job on hand, half being taken up in looking out for danger.

We hadn't gone fifty yards into the tunnel, which got blacker and closer, and more wet and reeking with damp, at every step, before I began to hear a dull, heavy roar. We were walking on the righthand side between the metals, so as to *meet* any train upon the line, and my first movement was to step on to the other line—"four-foot" we call it—so as to be out of the way till the train had come by.

"Here, hold hard!" shouted the leader of our gang, and he laid a hand on my shoulder and dragged me back; for I hadn't seen that there was another train coming into the tunnel, and that it was dashing up swiftly, giving us just time to creep back in the holes left in the tunnel wall, like doorways, here and there, before it went by with a rush.

I couldn't help it—perhaps it was through it's all being so new to me—anyhow, I came over all of a tremble, and felt that scared, I could hardly hold the pick I had brought with me.

What would Polly feel if she knew I was here? I thought, and I felt quite pleased that I had not told her what it was I had to do.

The next minute we were making on further into the tunnel, but we had not gone far before there was the loud hollow roar coming again through the darkness; then, like a couple of faint stars, we could see the engine-lights; the word was given, and we got into the man-holes once more. Then the faint stars grew and grew till they flashed and glimmered on the wet brick walls—grew and grew till they seemed coming to burn us up—and then there was a roar and a flash, and the whole train was by, and we were all walking on.

It was very slow work, for there was a train about every three minutes and we had to get into a safe place pretty well half a minute before it passed. Long enough, you'll say; but it was the custom with the men to get out of the way in good time, to be on the safe side; so that, counting both ways, I think seven trains passed us before we got to the place where we were to begin.

To a new hand, it was a dismal, cellar-like place; the air smelt burnt and foul, and as if the engines had used it up half-a-dozen times over, leaving only bad steam in its stead. Our lamps were hung up on iron rods we brought with us, and stuck in the six-foot way between the two lines, and there we stood ready to begin.

It puzzled me to think how we should ever get the job done, for it seemed as if we should be able to give about half-a-dozen strokes with a pick and then leave off; and ours was likely to be a longish bit of work, for the line had settled, so that what we had to do was to clear away the ballast, then with the long levers bodily hoist up a length of rail, and the wood sleepers it rested on, and shovel the gravel underneath.

Well, it was like this for hour after hour: just a few strokes of shovel or pick, and then the shriek of an engine and its two bright eyes glowing in the distance, and seeming for all the world to me there in the darkness like the horrors of a fever or nightmare, or something of that kind. I couldn't get myself to think and feel that it was real. I kept expecting to wake up in bed to attend on Polly, or on one of the children that was sick. I couldn't, of course, make out what that hollow roar or those two bright flaming eyes had to do with it, but there they were, seeming to fascinate me; as they came nearer and nearer the noise grew louder and louder, and then the train dashed by, seeming to take my breath with it, leaving me crouching close to the slimy wall, as if longing to force myself into it, till the ganger's voice roused me into knowing where I was with his husky voice and his "Get on, my lads."

How I got through that day I never seemed to know; but though I breathed freely when outside the tunnel, and took all the reckless jokes of my mates in good part, there was a regular load at my heart, and I could only think of going in next day with a sort of shudder, for I'd got it into my head that one of those trains would be the death of me, and the shriek of the engine, and the hollow roar of those coming and of those going away, rang in my ears till I got to my own door.

I found Polly very bad, though she wouldn't own to it. Her face was burning, and her eyes looked bright and unnatural,

but she would have it that she was going on all right, and, in spite of the pain I was sure she was in, kept on talking cheerful till all the children had gone to bed, and then, poor girl, she broke down, and lay crying for her helplessness, with her poor feverish head on my arm, and me doing what little I could to comfort her, which wasn't much. After a time she began to doze off, and I hadn't the heart to move her; but after about an hour she roused up a little, and I thought she was going to ask me for something; but she rambled off into all sorts of things, going back to our country days, and frightening me, for she began to talk of green leaves and grass and flowers.

That was a weary night: I had come home tired and almost ill, but there was no room for two of us to be ill then, so I nursed her as well as I could, and towards morning she dozed off into a quiet sleep, leaving me to think of what I had better do.

I was obliged to go to work, so the only arrangement I could make was to ask a neighbor to step in and attend to her, and six o'clock saw me with the ganger and his lot on the way once more to the tunnel.

Thinking of what I had left at home, I determined to fight down the feeling of fear I had on the day before, telling myself that I was a coward, and that the job was done by other men, so why should I be afraid. It was all no use though, for, do what I would, every train that came by gave me a regular shock.

You see, the sitting up all night, after being fagged the day before, made me the more unfit than I should have been; and what with wondering whether the doctor would remember to call, and our neighbor to go in, and the children to do all I had told them, I often got into such a muddled state that it was like being wakened out of sleep when the ganger called to us to stand aside.

It was the custom there to work very slowly and easily, or else I'm sure they would have had something to say about the sleepy way in which I handled my shovel; and over and over again a train was close on me before I moved.

I should think that it was getting on for twelve o'clock that, as I was shovelling away there, everything seemed to pass away from me, and I was back watching by Polly's bedside. My arms were busy enough handling the tool, but my mind was gone, and if ever a man went fast asleep standing up, I did then. Fast asleep? Yes, and dreamed too; for I seemed to be telling the children not to make so much noise, for they were drawing something about in the next room. The lights were burning, and the place was very hot and stuffy, owing to the kettle having boiled over, and poor Polly's eyes somehow seemed to gleam with fever in the most unnatural way.

They frightened me at last, those eyes did, coming nearer and nearer to me as they did till they seemed to burn me, and I wanted to get away from them; only I told myself it wouldn't be kind if I did when she was so ill, so I stood and looked full at them for what seemed a terrible long while, till I knew that I could bear it no longer, and then, with a start, I woke to find that I was staring right at a coming train with the two glaring, flashing lights, and the thundering hollow roar.

Of course it only took a few moments, but it was like an age to me. And there's all that cellary-looking, slimy-walled place, and the naphtha lamps, and the ruddy faces of my mates, and me fascinated and forced-like to stare at that coming engine, burning, snorting, and dropping hot coals—that scene is all burned into my memory so deep, that I can never forget it as long as I live.

The ganger shouted, my mates yelled out to me, but I couldn't move; I could only stand staring at the horrible monster, which I knew must kill me the next moment, and then it came upon me just as I dropped on the ballast and lay half in a faint. There was a flash of light, the whizzing of wheels, the hollow echoing roar, and I knew that as I lay between the rails the whole train was passing over me.

I've seen long trains, and I've heard of long trains, but that one, though perhaps only the usual length, seemed to take an hour to pass over me, and me thinking all the time of the coupling-irons that must come and dash my brains out. Then I thought I was already killed, and that there was no bodily pain for those who where slain, only the pain of thinking; and then I was looking at the tail-lights of the engine flaming naphtha lamps.

They picked me up, my mates did, and they were going to carry me out, when I shook them off and told them I was all right making them quite savage-like that I should be unhurt when they had all made up their minds that I was killed. They all owned, though that it was the narrowest escape they ever see, and the ganger took care to give

me better notice the rest of the day. Not that I fell into such a state again, for the shock of what I had suffered kept me wakeful to a degree.

That affairs seemed to have the effect of stringing me up tight, for though I have worked for days together—ay, and nights too—in tunnels, I never seemed to feel afraid. I never told Polly though, for, you see, what would be the good? It would only have made her nervous and kept her back from getting well, which took her long enough as it was. However, I won't grumble, for as she mended, things succeeded with us, and now our home's as comfortable a palace as a man can get for six-and-sixpence a week. Tunnel work ain't plesant, but I've got about used to it; not so used though but that, as I said before, I shall never forget that affair—such a narrow escape as it was—and when I do think of it, and there's no one by, I tell you what I do: honestly, and with all my heart, I takes off my cap and closes my eyes, so as to be all shut in like to myself, and then I say a prayer, a very short one, but it tells all I want, and you know what's said about much speaking. My prayer's a very short one, but it gives all that's felt by a man whose life was spared thst he might go on trying to do his duty towards his sick wife and children; it's only just this:—"Thank God. Amen."

# LOUIS AGASSIZ.

REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

So much has been said in the public journals about the extinction of this great light of science, that the readers of the HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE need not any further eulogy. Though some of the statements are not quite accurate, they know that, rejecting every temptation Europe could offer, every privilege Paris might present, every honor an Emperor could bestow, Agassiz devoted himself for nearly forty years to develop the natural history of America. But, even before his mission by Prussia to the United States, he had been sought out by John A. Lowell, and engaged to deliver that course of free lectures before the Institute, in Boston, which was his first introduction to an American audience.

Providence had a great deal to do with the direction of his early studies. At Munich he fell in with a circle of enthusiastic naturalists hardly to be found anywhere else upon earth, who warmly welcomed him into their circle, shared with him their investigations of fishes, started him on that path which was engrossing his attention, at the very moment when "God's finger touched him," and he slept.

Then, too, Providence favored him signally in the fact that the glaciers, just then being studied, were not at all understood; and that here was a path to distinction thrown open to him in his own native mountains—for he was born near the Swiss lake, Neufchatel. Demonstrating that these frozen rivers moved, he was the first to show that their friction explained the stripes found upon the highest mountains; and that glacier action had, therefore, a great hand in the formation of our globe. Through immense opposition this theory worked its way on, till Sir Roger Murchison declared, "I have been all my life opposing the glacier-theory: I have been all the while opposing the truth."

The United States appears in no more honorable light before the world than in first selecting this really noble soul to interpret its locked up mysteries. Second, in continuing its hearty support of his investigations through a period full of change. Third, in honoring him as it did no other man of genius, with ample aid for his projects, with generous sympathy in his schemes, with enthusiastic praise for whatever he accomplished. As I heard the first lectures he delivered in America, as a daughter of mine completed her education in his family, as much of my life has been spent almost under the eaves of his dwelling house, I can speak of a reverence, a trust, a sympathy felt towards him by all classes, quite incomprehensible to those who have never met this genial spirit, and almost never felt to mere men of science.

Take that fatal gift which really killed him—Penikese Island: how money flowed in without his asking, help of the very best kind, the admiration of the whole land, the confidence of men of science, the enthusiasm of young persons, so that there never

was before such testimony to the inspiration of genius as this little rock bore with its sea-washed lips. That precious leisure which an overtasked brain demanded for restoration, he devoted without reward to educate the educators of America, only stipulating that no manuals should be brought to this novel school, and that every one should read afresh the great book of Nature there thrown wide open at their feet.

That he had intense convictions, such enthusiasms as philosophers are sometimes ashamed to own, was part of the secret of his influence. His interest in glaciers interested the European world. His curiosity about American fishes stirred up all Cape Cod—sent its thrill through the great lakes, flowed down the majestic stream of the Father of Waters, and last of all laid bare the wonders of the Pacific deep.

His hand fell palsied by his side just as he was writing for "The Atlantic" a series of papers against the theory of evolution, which bears the name of Darwin. He did not believe in the universal "survival of the fittest:" did not believe that the earliest discovered man resembled the ape any more than we: insisted upon it that no process of transition from one species to another could be anywhere found on earth. And the battle into which he was throwing heart and soul would have engaged the attention of the civilized world, and resulted beyond a doubt in the progress of truths, in intenser interest in all created things, and profounder gratitude to the All-Father. It seemed sad enough that he should be taken just then when so much was planned out that nobody else could do, not only with the pen but the tongue, not only in the Museum but at Penikese, not only in superintending, but in inspiring others. But so it would have been any following year. The excitement of his influence was working wider all the while: the field of his action was overlapping every limit: the host he was summoning as fellow-laborers, more than he even imagined—so that the same great chasm would have been made by his departure had the diseased brain permitted such overwork another ten years.

Among the curious interviews, hundreds of which occured to him, was one in a New England church, after a lecture before a teacher's institute, where the audience had gathered closely around the tired lecturer to express their gratitude. Up spoke a village quidnunc, in tones that quenched every whisper, "What do you think, Professor, of the meaning of *day*, in the first chapter of Genesis?" The lecture had had no reference to the period of creation, so that Agassiz might as well have expected a question about the man in the moon; but his reply disarmed the man: "*That* is a subject which I have concluded to take ten years to think upon before I say anything."

About that time, returning from a lecture at Hopkinton, he said to a friend in the cars, "One thing ever surprises me. I go out into these rocky, country places, no matter which way, and there's a large, intelligent assembly gathered to listen with interest to lectures on science. Think of such a thing in France! Of course, in the great centres like Lyons I could find such hearers; but how they meet me in little places, created by the common schools, educated by the churches, made ready to be self-governed municipalities."

Lately in Cambridge, a horse running away with a chaise from a house where he had been half fastened, he encountered it returning from his lecture; two persons had passed the fugitive without notice. The Professor seized the runaway, secured him effectually, then hastened home to work.

A still prettier story is, that having gone himself to the pump for water, in some dissecting business which was urgent, he did not return as was expected, and being sought by the assistants, he was found seated on the grass, fondling a little child whom he had hitten in his haste, changing the boy's tears into tears of joy. His students used to say that no venomous snake ever bit the Professor, he handled it so lovingly; and it was with a kind of patronizing feeling that he seemed to take up the poor dead shell and say, "Here, gentlemen, is a mollusk."

And a very significant trifle about his impressive personality is, that when he had refused the importunity of his friends to come and lecture, saying "that he was too busy to think about making money," and they then begged him to come and beam on them, he went to them with that radiant face, which made the dog look up lovingly, and the little children clap their hands.

A very characteristic fact is, that having been sued for exposing the wretchedness of a geological map of the state of New York, the law students of Cambridge were to try the case in moot court. Agassiz sent for the defendant-youth, showed him the books he

needed to master the case, and so excited in him a permanent interest in the science. His whole motive being to quicken that study of the ever-open book of Nature, which would ever purify, cheer, and enlarge their souls, by the knowledge of those stupendous wonders wrought through long ages in the ever-heaving sod.

Some friend objected to the work Agassiz was asking him to do, "that he would have to work in the vacation." "Yes," said Agassiz, "and I have no vacation."

But the tenderest thing he said was on his dying pillow, when noticing the gloom in his friends' faces, he said, with full, round tones, "Why look so sad? there is no such thing as death." To him, certainly, there was not.

# THE FORTUNE TELLER.

## TENOROON.

Old gypsy Moll sat in the corner of her tent, smoking her afternoon pipe. Old Moll was a fortune-teller—artful and sly, a quick reader of human nature, and very shrewd in her guesses; so successful had she been at times that many of the young and credulous believed her to be a veritable witch, and though this inspired them with fear, yet it threw around the gypsy a certain fascination which only tended to increase her trade.

Old Moll's face was grimy and dark, and wrinkled and thin. Her eyes black and piercing, were overshadowed by heavy gray brows, and her forehead was narrow and low. Her mouth might once have been pretty, but now it was discolored with tobacco, and where there should have been rows of white teeth there were only one or two unsightly tusks. Moll's nose was thin and hooked —an evil-looking member—but well in keeping with the leering, sinister expression of her restless eyes. Her coarse, gray hair was usually concealed under a gaudy red hood, but at times, when trade was dull, she threw aside this piece of finery, and then the straggling, matted masses hung down her back, and clung to her face, making her frightful to behold. Her hands were not skeletonish, not bony but large and brown, and sinewy and masculine—dreadful hands for a woman.

Old Moll, however, was not altogether bad. Witty and keen, with an imagination equal to any occasion, possessing a fund of wild, fanciful stories, strange and exciting accounts, she was a favorite in the camp, and her company was much sought to enliven the long lazy hours of the gypsies' lives.

As Moll sat smoking her old black pipe, with greasy pots, dirty kettles, and broken dishes piled around her here and there, the canvas was thrown back, and there appeared to her a vision so lovely it touched her heart, hard as it was.

It was a young girl, with a face heaven-like—so full of sunshine, so fair, so beautiful. She was fancifully attired, but with perfect taste, and around her head and over her braids of black hair, floated a soft silvery vail, which, as it glistened and shone in the sunlight, appeared like a halo of glory resting upon the radiant maiden. She was irresistible, fascinating, though evidently unconscious of the fact; every movement was full of grace as impulsively she half danced towards the swarthy witch, followed by one of the band, who had conducted her thither.

"Oh a real bright, happy fate give me, Auntie," she cried, without a shadow of fear, as she dropped a silver coin into the old hag's lap. "Let me live in a land full of music and sunshine and flowers, and give me a life full of love, free from care, free from sorrow, free from strife;" and the enthusiastic creature laughingly outstretched her hand, and the dark, horny palm of the gypsy closed over it.

Old Moll was in her best of moods; ugliness seemed to have gone out of her as she gazed at the pure young creature. For once she exerted herself to please another, without other thought. Old Moll waxed eloquent; she seemed to be lifted above her usual self, and her glowing description of the young girl's future, which her vivid imagination enabled her to portray, was not only wonderful in itself, but really touching and tear-starting, something so pure, beautiful, unexpected, from a source so dark—a black, murky cloud shedding soft white snow flakes.

"I half believe you" exclaimed the young girl, flushed and excited; "Good-bye, Auntie, good-bye; I hope—I *hope* it *will* come

true;" and then passing through the opening the bright form was hid from sight.

Old Moll forgot to chuckle to herself as usual; forgot to ring the silver coin upon the stones as she was wont to do; and her pipe neglected, the ashes grew cold and white. Long she sat there, until the golden head of day grew twilight gray; and then, the sin-seared woman thrust aside the canvas, and looking up to the sky watched the stars as one by one they burnt themselves into the blue. She threw off her red hood, and tossed it inside, The wind as if objecting to so much hideousness in such a beautiful night, yet feeling a sort of pity excited by the unusual, wistful expression of old Moll's countenance, drew the tangled hair over her face, and vailed it from sight; so only God knew of the tears that tracked down the untraveled, choked-up wrinkle-paths, for they were hidden by this cloud of gray which overshadowed all.

The night came down, and Moll accustomed to prostrate herself before this dark shadow, threw herself on her bed of leaves and straw, and made her obeisance in the old stereotyped way introduced by slumber in the beginning of the world.

* * * * * * * * *

"The young woman is dead, Moll," said Gypsy Jo, strolling into Moll's tent, a few days after.

Moll's pipe fell from her mouth, and left a little trail of red ashes on the ground. Her face grew rigid, and she threw off her hood with a jerk, and run her fingers into her hair, while her eyes grew very bright and eager.

"I knew it, I knew it," she exclaimed. "I may never see it, but it was Heaven I described, I felt it. There's no place on the earth free from care, from sorrow, from strife, I know that, without tellin'. There should be caution even in wishin' for happiness. She *had* to die: there's no land full of flowers, of music, of sunshine, of love—no land free from care, from sorrow, from strife but Heaven—and she prayed for that."

There seemed to be a spell over the place. There was a voice sounding through the air, and they fancied they saw repeated the scene they had so lately witnessed: a radiant creature going out from their midst, but ere she left, turning her bright head towards them, and laughingly excitedly, exclaiming: "Good-bye, Auntie, good-bye, I *hope* it *will* come true."

Her desire had been granted. She had wished for perfect happiness, and she had found it—not on earth, but in Heaven.

# TO YOURSELF.

MIRIAM KIRTLAND.

I love you. Let Fate do her worst! I stand
Here in full daylight, with uplifted hand,
And vow by my sweet mother, by the face
God took ere sin had dimmed its baby-grace,
By ev'ry hope to which the hours give breath,
That I am yours alone—in life or death.

Time's mercy lets my face seem somewhat fair,
And girlhood's sunshine lingers on my hair;
But, years ago, my heart's bright youth and trust
Turned, like its idols, into worthless dust;
Since then I've watched the hopeless years drift by
Without one thought—without one passing sigh—
For love or friendship. All too well I know
That present joy but breeds some future woe,
Yet, when your hand clasped mine, in that same hour
My slum'bring heart aroused itself in power;
Awoke to learn that life could never more
Wear the same icy calmness as before.

Suns come and go; moons wax and wane; but yet
The glory of one day can never set.
Whate'er the future hold, it cannot be
Forgetfulness shall come to you, or me.
The heav'ns shall pass away. The stars shall fall.
But I shall love you—*love you* through it all.

# MY FIRST MYSTERY.

S. D

I am going to relate an occurrence which some people will think very insignificant. In the even tenor of my homely life, however, it was what is termed an "event." It turned out for the best, as many bitter things do in this life of struggle. Many, I am told, are scourged by the affliction under which I unconsciously suffered. I relate my experiences, therefore, by the earnest advice of my friend the vicar, for the benefit of all whom they may concern.

I lived on the borders of Epping Forest, in a small house, which looked like a tall square tower of brick; it was old, and covered over at one side, and part of another, with ivy. There was a pretty little flower-garden, with the finest stock-gilliflowers in that part of the world in front, and hollyhocks of various colors, and roses nodded over the wooden paling. A very good fruit garden, though the trees were a little old, containing apples and pears, together with gooseberries and raspberries, and other "small fruit." was in the rear.

I was always a staid, quiet fellow, who liked home and a punctual, comfortable life, but being a bachelor, I began, at the age of nine-and-thirty, to feel a little lonely, and my income being nearly five hundred a year, and my house and appurtenances being quite enough for a modest family, I very secretly, and with much precaution, began to look out for a wife.

I don't think any one suspected me of matrimonial tendencies, with so much circumspection did I conduct matters.

I chose Miss Martha Pendles. She was tall and silent, had commanding black eyes, and was full of prudence. I knew I had only to speak. I did. She looked surprised. Her magnificent black eyes were fixed steadily upon me for nearly half a minute, while she meditated, and then she accepted me.

She was, I may say, much admired. She was majestically handsome. I felt that I was fortunate. I had secured the most devoted and economical of women.

She came home. I assured her of my undying affection, and talked of culinary and household affairs. I asked her, among other things, how much wine—it was a subject I was sensitive upon — she thought would quite suffice her every week. She told me she never drank wine, beer, or any other exciting fluid; and at dinner, luncheon, and supper, her glass always stood empty, except when there was water in it. I loved her more and more every day.

I must now relate a painful occurrence; a a mysterious state of things; a discovery; and an affliction which occurred during the first years of our married life, and which I remember still with consternation.

My wife was attacked with an extraordinary sort of fit. How long she had been suffering from that kind of seizure, I could not tell—she could not tell. I will relate how I first discovered her alarming infirmity.

Dear Martha had retired to rest, perfectly well, at ten o'clock. I had some letters to write, which detained me, for some hours later, in the drawing-room. While writing them, I had occasion twice to consult accounts, which were filed in a little press in our bedroom.

My first visit was at about a quarter to eleven. I found her in bed, but wide awake, and apparently perfectly well, except that her face was unusually flushed, and her eyes unnaturally brilliant. She said she felt very nervous, and complained of my stealing about the house, disturbing her.

I entreated her to compose herself to sleep. She answered that if I were good enough either to stay in the room, or to stay out of it, it would compose her more than anything she could do.

She had such a pointed way of putting things!

I was obliged to go up a second time on a similar errand, about an hour later. I put off my shoes lest I should disturb her, and I listened at the door. She was breathing stertorously; or, in less technical language, snoring.

Dear Martha never admitted that she snored. It made her very angry that I should insinuate or believe any such thing. And yet undoubtedly she did, and so loud and long, as not unfrequently to keep me awake for hours.

On this occasion the sounds were welcome to me, because I could enter the room without fear of disturbing her, and on doing so, I found her still very much flushed, but in a profound sleep.

When I finally returned, she was still snoring; but, to my horror, I found her lying on the floor. My terror increased, for, on endeavoring to get her up, I could not waken her. With the assistance of the housemaid I got her into bed. But she continued insensible till five o'clock in the morning, when I found that on raising her head, by an additional pillow, she mumbled a little, and showed some signs of returning consciousness, and shortly after, to my great relief, I did succeed in waking her. After talking for a few minutes quite like herself, she fell into a natural and healthy sleep, and next morning was just as usual.

I became, in consequence of what I had witnessed, extremely uneasy about dear Martha's state of health.

I began to watch her more closely, and I found, to my consternation, that these alarming seizures were of frequent occurrence, and always at the same time. She would go to bed perfectly well; we would both fall asleep; I would then, perhaps an hour or two later, be wakened by her persistent snoring, and find her in the state I have described.

It was horrifying; for I could not tell how it might end. I represented to dear Martha that she ought to consult a physician. She would not hear of it. I then advised her to live a little less abstemiously. I implored of her to take some stimulant, if it were only a glass of sherry at dinner and luncheon. But on this point she was inexorable also; and when I pressed it, she became quite impatient.

I write with my diary beside me, and in it I find the following entry: "Dear Martha makes me ashamed of myself. How Quixotically abstinent she is! While I sip my tumbler of brandy-and water, and drink my pint of half-and-half daily. My apothecary, to whom I have described her formidable seizures, persists in his opinion that the nervous system is prostrate, and cannot recover its tone without the use of a moderate stimulant. How is it that women are so prone to enthusiasm, and so ready in a good cause to rush into a frantical extreme? She has laid down a rule of life for herself, and the menace of death itself is powerless to induce her to relax its self-imposed austerity."

I fell into a habit of waking at about one o'clock every morning, and I found that this state of coma had actually become of nightly recurrence.

I became too anxious to allow an affection of so formidable a kind to become incurably established without taking active measures for the restoration of my excellent wife.

Without a hint of my intention to her, I made up my mind to consult Doctor Pelham, in whom I had implicit confidence, upon her case.

I was lucky. A chance would bring him by my house, on his way back to town, at about one o'clock the very next morning. He would then make me a quiet visit, and he would see the patient, and consider the case carefully.

We were early people, and usually retired to bed at precisely ten o'clock. This night, however, I was obliged to take my place at the annual dinner of the Mutual Sustentation and Benefit Brotherhood, a sort of mutual insurance union of which I was a member, and sat on the committee.

I did not reach home till twelve o'clock. My wife, the servant told me, had gone to bed at her usual hour, and was quietly asleep. She knew nothing of my arrangement with Doctor Pelham.

I had been able to think of nothing else during our annual dinner. I could not say what mortal derangement of brain or heart the diagnosis of the doctor might disclose. I was now looking from the front sitting-room window across our little garden, now lighted brightly by the moon, to the road, eagerly watching for the arrival of the physician's carriage.

I grew more nervous as the moment approached. The clock struck one, and not very long after, Doctor Pelham's brougham glided up to the little garden gate, and, leaving the hall-door open, I ran out to meet him at his carriage door, and to conduct him into the house.

Quietly we came in, he asking me a few questions as we did so. The hall-door was softly shut, and, at his request, I led him at once up to the patient's room.

There she lay, just as usual, in the same profound coma.

He felt her pulse. He stood by the side of the bed, candle in hand, and examined her face. He made me turn her in the bed, first on one side, and then on the other; then he made me shake her gently, then more briskly. Then he made me call her gently, then loudly, and finally I satisfied him that she was in a state of coma. He raised her eyelid, and looked at her eye, and stooped, as he did so, very close to her face. Then he stood again at the side of the bed, looking down on her, with his lips com-

pressed and drawn down at the corners, and a hard frown, and he nodded once or twice as he was thinking.

"That will do," said he. "Let us go down."

I was very much alarmed; his face frightened me. I led him again to the front room.

"Is it anything very serious, doctor?" I asked, very much afraid of the answer that was coming.

"Serious enough," said he.

"But can't you do something for it?" I said.

"Nothing," he answered.

"Good heaven! sir, what is it?" I exclaimed.

"You and your vicar may do her more good than I could," said Doctor Pelham.

"But what is it?" I exclaimed, in something bordering on distraction.

It had occurred to me that he thought it attributable to some malign spiritual agency, and he looked quite mysterious enough to mean anything.

He smiled faintly, and nodded, and looked out through the window for a moment, and then, turning to me with a little shrug, he said:

"I see there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy. Have you read your Arabian Nights?"

"Genii?" I asked, thinking he meant thereby to indicate supernatural agency.

"You remember, then," he continued, "a story of a lady who had certain unaccountable peculiarities which puzzled her husband. He lay awake one night, pretending to be asleep, as usual; he watched, her, saw her rise, and leave the room. He followed, keeping her in view, and tracked her to the tombs, where he saw her at her infernal repast, and discovered her to be a ghoul?"

"A ghoul!" I exclaimed.

"Now, in this case," he continued, "you must practice a similar stratagem. You must have nerve to follow it up."

"And what shall I see?" I said.

"Wonders," he replied.

"But what?" I insisted.

"Say nothing to put her on her guard, and your eyes will tell you that. I shan't say a word more on the subject. Good-night," he said, and went quickly to the hall-door.

I followed him, and tried to slip his fee into his hand as he passed me. But he peremptorily declined it; and repeating "Good-night," ran down the steps, through the garden, jumped into his carriage, and had driven away before I half recovered the stun of what he had said.

I took a long walk next day. I kept as much as possible out of my wife's way. The doctor's mysterious conduct had given me vague and secret misgivings about her; and a sense of the espionage I meditated, a duplicity imposed upon me as a matter of conscience, and such as I had never practiced before in all my life, combined to embarrass me in her presence.

I don't know whether it was fancy, but I thought her fine black eyes followed me about with a steady but stealthy suspicion, all that evening, as if she were intuitively informed of the altered state of my thoughts, and knew, with a fearful anticipation, that light was about to break in upon me.

I did my best to appear unconcerned and easy. We played our short game of écarté as usual after tea. I read aloud a chapter of Miss Burney's charming novel of Cecilia, and then our portion of the Pilgrim's Progress, and lastly, our accustomed chapter of the Bible.

I saw her look at me as I did so, in a marked and suspicious way, and before we went up-stairs she asked a little abruptly:

"Are you quite well this evening, Jerry?"

I laughed (what a hypocrite I was becoming) as well as I was able, and assured her that nothing was amiss with me, that I never felt better, and only wished that she were half as well.

She seemed satisfied, and we went to rest.

It was my habit, ever since I had discovered her liability to the seizures which I have described, and which appeared to me since my secret interview with Doctor Pelham, the night before, unspeakably more awful than ever, to keep a light burning in the room all night. I was therefore furnished, without any departure from ordinary habits, with means and opportunity of observing all that should pass.

I affected to fall into a sound sleep; my wife appeared to me really to do so.

I continued to lie perfectly still, and to breathe long and deep as before. I began to feel unaccountably nervous.

At about a quarter to twelve my wife sat up in the bed, and looked at me. I had closed my eyes, except the least bit in life. She sat as still as a wax image, looking at me. Then she leaned over me and listened. Then softly and lightly she slid out of bed

at the far side, without a sound, unlocked a press in the wall, and applied a black bottle to her lips.

I had risen, followed her round the bed with a noiseless tread on the thick carpet, and before she had made three great gulps from its contents, stretched my hand over her shoulder, and seized the bottle by the neck.

I wish she had screamed; I almost wish she had fainted; I don't know why, but her silence and stillness shocked me. There she stood, looking up in my face, for she had cowered down a little, with a horrid deprecatory smile, and her face and lips as white as death.

I think I was as much horrified as she was. I felt positively freezing with horror.

"Give me that," I said, gently but firmly withdrawing the bottle from her hand. The smell told me what it was before I raised it, and read "best cognac brandy" on its scarlet and green label.

I peeped into the press, or rather closet, round which broad shelves ran. Whole regiments of empty bottles, similarly labelled, stood there beside some half-dozen next the door, with their seals unbroken. This I saw at a glance. My wife attempted a little swagger, and affected indignation, but it broke down. The case was too strong for her. She sat down on the side of the bed and cried: I cried also.

She said at last:

"I'll be a better wife in future to you, Jerry"

I kissed her, and we cried together a great deal.

Poor thing! She made a noble effort. She was very much changed after that. I used to see her looking at me when she thought I was not minding, and her fine eyes fill up with tears. I never alluded to the occurrence. There was good in her; and I think my forbearance touched her. Our good old vicar was often with her. She resisted bravely; and, thank Heaven, quite mastered her fault.

She was very affectionate, and seemed to wish to make amends, as if she owed me a great reparation. I told her never to think of it more. I reminded her that it was only to herself she had been unkind, and did my best to cheer and make her happy.

But I saw her looking at me as I have described; and sometimes she would turn away from me suddenly, and I knew she was in tears. She had quite lost her gaiety, and seemed to have some great care always upon her mind.

I took her away for change of scene to Rhyll. But she began to grow more melancholy, and talked as if she had no hope of heaven. The dejection of her mind afflicted me.

About six months after she was attacked with inflammation of the lungs. It was an unspeakable comfort to me that our good old vicar happened to be a visitor at Rhyll at that time. Before she died, for it was her last illness, she became comparatively serene and hopeful.

My married life was of less than three years' duration, and I have never thought of marrying again. Thirty years have passed since the occurrence of the scene I have described, and there cannot remain to me many years more of my solitary sojourn on earth.

---

## "THE WEEKLY DIABOLICAL:"

### A SKETCH WITH A MORAL.

KARL KASE.

I am a German. I say this not in a boastful spirit, for when Germany drove my people away as exiles, America welcomed them as men, and for every blessing that has been given me from my childhood until now, I owe my own country nothing, but in everything stand indebted to yours, and as I have never refused to accept your favors, so I think you will never find me unwilling to acknowledge my obligations.

I utter the sentence simply as an introductory to that which succeeds, wherein will be portrayed, and in a manner which I am sure will excite your sympathy, the distinctness of your nationality, and the impossibility of foreigners to imitate your example and nourish your popular institutions without the most disastrous results. On returning home from my office about a month ago, a large assembly at a street

corner attracted my attention, and upon drawing nearer I perceived a man mounted upon a store box, vociferously claiming the attention of the throng.

"Gentlemen," said he as he held his hand aloft, as though appealing to the Divine agency for the truth of what he was to say, "Gentlemen," he repeated, "I do not come in a gaily painted chariot, drawn by magnificently caparisoned steeds. I come not amid the roll of drums, and the clamor of horns, as come the quack and the charlatan. I bear in my hands no beastly unguent with which to tamper with the vital functions of life, and render existence ultimately a curse. I have no cures to effect, no tumors to remove, no bones to mend; but I come as a man of letters, as a representative of the public press, and carry with me a weekly journal which will not only gladden your firesides, but will also meet with a national recognition, inasmuch as it supplies a national want.

Gentlemen, in this paper which I hold in my hand are stories that will awaken in your hearts, passions, sentiments and emotions, of whose existence you have been wholly ignorant hitherto; stories that will arouse your sympathies, move you to tears, and stories in which will be portrayed the courage, daring, and intrepidity of the white man, as contrasted with the treachery, cowardice and deceit of the red."

The man spoke further, and concluded with an earnest solicitation for immediate subscriptions.

Had I been called upon in passing homeward, as some one man *must* have been, to serve as a nucleus to that throng, I would have summoned the most convenient authority, and had the man arrested as a disturber of public peace, and a corrupter of public morals; but as the speaker grew eloquent the murmuring of the multitude became less distinct; and a grave repose rested upon the upturned faces across which the gaslight flared.

When the harangue was concluded many stepped forward to subscribe. There was a seriousness identified with the entire proceeding which, for the first moment, surprised me, and which eventually removed my prejudices to such an extent that upon resuming my walk homeward I carried with me a copy of "The Weekly Diabolical," having a few moments before booked my name for an entire year.

I simply glanced at the sheet; it needed no examination to assure me that to read the periodical would be a fearful waste of time; but I was consoled with the fact that I had given money to a man whose forlorn appearance bespoke its want, while the paper itself might serve to interest the ones I loved at home.

I threw the journal to my son, a youngling of twelve, and the enthusiasm with which he beheld its rude illustrations, and the excitement with which he perused its columns actually delighted me, and made me feel satisfied that the trifling amount paid for subscription would be the means of amusing my family circle more than double the amount expended in any other channel.

The interest with which my boy read that paper was intense, and when bed-time came, "The Weekly Diabolical" went with him stairward; but the next morning at the breakfast table I was surprised upon hearing the youth relate a series of bloody adventures and fiendish deeds, commited by the *bold Duffer of Australia*, and was astounded at hearing him pronounce the Duffer a *jolly dog* and a *bully boy;* upon inquiry I learned that the bold Duffer was one of the characters figuring conspicuously in the paper which had been introduced to my family circle the evening before.

I did not address the young man personally, but consistent with the custom of most married men, I told his mother that she ought to be more careful in training her son, and advised her particularly to notice his phraseology.

Upon returning home to dinner a dish confronted me entirely unlike any I had ever seen before, and which looked as though all the resources of cookery had been mingled in one conglomerate mass. My wife informed me that it was made up from a recipe found in the "Diabolical." There was something about that dish which sickened me. Curiosity, however, got the best of me, and I helped myself to a single spoonful. It was *enough.* I didn't want another; indeed I felt confident that should I live to be a hundred years old I would never want any more. I'm usually a man of few words, but the demands of the occasion called upon the entire limits of my reserved vocabulary, and I pointedly remarked that feelings of a hostile nature would arise between me and my wife, if she ever again thrust in my presence such a disgusting mess.

I returned to my office, and the memory of that spoonful haunted me all the afternoon. For the first time in my life I had a difficulty with my partner and abused my clerks. I tried everything to supplant that one savor, and tried everything in vain. I displayed my indignation by smashing a mirror that wouldn't hang right, and by breaking a spittoon that came in contact with my foot, while the clerks looking back from their desks, trembled as though fearful of immediate discharge, and multiplied conjectures as to what was the matter with the "boss."

I was unpardonably rude, and I dismissed Mrs. Jenkins who came in for a few dollars with which to procure red flannel shirts and fine tooth combs for the poor little heathen, by gruffly telling her that it was as much as I cared to do to furnish red flannel shirts and fine tooth combs for the heathen at home.

I left the office at an early hour and returned to tea. My wife met me on the threshold, and her face was a picture of despair—tears fell upon my hands which she held in her own as she told me that, during my absence, my young son, arrayed in a gaudy bed-quilt, and flourishing a glittering carving-knife, had impersonated the bold Duffer of Australia in the nursery, and that as a consequence my little daughter was now writhing in constant fits up-stairs.

The climax was capped—and I was overwhelmed. I gave utterance to no sentiment, but there arose in my heart an intense longing that will never be fully satisfied until I have met with that editor, and interfered with the circulation of his paper by grievously interfering with the circulation of his blood.

Had I introduced a powder magazine within my family circle the consequence could have scarcely been more unfortunate, yet I notice that the youth of your country read such literature, and will remain content with no higher school. But I dare not trust my son with the "Diabolical" again, for one more number would cause him to plunge a carving-knife in my abdomen, and set fire to this his paternal mansion. As I close I remark again that the means which many young Americans take to gratify their tastes and develop their moral natures are distinct and peculiar, and entirely impossible for foreigners to comprehend.

## THE CAPTURE OF ANDRE.

West Point with its dependencies was a post of great importance during the American Revolution, "the key of the country," as Andre called it. The British were eager to capture it, and the Americans were determined to hold it. Upon its possession the fortunes of the whole war were believed to depend. The post was then under the command of the most brilliant officer, and one of the most honored in the American army, Benedict Arnold, who, two years before, had led a most difficult march in the north, and in the midst of distresses had declared "I am in the way of my duty, and I know no fear."

This man in whom all confidence was reposed not only perfected a scheme for the betrayal of his post, but sought the command for the very purpose of abusing it for his own personal advantage. To this end he opened correspondence with British officials, which on their side was deputed to Major John Andre, adjutant general of the British army. Not quite thirty years old, Andre was not only an honored military officer, but an accomplished young gentleman, whose genial disposition and varied acquirements made him a favorite in social life both inside and outside of the camp. Under the fictitious names of Gustavus and John Anderson, and under the cover of mercantile terms, these two men perfected negotiations for the treacherous surrender of West Point into the hands of the British, and a personal interview was arranged for the final settlement of the details, and the time of Washington's absence was chosen for the meeting.

Colonel Beverley Robinson, a royalist, whose estate in the Highlands had been confiscated and was used as official headquarters, was aware of the plot, and by his connivance, an application for the restoration of his property was used to cover Arnold's communication with the British Sloop of-war "Vulture," which was anchored in the river. Arnold, with apparent honesty, had consulted Washington in regard to Robinson's application, and in an open manner under a flag, pretended to send to

Colonel Robinson the reply of Washington. The communication was really to the effect that a man with a boat and a flag, would, on a certain night await Major Andre alongside the "Vulture," and convey him to the shore, where he would find Arnold. Most skillfully was every detail planned by Arnold, to disarm all suspicion. The boatman conveyed Andre to the shore, where, under the dark shade of the trees, their evil plotting was prolonged until the boatman, who with Arnold's companion, a servant, had withdrawn from the schemers, came to warn them that they could not safely defer longer the return of the boat, as day would soon break. But the bargain was not yet concluded, and Arnold prevailed upon Andre to remain on shore till the darkness of another night would cover his return to the sloop. The twain accordingly started for the boatman's house.

CAPTURE OF ANDRE.

Early in the day the business was adjusted, the sum to be paid to Arnold was agreed upon, and the plans and other necessary

papers were delivered to Andre, who, for safe-keeping, put them between his feet and stockings. These things being done, about ten o'clock, Arnold left in his barge for his headquarters, having first suggested to Andre that it might be better for him to return to New York by land, and for the purpose providing him as John Anderson, with a pass, signed "B. Arnold, M. Gen'l," dated at his headquarters. But Andre preferred to return to the sloop, and spent an uncomfortable day alone. As soon as twilight gave promise of approaching night, he urged the boatman to prepare to return him to the anxiously coveted security of the "Vulture." To his dismay he found that the boatman declined to risk the trip, and Andre was forced to accept his proffered assistance in crossing the river, and getting by land to New York. The man kindly gave him a citizen's coat, and the discomfited officer with success limited to the small parcel of papers in his stockings, prepared to skulk through the American lines as best he might after having, however, fortunately preserved the pass which Arnold had offered him.

In safety he reached the neutral ground, and Smith, the boatman, left him to pursue the remainder of his journey alone. Marauders from both camps had infested this beautiful. fertile, and populous region until its inhabitants had risen to defend their property and to intercept the "cow-boys," as the English marauders were called. Andre met three of these home-guard, but was deceived by the clothing of one, which consisted of a cast-off English coat, and, elated at the sight of the familiar garb, had in haste betrayed himself to them as an English officer. On such trivial circumstances does Providence allow great events

PLACE OF ANDRE'S EXECUTION, TAPPAN, N. Y.

to turn. One of these men had but four days previous escaped from imprisonment in New York, and the old coat was one given him by a British soldier in exchange for the good garment of which he was stripped.

A thorough search of Andre's person revealed the hidden papers, and spurning all his offers of reward if he might but escape, the three stout yeoman escorted their prisoner to Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson in command at New Castle, whose singular dullness was the cause of Arnold's escape. This obtuse officer sent the papers found upon Andre by express messenger to Washington, but sent the prisoner to General Arnold, and with him a letter recounting the circumstances of the capture. Shortly after the departure Major Tallmadge, the next in command, learned of the affair and suspecting Arnold's connection with the plot, succeeded by earnest entreaty in persuading Colonel Jameson to recall Andre. The letter, however, was suffered to go on its way, and gave Arnold a timely warning to put himself as quickly as possible into the safe-keeping of the British—a warning which he precipitately accepted.

Every effort was made by the English to secure the release of Andre, and even the strong sympathies of the Americans would have acquiesced in any mitigation of the penalty that the tribunal to which the case was submitted could have allowed.

Washington treated Andre with the greatest kindness and consideration, but could see nothing in the case which could make it an exception to that inexorable military law that death shall be the fate of the spy.

During the short time which passed between the capture and the execution of Andre he was treated with great consideration and kindness though guarded with the utmost scrupulousness.

On the morning of October 2nd, Andre was led out to the fatal spot supposing that he was to be shot, and though for a moment overcome at the sight of the gallows, he soon recovered his serenity and assisted in the necessary preparations with perfect calmness. He had shortly before written, in a touching address to Washington, praying that he might be shot instead of hung; that he was "buoyed above the terror of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to honorable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse."

The spot represented in the accompanying picture, which was drawn by Fortier Conklin, is the place where Andre was buried. In 1821, his remains were removed to Westminster Abbey, where a mural monument had been erected to his memory.

## WHERE WE ARE.

M. E. S.

"But will with the temptation also make away to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."
—1*st Corinthians* 10, 13.

One thing we'll find in looking back
On God's o'er shadowing care,
And that is this; when we need help,
He helps us where we are.
He does not take us from the hurt,
But makes the hurt his own,
And comes to us and helps us bear
What we can't bear alone.

When Joseph from his home was sold
For an Egyptian slave,
The Father did not send him back
'Till carried to his grave;
But raised him to the highest seat
That Herod's power could give,
And through him saved His chosen race,
And let *both* nations live.

When in the furnace's fiery blast,
The three young men were thrown,
The Saviour did not take them out,
But made their place His own;
And when the king with angry eyes
Their fearful death would see,
He saw four walking in the fire
Where he had put but three.

When Darius in the lion's den
His faithful Daniel put,
The Father *sent His angels down*
The lions mouths to shut.
So when you need the Father's help,
In answer to your prayer,
Don't think He'll spirit you away,
He helps us where we are.

# THE KAISER FREDERICK.

MARY HARTWELL.

Virginia Real was a clerk in the great store of Pink & Plodding. She stood in the lace department and displayed and measured till her little body ached every night. Pink & Plodding flourished in a brick and plate glass block, kept a score or two of salespeople and runners, and draped all the fashionable world. Their spring and fall "openings" disturbed square miles of feminine hearts (and purses), and in any season their counters were thronged. Virginia thought herself fortunate at first to be taken into Pink & Plodding's establishment. But we are ungrateful beings who tire of our blessings! She came to the city a lone creature, with nothing to advance her except a letter to the Rector of St. Paul's. The Rector of St. Paul's kindly recommended her to Mr. Plodding, who wanted a young woman behind his lace counter just then, and Mr. Plodding took her.

There she stood day after day, sometimes great circles darkening around her eyes, spreading fabrics, hunting unheard of patterns, and going through violent gymnastics for hurried customers, who perhaps piled the counters with tangles up to their chins, and went away leaving the shop-girl nothing but trouble. She was not quite a pretty child; she had a great deal of dark brown hair, and swift, dark eyes, and baby hands; when she came to work in the morning, she was flushed and fresh—as sleep and youth will make the heaviest laden one of us all; but as her day-sands slipped, so slipped her bloom, till night drove her, haggard and old-faced, to her homeless boarding-place. To be sure, she saw the world. It flowed constantly past her, loved to hurry and vex her, and shook its leisure, its plenteous happiness and full purse forever in her face.

Virginia had no companions among her fellow clerks. They consisted of fluffy young women and correctly gotten-up men. Girls who hung variegated hair round their skulls, and who told you a thing was "vur poorty," or "chawming," or "delaightful;" who, in short, aped all the dawdling of upper ten-dom. Men of that cut-and-dry appearance which a life behind a counter gives a family man. To be sure, above all stood Miss Blum, the cashier, whose mouth shut like an oyster-shell, and snapped so when it was forced to unclose, that you wouldn't pry at it often. But she was not of the lower earth, earthy. The girls disliked Virginia; they considered her an upstart; her reserved ways were "airs;" and, altogether, she wasn't "their style;" they snubbed her. The cut-and-dry men were so occupied between the rushes of business, or mental attempts to stretch their salaries around the year, that they forgot this fatherless daughter in their midst.

Mr. Plodding was a leathery old fellow, who worked his human machines hard, and looked well to their operations. The flesh and blood, and soul part of them he had nothing to do with.

Different was Mr. Pink—that elegant being! He was a gentleman merchant, whose father had set him up in business, and who did the fast-horse driving of the establishment, leaving it to old Plodding to do the fast bargain driving. Mr. Pink seldom entered the store, but he delighted in sending a flutter before him when he did enter. He scattered compliments and silly, patronizing speeches right and left. When Mr. Pink saw Virginia, he fixed his eye on her and promised to amuse himself with that little girl. But he never got on with her at all. Respectful toward him, she yet held herself so much above him, that all his boasted shots struck below her feet. The serene shop-girl declined flirtation with that fascinating being.

She was so lonely. Her boarding-place was a chill resort, where "boarders" were boxed in small rooms, fed sparingly and solemnly, and told the price of every particle of food while it was between their teeth, by that severe widow, Mrs. Stump, who surveyed her victims from the head of her long table. Here, again, people were negative to Virginia.

Not many recreations were there for her. She seldom saw a play, or heard music; a city's wealth of resources rolled round her, and she stood, like Tantalus, unable to command them. Sometimes she slipped into the free seats at St. Paul's, and watched the pomp of religion. If the Rector ever saw

her after service, he gave her a patronizing nod. There was nothing for her, she told herself again and again, but to stand in that store, pay her earnings to the boarding-house keeper, and keep the tread-mill going till she died.

Often this unhelped child grew desperate, and when she came home of nights, she threw herself upon the floor, and beat her tired, bursting head against the wall. It was foolishness, to be sure, but the foolishness of a human being in mental agony was what drew out the tenderest compassion from One who once sojourned on the earth.

"If I had some one!" cried Virginia, "just somebody! a friend!"

It did not strike her to say lover. Lovers she might have found among the youths who frequented Mrs. Stump's, and looked upon Virginia with some favor. But in none of these could she find her *friend.* Many young girls have passed through such experience in a big, lonely city, and have taken the husks which chance threw them, or, worst of all, have been goaded by maddening heartache down the dark road of ruin. She sometimes pushed up her sleeves and looked at the pink, soft arms they held. She was so young to be all forsaken and lost in the big world! She wondered, bitterly, why she had been created at all! The gift of life comes to so many of us wrong side out. We pull it this way and that; but we shall find the design, the beauty and the glory of it, if we're patient. Some are to find the meaning of life in love; some in splendid work; and a happy few in heroic deeds reserved to them, which will echo down the century.

Never mind, Dearie-down-in-the-mud! Just pull away. You're sure to come out dry and *high,* if you keep a good heart and stiff lip.

One night, as Virginia leaned against the window, looking at a heavy sky, she heard a violin. The sound was faint, but as she listened, it grew till it filled all her sense of hearing. It talked to her like an angel Her heart swelled. She leaned towards the darkness from which it spoke at, strained after it. Its sweetness and pathos, and compass cannot be described. She took no thought of the hand upon it. She loved that violin. Through hours she listened, leaning over the window-sill, feeling the city's breath in her face, but the breath of Heaven in her heart. She thought about it all next day, and waited impatiently for it next evening. Night by night it talked to her, becoming a part of her existence. If it neglected her, she was restless and fretted. When it did its best, she paid it distant tribute by clapping her hands and whispering in ecstacy, "Oh, you darling old fiddle! I do love you! You've got a soul! I wish it was a person!" she often added; "I wish it could be a friend to me. The man at the bow is some orchestra man, of course; like those fat fellows who go into beer saloons. But I love his fiddle so!"

Suddenly the music stopped. She listened night after night, but all the hours were silent.

"Just like everything I take to loving!" cried Virginia passionately. "Why couldn't that woman's supply of codfish have been cut off instead? I can live without codfish, but what *shall* I do without my music-soul?"

"I think I shall die!" wailed Virginia in a woman's intense undertone, as she dragged through the dusk one evening. "I *know* I shall die if somebody don't comfort me pretty soon! Oh, I'd like to steal a baby! Why isn't some foundling dropped into my lap? I shall forget all the pretty ways my own boy Jamie had before he died, and I shall just *mummy* like Miss Blum! Oh, I wish a baby'd be lost, and I'd find it?"

Midsummer night, you know, is a night on which every spoken wish is granted. It being midsummer night, therefore, at the next corner Virginia did find a lost baby.

It was a quaint, pretty child, dressed in clothing of a foreign cut. One little shoe was on one little foot, but the other little shoe was clutched in fat hands. Frightened, but brave was this baby; crying and quivering, but looking straight ahead, and mopping its face with its petticoats.

"What is it dear?" asked Virginia, stooping to the little head.

"Papa!" said the child, bursting into a wail; "vo ist er?"

"She's so frightened! Are you lost?"

"Papa!"

"Come with me," begged the girl, winning on the convulsed face, and getting power over her waif. "You'll come with me, won't you?" She led it along. "What's your name?"

"Wooese!"

"Louise, is it? Ah, she's so tired! Come up on my shoulder, pet, I'll carry you."

She got Louise into her arms and flitted like a thief. She knew that to report her find at once to the police would be to have

the child taken from her and placed in the station-house. She would wait and send a message. So she flew past Mrs. Stump, who admitted her to a dark hall, and darted up stairs.

Virginia opened the shutters, threw her hat from her, and sat down in a rocking-chair, snuggling the child. The child had large blue eyes, curly blonde hair, and an unmistakable German face. She held Virginia's neck with confidence, and watched all Virginia's motions with discerning eyes.

"Louise!" cried the girl, and here she stopped to squeeze and kiss the child's breath half away. "Oh, its been *so* long since Jamie went out of sister's arms. Oh, you bonnie darling! Do you understand me when I talk?"

Louise shook her head and then nodded it. She was learning two languages, and often grew confused between them.

"Do you understand this?" Virginia framed the plump face with her hands and kissed it again. "Oh, I love you! I do love you so, baby!"

"Bist-du mamma?" inquired Louise, lifting an interrogating finger and placing it on Virginia's chin.

The girl laughed out merrily. Her dismal little room echoed. That room was astonished: to the sound of sobbing it was accustomed, but against laughter it set its ghastly face and lifted its ghostly voice.

"No, I'm not mamma," replied Virginia, but I'll tell you who I am. Put your arms up *so*. Now say 'darling Jeanie!'"

Louise made an effort to do as requested, but these were two big words. She clucked at them, broke down, and stuck her tongue out in confusion.

Virginia laughed again, and cuddled the little thing on her neck. "But where is mamma?" she asked; "who is mamma? she'll miss you, won't she?"

"Himmel!" uttered Louise with an effort, "gone!"

"Is she dead?" low and tenderly.

"Yah," replied Louise, greatly relieved at being comprehended, "gone dead."

"Laws sakes!" bawled Mrs. Stump, who made towels an excuse for marching upon a citadel where she heard such unwonted sounds of revelry. "Whose young one is that? what on earth are you doing with it?"

"She was lost on the streets," explained Virginia; "I found her."

"Lost a-purpose, I expect. You'd better send her round to the station and have her owners looked up, if she's got any. *I* ain't a going to feed *no* vagrants!"

"Don't trouble yourself, madam!" fired up this sweet-tempered young woman instantly. "I know very well that feeding people is not your forte; and, be assured, I shall take all proper steps for finding her 'owners.'"

Mrs. Stump opened her mouth like a howitzer, and was going to plump a telling ball, when the door-bell startled her back into her "respectable boarding-house-keeper" demeanor. She went down and answered the call. Virginia's thread of talk with Louise was broken; she listened apprehensively to the voices below.

"Lost, madame!" exclaimed a man's voice, deep and full of foreign gutturals, "a little shild! W'ile I been gone. Was gone two week. The nurse, she careless—she lets mine kind out of her eye—a man tell me she vos on this sthreet!"

"Yes, and she's up stairs now!" replied Mrs. Stump triumphantly; "Virginia Real's got her—I know its the very young one! Miss Real, come down and fetch that little girl!"

"Papa!" fluttered Louise, pricking up her ears, "Oh, papa!"

Virginia carried her to the head of the stairs. She saw below an alert man, bronzed, but blue-eyed and fair-haired like his child, dressed in traveller's gray, and holding a violin-case under his arm. This he dropped as Louise reached her arms and screamed for him, he dashed up stairs, met them midway, and took the child out of Virginia's arms.

"I thought I had lost thee! Bless thee! Ah, this Fraulein has been kind to thee. Hast thanked her?"

"Yah, Ich-ich habe Sil geküszt!" blundered baby eagerly.

"That was well!" as he grew calmer, his English came more smoothly. "Fraulein, beliefe me, I am *crateful!*"

"It was nothing," replied Virginia with filling eyes; "I hate to have you take her away, there are no children here. I was so glad to find her."

"Ach!" his face brightened like a sun fully unclouded. "She shall come oft! Shall you not, Louise, and see the young lady who saved you from danger on the street! We lodge just three square—round the corner." He felt eagerly in all his pockets, and finally produced a card-case, from which he took a card to present to Virginia. She read

thereon in German characters, "Friederich Kaiser." The rest she could not translate, but scented from it something about a professor and Munich.

"My name is Virginia Real," she told him timidly, feeling a little afraid of the professor and Munich.

Friederich Kaiser lifted his hat with the arm not occupied by his little girl, and bowed with respect. "You have done service to me, Miss Real. Can I do no little pleasure to you?"

"I wonder," murmured Virginia, "*is* it you whom I have heard playing on the violin so much? Oh, it was so beautiful! I loved to hear it so!"

Friederich Kaiser hastened to get down stairs, to set his baby on her feet, and to take up his violin-case.

"Here he is! Cremona! I haf played him all my life. You love it, hah? Good! You shall hear him oft. Shall I have the privilege to come and play him for you at your leisure?" He looked up enthusiastically to Virginia, who nestled on the steps, her lips parted like a child's.

"Oh, if you please! Oh, I'll be so glad!" she breathed.

("Such doings!" muttered Mrs. Stump, who, having stepped out of the hall, had left the door ajar. "That man's a widower, and I'll bet she knowed it! I can see clear through it now—this pickin' up babies on the streets and fondlin' 'em!")

"I will come!" cried Herr Kaiser, picking up daughter and violin, and bowing himself out of the street door. "And the youngling shall come. We thank you! Good day, Fraulein."

According to his word, he came. And having come once, he came again, evidently enjoying the odor and sanctity of Mrs. Stump's snuffy parlor.

While Virginia held Louise, he played all his favorite music, watching her appreciative face with kindling eye. Sometimes, between his music bursts, he told her about his early days, his Heidelberg life and student foot-tours, Louise's mother, his dark days, his coming to America to better bad fortune, his playing in orchestras and teaching, while searching for a suitable position. Thus he formed ties with her, and surrounded her with hearty friendship. There is no man on earth so appreciative of woman as a well-bred German.

Virginia knew her friend had come. Light love may come and it may go; men and women join hands every day, but few women find in those who woo them the perfectly responsive *friend.*

From making formal calls, with his collar set precisely, Louise and the violin in arms, he went on to running in with sudden and pretty pleasures for Virginia. He would take Louise and her to ride that they might see some refreshing spot outside the dusty city. Or he tucked her under his arm and took her to concerts, where he placed her so that he could see her from his chair; and then he played, always turning eager, boy-like face toward her for his triumphs.

Perhaps on Sundays he called to take her with him to the church of Fatherland, where he worshiped. Virginia sat in this place and crowded tears back. It was all so quaint and sweet, and like some memory of a life she must have lived on another planet, it touched her with such a sense of *at homeness.* The high pulpit and tender-voiced minister, the Lutheran form, the strong, hearty chanting, the wave of adoration which passed over the place at mention of Gott or Jesu—men, women, little children bowing ever before that name, as grass bows when He breathes on it—the deep, sweet voice of the man beside her repeating those words his mother taught him under bells across the seas—these things all found home in her heart.

Thus Friederich Kaiser made her more and more his friend.

"Kaiser!" she once laughed softly to herself. "That's Emperor! Friederich, Emperor! He is just splendid, and it suits him." So under her breath she took to reversing his name and calling him Kaiser Frederick.

Said the Kaiser Frederick to Virginia one day, as it begun to be autumn, "I am going away!" He told her all his plans. "Ach! thy face grows long. But it is on a business journey. See! A chair?—professorship?—do they call him so?—is maybe mine! I will go and see. Perhaps I shall come back with good tidings."

Virginia carried her life without him a week, she missed the Kaiser so! and cried once on her arms so empty of Louise—for he took the child with him.

On Saturday night she came home from the store, glad to feel to-morrow's rest meeting her. It was her birthday, but no one had celebrated it. She had given it little thought herself.

Mrs. Stump met her with a package, she said had been left for Miss Real early in the

afternoon, and which bore unmistakable marks of having been pried into.

Within locked doors, Virginia cut the cord, and found that the Kaiser blessed his little friend on her birthday, and begged her acceptance of this volume—his favorite Schiller. It was a nice birthday! thought Virginia. She didn't feel too tired to dress for dinner, and to put a late rose in her hair.

Just as gas was lighted, Mrs. Stump's door-bell was nearly rooted out of the basement. The Kaiser was at the door, very smooth, and eager to see Miss Real.

The moment Miss Real dawned upon his vision, he flew out of his chair and ran to take her hands.

"It is mine! I am now in good position! I will teach my art and German Letters to an Institution! Ach! you are glad!" he stopped and studied her face. "But I am not until you tell me you will go, too. So good—so true! I will take such care of thee—and thou shalt have Louise! Thou wast my little friend—cans't trust me all?"

"Would another be a better husband for thee?" continued the Kaiser, blanching at her hesitation.

"Oh no!" replied Virginia, looking up shyly. "I like you!" she admitted, in her quiet, bashful way.

"How good that is!" cried the Kaiser, putting the betrothal kiss on her forehead. "Sweetheart, I am thine own!"

"And now I will bring my youngling!" So he dashed out of the house to return in a few moments, with Louise under one arm, and his violin-case under the other.

Virginia sat through hours that evening (ah! she remembered them all her life) holding Louise upon her bosom, listening to the violin which uttered its masterpieces, and watching with indescribable satisfaction that most satisfactory man in the whole world—her Kaiser Frederick.

# MISERY JIPPEAU.

H. V. OSBORNE.

## CHAPTER XI.

It was a strange company that assembled at Daniel Jippeau's on the appointed party-day. And instead of an evening entertainment, as Misery Jippeau had at first planned, the time was changed, and the guests gathered early in the afternoon. The grand parlors of the elegant residence were promptly filled at the hour, and there were many in the library beyond, and a few who softly trod the floor of the spacious hall. Outside carriages flanked the walks for quite a distance, and pompous coachmen sat upon their boxes listlessly, or in subdued tones conversed with one another.

Let us go back for a moment to the day and the guests. Among those assembled by invitation are several well known to us, also many we never have met. On the sofa yonder sits Nixon, subdued and dignified, but evidently ill at ease, beside the elegant Mrs. Draper, with her fine bred airs and costly attire. Nor is Mrs. Draper as self-possessed as usual, as she pats her gloved hand nervously, and furtively glances around. By the window opposite. with the rich lace of trailing curtains crushed under muddied, ill-looking boots, sits Lumpkins, working his jaws and hitching his chair. Cranberry Kate sits next, with an expression on her face so sober, so unusual, so indicative of constraint that Turvy, who catches a sight of it in the mirror, would laugh outright were there not such a weight tugging at his heart, it holds his countenance in place. Miss Blanche Maillarde, with her fair, bonnie face, golden curls, and rich robes, is quite in contrast to the ugly old crone in the further corner, whose hideous, witch-like looks unnerve and frighten her. Charlie Melrose, Dick Skidmore, and several city exquisites maintain proper dignity in the library beyond, but their accustomed ease of manner is not just now conspicuous. Judge Rutherford, the grand old gentleman who rests on his gold-headed cane just here by Peter Van's chair, consults his watch every minute and a half, and bites his gray moustache as though perplexed and anxious to depart. Addy Blake sits near him, awed and troubled, and Peter Van's baby, who clings tightly to her arms, is too full of wonder at its surroundings to either prattle or cry. Without particularizing further, the rooms are filled with the upper and under crust of R——'s society, and the space between the two is most perceptible, and

awkward to the members of each. There is only one little body in the length and breadth of this mansion that seems to be at his utmost ease. And this is Dicky Long—a gem in the rough—God has taken to polish—little Penny Post who lies there in the casket, with a smile on his face like an afterglow at sunset. He appears to have always been accustomed to everything grand and luxurious, and the lily his hand clasps so tightly seems no more pure than he. The casket rests on a bed of roses, and in the dainty jacket of the newsboy a bud has been carefully fastened. Near by is a crown of rare flowers and a shepherd's crook, all blossoming. Floral offerings are scattered everywhere, but the customary cross is missing.

"Crosses for the living, but crowns for the dead," Misery had urged; "then, too, crosses *of flowers* are a sort of sarcasm to me," continued the boy. "This little fellow *died* on a cross, one might say, Mr. Flint, he was nailed to circumstances and crucified. God suffered it, you know. But Dicky's gone to God now. When Christ died to save us all, He left His cross behind for us to carry, but He changes it for a crown up there. So please just do as I say, dear Mr. Flint, and if criticised, let the blame just rest upon me."

"Oh certainly, certainly," the undertaker replied, "just as you wish, just as you wish;" and though cold and unfeeling generally, he caught just enough of Misery Jippeau's idea to serve as a sort of inspiration, and the flowers he had cut for a cross were fashioned into a star, and when Misery Jippeau beheld what was wrought, he smiled with pleasure and exclaimed: "Yes, yes, that will do, that is really just it! It means the day star that has arisen in Dicky Long's heart."

Misery Jippeau, having to his sorrow arrived too late to bring any comfort to the bedside of Penny Post, promised the boys that the last honors to the little fellow should be conducted with all the ceremony the world would accord to a rich man's son.

"It wouldn't be to my taste, Nixon, but to Penny Post, who was never honored in his life by any one 'grand,' as he termed it, I think it would be gratifying—if he knew it—so I'm going to do all that I can for him."

"Kerridges, an' plooms, an' flowers, an' sich?" queried Nixon, half afraid they would be forgotten or omitted.

"Yes, certainly," replied Misery, "*all* such things, of course. Anything else you boys would like that I might not think of?"

"The daddy of all the ministers!" urged Turvy eagerly.

Misery looked puzzled; he didn't understand the phrase.

Nixon, thinking Misery's hesitation was owing to Turvy's presumption, turned around and cuffed the little chap's ears, and exclaimed:

"Ben't ye ashamed o' yerself, Turv, a settin' yerself on the driver's box—ye pauper!—fixin's can be bought wid money, but *big guns* ain't fired over *us kind*—its a waste o' powder, I s'pose," he added a little gloomily.

"Oh," said Misery, brightening, "I didn't understand—you want Dr. Gould to officiate. *I'll* get him; he will come, of course. Knowing the fastidiousness of this clergyman, however, Misery inwardly reminded himself that it wasn't necessary to explain who Penny was; "he's a *friend* of *mine*, and that is sufficient."

"And the best people of R——, shall be there too—"

"—As well as the worst," added Nixon dryly.

"I merely referred to the world's aristocracy—not to the Lord's," said Misery gently. "You will do your busiest to invite all Penny's friends, and I will drive around with Simon and invite all mine and my father's."

And as the reader has seen, the friends of each class were there gathered together, but with about as much unity as there is between oil and water.

Misery, in a suit of black, seated himself very near to the casket, and through his claims, *his friend—not* the newsboy, was honored, as Dr. Gould, in his heavy black robe, entered the parlor, approached the body, and invoked the Divine Presence of God.

During the service directly preceding his remarks, Dr. Gould had a chance to survey the assembly of people, and taking note that the *creme de la creme* was present, he ignored the blue-looking skim milk, also served up—ignored and forgot it. "When one churns cream, he reaps a golden reward," thought he, and so, in a very dash-away manner, he went in to win.

Poor Misery Jippeau! He looked at old Lumpkins, hungry for hope and comfort, and he murmured to himself, "he will starve on 'husks'—there is bread and to spare, why doesn't he give it." He glanced again, and caught sight of Addy Blake's yearning

face; he thought of the little Mary Ann she had lost so recently, and what an occasion it was to point that woman to the God who had gathered her darling. Cranberry Kate's eyes were full of gleaming tears, but Dr. Gould caught only the flash of Mrs. Draper's diamonds—though the latter were commonplace affairs compared with the wicked woman's tears. However, Dr. Gould didn't know it! He hadn't the scales of a philosopher, and couldn't estimate values correctly—the only scales *he* possessed were in his eyes, and they made him blind. He needed the Saviour to heal him—to make him see clearly; but he didn't realize it. It seemed to him that the Saviour needed Dr. Gould; and as long as his salary was yearly increased, he was willing to serve, otherwise the world would have to go unsaved, however much he should hate to be forced into such an alternative.

In the doorway Mathers, "the prize boy," stood. He had just forsaken what to him was a lucrative position; had laid aside all weights which, though precious, hindered him in the race to be run. A few strong words of encouragement given in a general way would have been *so* much to him, but Dr. Gould was watching Judge Rutherford, and a chance to bring in quotations from that lawyer's favorite poet—so he overlooked the little, struggling, tender plant so lowly, and aimed at the sturdy oak just beyond. You see, he had been taught to set his standard high, and had taken his measurements from a short-sighted, worldly view, forgetting that the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven had been likened by the King of Kings unto a little child.

His discourse finished, the élite wiped their eyes with their cambric and lace, as a fitting tribute to this great man's eloquence; but Misery Jippeau wept great tears that rolled down his face unabsorbed, because of the golden words this man had left unspoken.

When Mr. Flint entered the room to take charge of the remaining service, the friends of Dicky Long gathered around the casket and took their leave in their own rough fashion—and all those who had witnessed the death of the newsboy remembered just there the last words to which his little shrill voice gave utterance: "H-e He, s-h-a-l-l gath-e-r the lambs w-i-t-h his arm, and—" Well, the rest of the verse he had never deciphered, but when the loving Christ lifted him up to his resting place, and laid the weary head upon His bosom, the sentence was finished and clearly understood.

There was nothing omitted that could simplify the burial service of Penny. His pall bearers were the wealthy men on "the Avenue," with arms plentifully créped and draped. The carriages that followed the "inconsequent" were fine and numerous. The grave was lined throughout with flowers, their fragrance filling all the air—every honor was paid to Penny Post's remains—for Misery Jippeau had declared Dicky Long to be his friend, and Misery Jippeau, son of Daniel Jippeau, represented wealth and aristocracy which the people of R—— esteemed too highly to slight in the smallest particular.

"Oh, it was a bully good funeral!" exclaimed Nixon next day, rubbing his hands delightedly as he recounted the particulars to one of his friends. "There was fifteen kerridges—privateers, ye know, an' as many more for us fellys as knowed him, an' the high cockalorum to 'call off,' an' all the swells a follerin', an' stars, an' plooms, an' streamers, an' the grave all buttered over wid flowers. An' Penny lay in his coffin so smily and ca'm like, rigged out in new store clothes, you'd never a knowed it was that same boy as was always out o' the elbows, an' al'ys a laggin' on behind wid his bundle o' evenin' papers. A lyin' there in them grand rooms, he seemed to be a reg'lar little lord of all—an' ag'in in the street he was first an' foremost o' all the rest—an' he was driv' along so slow an' easy like—no hustlin' him up—an' the 'av'noo' style a keepin' up, an' no more as if the world could stop if more time was required for his honor's buryin', ye know—oh, it was the very best circ—funeral I ever seed raised—an'—an' to think it was all got up for a *Penny!*" concluded Nixon, unable to control his propensity to joke under the most solemn circumstances.

Misery Jippeau, however, sat in his father's library the day following the burial, and took to himself no comfort; he was in a state of utter dejection.

And Dr. Gould went to the Post Office, expecting numerous letters acknowledging his eloquence of the day before, but instead, took from his box one missive, and that was all.

Stopping at the reading room he cut the envelope, withdrew its contents, and through gold-bowed glasses, and in studied, graceful pose, read the following communication:

Dr. Gould—You covered the cros with so menny flowers yesterda you hid it from the vu of all. Thare were harts that neded heleing in your audience, but Christ was not lifted up that His presence might make them wel. Tha hav gone bac to thare homes as sick as tha came—and no no charm that can set them fre and cure them. You gave them the artifishal for the rele, the tinsel sho for the golden ofering. Tha ma whisper to themselves, Dr. Gould, Dr. Gould, Dr. Gould, over and over agen, it wil bring them no comefort, no help, no Heaven. But no one calls in vane on the name of Jesus Christ. Oh why, why, *why* dident you speke peace to thare souls. Why don't ministers come in Christ's interest insted of thare own. I'm not ungrateful—but my hart akes for the hungry ones that looked up to you so appeleingly yesterda, from whom you turned awa so indiffrently, and gave them not the bred of life, but instead, the cold stones of yoor retorick. Sincerely,

Misery Jippeau.

Angrily crushing the note in his hand, Dr. Gould hurriedly left the Reading Room, muttering between his teeth, "The little ignorant chit; if it weren't for his father and his father's money, he'd rue the day he ever penned this impudence—*presuming* to teach me my duty as a clergyman!"

Yet all through the day, every way he turned, every book he studied, every word he penned, the clergyman heard the words of that "ignorant chit" ever sounding in his ears, and "Oh, why, why, why didn't you speak peace to their souls?" was the ever recurring question from which he could not free himself, but to which, as yet, he had found no suitable reply.

"I wish," exclaimed Misery, still occupying the library, "I wish I could see Mrs. Brown. I wish I was back in B——, with Al Brown in my arms, and dear little Joe by my side. It always rests me to go there—and to hear that dear woman talk. I wonder, if my mother had lived, if she would have been like Mrs. Brown; if she would have loved me as much as my father does. I wonder if she would have taken me up in her arms as Mrs. Brown takes Joe, and have allowed me to hug and caress her as much as I pleased. How strange it would be to have a mother all to myself, and to be her *child* as well as her son. It doesn't seem to me I've ever been a *child*,—and perhaps it is just as well—*he* doesn't *like* children,—he wants me to be a man, he's proud of me. Well, I like to be manlike to him, but, somehow sometimes I'm tired of being grown-up, and I'd like to have a mother I could steal away to, a mother who would stroke my head when it aches, take me up in her arms and sing to me, and forget, as a mother always seems to, that I'm anything, *anything* but a child, with no years upon me to make me heavy or wise. How funny it would seem to be rocked." Misery's eyes were full of longing. "No, I don't think I ever was a child. I don't remember of being. And I'm so tired to-day; and my heart is so heavy; I wish I was as unconscious of everything as a baby, as free from care. Or I wish a mother was here to think *for* me."

Misery arose and walked slowly from the library, through halls to the kitchen. Hannah, with black hands hid in the whiteness of flour, was kneading bread; glancing up at the youth as he entered, the devoted servant noted at once his wistful expression, and exclaimed:

"Does you done want anything, Honey, is you lookin' for suffin Mas'r Misery?"

"No, I guess not," said Misery, pausing in the middle of the room, while a look of embarrassment flushed his countenance; and directly he turned around and walked away, and Hannah heard his footsteps echoing through the hall, and the doors of the parlor close behind him.

Soon the restless boy returned, and fluttered around the kitchen like a bird with broken wings.

"Hannah," said he, while the perspiration broke all over his face, "did *you* ever have a mother, and—and—how did it seem?"

"De Lor' preserve us!" ejaculated Hannah, much disturbed. "No, I jest didn't hab no mudder, Mas'r Misery, she was sold away from de pickanins for dis yer chile remembers." And the tide rose in Hannah's heart and overflowed her eyes.

"Ah," said Misery, in a tone full of sympathy, and again he left the kitchen, while Hannah washed her hands and dried her eyes.

"Hannah," said Misery again re-entering, "here are some hot-house flowers for your mantel-piece, they will brighten up the room. I never had any mother either, Hannah," and Misery sat down in the doorway and watched the clouds floating softly over the sky. But only for a moment—again he was up, and this time he was at Hannah's side, plucking at her dress skirt like a very baby. "Hannah," said Misery, growing white around the lips with the effort it required to unburden his mind—

"Hannah, I think if I should shut my eyes, and you should take me in your arms, and *rock* me, I could almost imagine how dear it must be to have a mother to go to when a boy is as tired as I am to-day. Hannah if you laugh at me or even smile, you will break my heart."

Hannah was thunderstruck; this request from the dignified Mas'r Misery, pulling at her dress, pleading to be rocked by a black woman that he might shut his eyes and dream how nice it would be to have a mother. Yet before she had recovered from her surprise, she had caught the tired child in her arms, and was rocking him back and forth in her old easy chair, exclaiming: "Bress ye, bress ye, p'or boy, po'r darlin', dat fun'ral was too much for ye—"

"Hannah, sing," pleaded Misery, "sing to me."

Now Hannah's was a nature full of music, and her voice though rude and uncultivated had in it a certain rich melodiousness which Misery loved dearly to hear, and when the darkey broke forth in that touching song of Foster's, "Hard times come again no mo'" the boy nestled closer and closer to the faithful, loving heart, and seemed to find quiet and rest.

His heavy eyes were closed, and the long dark lashes resting on his pale, tired face, made it look all the whiter from contrast. Hannah continued to sing, and stroked his forehead and smoothed his hair. Now and then a tear trickled down her cheek and dropped on the jacket of the boy, and once a hot drop fell upon the boy's white face, but Misery let it remain—it spoke so much to him—and he put out his arms to her, and drew her face down to his and caressed it lovingly, and told her again he was sorry she had no mother,—for he had just begun to think what a loss it was. Lying there in her arms, his thoughts again wandered to the home of the Browns, and as he reviewed his last visit, like a flash little Joe's question occurred to him, and raising himself in Hannah's arms, the boy rubbed his eyes, and in a languid manner inquired:

"Hannah, is *Misery* Jippeau a family name?"

"'Pears to me not," replied Hannah, struggling for composure.

"Then who am I named for—have you any idea?"

"I've jest done got dis 'ere idee, Mas'r Misery—my p'or arms is achin' like dey was broke clean off, an' dar's de bread a climin' ober de pans like it was boun' ter rise above us all—sorry for 't Honey, but ye'll jest hab to 'scuse Hannah now; ye'r lookin' heaps better, just for shore you is, bress yer heart, an' now don't go boderin' yer head an' a gittin' tired ag'in; 'tain't no use Honey, 'tain't no use." And the evasive Hannah leaving Misery sole occupant of her chair, turned at once to her bread, and that Misery might cease to demand further replies to unpleasant questions, she struck up "The Old Folks at Home," and sung it in such a touching manner, that for the time being the boy's thoughts of self grew hushed and subdued, forced to give place to the overpowering sympathy which arose in his heart for another.

*To be Continued.*

## TRUE BLESSEDNESS.

It is not blessedness to know that thou thyself art blessed;
True joy was never yet by one, nor yet by two, possessed.

Nor to the many is it given, but only to the all,
The joy that leaves one heart unbless'd would be for mine too small;

For when my spirit most was blessed, to know another grieved
Would take away the joy from all that I myself received.

Nor would I seek to blunt that pain, forgetting others' woe;
From knowledge, not from want of thought, true blessedness must grow.

For blessedness I find this earth of ours is then no place
Where still the happiest man must meet his brother's grieving face.

And only in one thought I find the joy I never miss,
In faith to know all grief below will grow to final bliss.

And he who holds this faith will strive with firm and ardent soul,
And work out his own proper good in working for the whole.

God only sees this perfect good, the way to it is dim;
God only, then, is truly blest, man only blest in Him.

# OLD GROWLER

E. H. MILLER.

Old Growler was n't always the dog that you see him here; changed circumstances had, I'm sorry to say, changed his nature—had turned a fun-loving, happy, frisky disposition into a sour and surly one. He would show his teeth, and snap and snarl at the slightest provocation, till he became as well-known for surliness and black looks as he was formerly for pranks and good temper. In fact, you would not take him for the same dog at all, and his name changed, too, with his character; he could n't get rid of one without bidding good-bye to the other, which he never did, for he grew in his bad habits as he grew in years.

I remember when brother Ned brought him home in his pocket, a little puppy; he looked like a little round, silky ball when he took him out, and he stretched himself out, lazily opening his soft, languid eyes, shook out his ears and looked about him as much as to say, "Well, where am I?" Then he trotted backwards and forwards, and gave such sharp, funny little barks that the children scampered and frolicked about him for joy, and thought he was the cunningest little playfellow in the world. And he was cunning, and he grew larger every day on new milk and grew fuller of all sorts of mischief, and, as he always seemed to be the winner in these plays and frolics, he was dubbed Trump. I think he was seldom whipped when found in mischief, he had such a bold way of defending himself; instead of dropping his tail and walking off in a sheepish way, or looking up at you in a shame-faced,

cringing manner, there would be a wicked twinkle in his eye, and he would say, as near as dog could say, "Have had splendid fun. What else can you expect of a puppy? The mischief is in me, and I'm getting rid of it." Whenever we told the story of his mischievous tricks it was always answered, "It is a sure promise of a good dog." So we laughed over his capers, and I'm not quite sure but our respect for him increased on account of them.

But Trump had one enemy in the household. Jane, the help, perhaps from suffering the most from his pranks, had little patience with him, and declared if he was a good dog a hundred years it could n't make amends for all the damage he had done. Stockings would be missing and afterwards found in the yard, in a condition past Jane's darning; towels be brought in torn in shreds; aprons found with strings not only to the top, but all the way down; straw-hats transformed into the raw material. Trump's depredations had a good effect in one way, the owners of garments learned to hang them up above his reach; but raids were often made when and where least expected. There was one article of Jane's wardrobe in which she took special pride; her bonnet was her chief delight, and at this time bonnets meant rather more than they do at present, at all events this one was a good deal to Jane. It was of gray straw, trimmed with wide purple ribbon, and I think, from the big bows and long streamers, there must have been several yards of it; there were flowers of the same color, though I could n't vouch for the shade; a double lace border encircled the face, and narrow tie-strings saved the wide ones from getting crumpled. Jane always kept it when not in wear, which was not very often, carefully wrapped in white paper in a large bandbox, perhaps not too large for the bonnet, but it would have held at least a half-dozen of Madame Benoit's of the present day. It was safe enough from rats and mice and dogs, one would suppose, but Trump somehow seemed to understand the price set upon this chef d'œuvre of feminine attire, and his nose itched according to its value. How he smelled it out we never knew, but one day when Jane went into her room she found something lying on the floor about as large as a cannon-ball, with shreds of lace and bits of flowers and ribbons scattered about, and wondered what it could all mean; nor could she believe that it was all that was left of the pride of her head till she found the empty bandbox. Trump had evidently had a splendid time all his own way. Perhaps, if he had been caught at it, he might not have grown much larger, but he was not seen till after the sun had gone down and Jane's wrath had cooled. I think she never entirely forgave him for the deed, for no new bonnet could ever quite take the place of the purple-gray one.

Now comes the change in Trump's life which proved too much for him. He made a mistake at the beginning; he looked upon work as a curse instead of a blessing, and we pity man or dog who takes that view of the case. He actually thought life was made for play, but his master had raised him for a churn-dog, and when the time came for him to be put to it he sulked, and grumbled, and growled, and snapped at every one who came near him to give him a word of encouragement or advice. When fastened on the round wheel by the ring attached to the strap around his neck he would stop and hang back till he was almost choked, rather than trot on briskly. The work could have been done in thirty minutes, which lasted twice that time, if he had only gone at it with a will, and then he could have enjoyed his dinner and play all the more, but he was stubborn and unyielding; so the promising Trump was only developing into a cross, lazy Growler. If he had only held fast his good nature and accepted the conditions sensibly, if he had only suited himself to circumstances, then indeed he would have been a winner all his life; but here is where he failed —here is where every man, boy, or dog always will fail who thinks life is made for all play and no work. Suppose it did seem like uphill business to trot in one spot all the time and only have the wheel turn and not get ahead himself even a foot, and suppose he was n't hired by the day like the man who tended the cows, or by the week like Jane who skimmed the milk, for these thoughts ran through Growler's head while he moped and grew sullen. But this was a dark, sullen, one-sided view of the case, for the trotting turned the wheel, and the wheel raised the dasher, and the dasher brought up the butter, and the coming of the butter released Growler; and then a good dog is supposed to have more than a hired interest in his master's business. But he would n't look at it in a fair light, growlers never do, and he got so cross that the children were afraid of him and kept their distance, and his master became discouraged and lost faith in him.

Growler thought himself abused, and said everybody wished him ill and was an enemy to him, when the truth was he was his own worst enemy. So with all the promises in puppyhood of making a good dog he failed from one cause, he refused to accept life as it is and make the best of it, a mistake some of a "higher order" have made, and, like Growler, have become miserable failures, and it is a sad thing when man or dog fail in character.

Now when the family grew tired of Growler's ill-temper and crabbedness there came another dog to take his place in the corner. He was a small, good-tempered, curly-haired little fellow, not so smart as Trump, all agreed, but they hoped better things for him.

One day, after Growler had been unusually stubborn and laggard and defiant, so that Jane was obliged to finish the churn herself, Curly, who had been an eye-witness of the proceedings and thought he understood the case, ventured to offer a little advice to his big friend, who, the small dog considered, stood in his own light. "If I were you, Growler, I would trot away on that machine till the job was done: I don't believe it would be half so hard work as to dilly-dally a half-day and then not finish the task so as to get any credit for it." Now, Growler was in no mood to take advice from anybody, much less from a small dog who had taken his old place in the household, so he snapped and snarled so fiercely that it frightened Curly quite out of his dog-wits, and strangely enough he ran under Growler's body to keep out of his reach and crouching there trembled like an aspen leaf. The master coming in and hearing Jane's story of the day's doings declared the world not large enough for man or dog who refused to work, so he took down his gun and that was the end of Growler. Jane is still of the opinion that mischievous puppies do not always make good dogs, unless they like work as well as play.

## CHIRPY'S BOUGH.

CHAS. A. DICKINSON.

'My eggs, my eggs," screamed Topsy Thrush,
"Are stolen every one.
I'd like to see the wicked thief
By whom the deed was done."

"You would? Then peep through yonder hedge
And take a look at him,"
Piped Wingabella Cherry-bird,
From off a neighboring limb.

"Yes, that's the wretch who stole your eggs!"
Cried little Pinkey Linnet;
"I saw him on that tree of yours,
I did, this very minute.

"He tried at first to climb my tree,
But found he couldn't do it.
He's made the trial once before,
And doubtless he'll renew it;
But if he steals an egg of mine,
I'll make the rascal rue it."

"That's where you're right. I'll help you too,"
Pipella Robin cries.
"If he should even look at mine,
I'd pick his horrid eyes."

"You're silly younglings, all of you,"
Says old Rebecca Phœbe.
"Why, don't you know this monstrous boy
Is stronger far than we be?
I little thought to hear this talk
From birds of your repute.
Such threats will do for hawks to scream,
And savage owls to hoot;
But heard from you, they really seem
Unbirdlike and uncivil.
You quite forget the Golden Rule—
To render good for evil."

"The Golden Rule!" piped Chirpy Wren;
"Look here, good mother Wise,
You'd better clear your brain a bit
Before you moralize.
That's not the Golden Rule you quote;
And if it were, what then?
Such rules do not apply to us
In our affairs with men.
A bird must treat his fellow-bird
As man his fellow-man;
But, since men always treat the birds
As meanly as they can,
I see no reason why the birds
Should not retaliate,
And strive, by every lawful means,
Their rights to vindicate."

"Ah, Chirpy, you're the bird for me!"
Said little Trilla Sparrow.
"That wicked fellow's got a gun,
And awful bow and arrow.
I heard him say the other day
He'd shot a brace of wrens,
And meant to kill some other birds
To keep as specimens."

"A specimen!" said Chirpy Wren,
"Pray what's he mean by that?
I thought he only shot us birds
To gratify his cat."

"Oh no! I saw his specimens,"
Said Mrs. Pinkey Linnet,
"The day I visited his home
And got so frightened in it.
He's got a monstrous sort of box,
With hardened air in front—
The kind you cannot see at all,
But fly against kerbunt;
And in this box are specimens

Of all the bird creation.
Ah me! I saw my cousin there,
And lots of your relation,
All standing stiff, on crooked sticks,
As dead as Chirpy's limb;
I tell you, 'twas an awful sight,
They looked so strange and grim."

"The heartless thief!" screamed Chirpy Wren;
"The wretch!" exclaimed Pipella.
"I'd like to see him on a stick."
Chimed in Miss Wingabella.

"Tut, tut! You giddy headed things,
How can you talk so wildly?
The birds were made for men, you know,"
Said Mrs. Phœbe mildly.
"This boy, with other boys, has formed
The Ornithos Alliance.
Their object is to capture us,
And aid the cause of science.
If we, by giving up our lives,
Can add to human learning,
We bless the world, and gain, besides,
An honor worth the earning."

"An honor!" echoed Chirpy Wren,
"An honor, did you say—
To perch upon a crooked stick,
And stare, and stare away
Through eyes that don't belong to you?
A blessing, did you say,
To have your feathers in a muss,
Your body stuffed with hay?
If I were you, I'd seek at once
This wonderful alliance,
And offer up my precious self
A sacrifice to science."

"And so would I," said Topsy Thrush,
"You poor demented thing!
You don't deserve to wear a bill,
Or even own a wing."

"Oh, here comes Picus Woodpecker,"
Exclaimed Pipella gaily.
"What can he find in Chirpy's limb?
He's pecking at it daily."

"Good morning, Picus; what's the news?"
Said Chirpy, quite excited.

"Unpleasant news, I grieve to say,"
Said Picus as he lighted.
"As I was pecking over there,
I heard those monsters say
They meant to climb this tree of yours
And take your eggs away."

"My eggs!" said Chirpy, "that's a joke.
I haven't laid 'em yet.
I'm sure they're very welcome, sir,
To execute their threat.
These scientific robber boys
Have been deceived by me;
The nest they *think* is in this limb
I've built in yonder tree."

"You have!" said Picus. "I declare!
I thought your nest was here."

"And so did I," said Topsy Thrush.
"Why, Chirpy Wren, how queer!"

"I know its queer," said Chirp, "but then,
I have an end in view—
Say, Picus, sharpen up your bill!
I want some help from you."

Sir Picus gravely drew his bill
Across the apple bough;
Then, nodding, said to Chirpy Wren:
"'Tis at your service now."

"Come here," said Chirp, "and peck some holes
Around this limb of mine.
I want them deep, and in a ring;
Now, mind you, do it fine!
You other birds can fly away
And come again to-morrow;
I'll show you how a little wren
Can bring a thief to sorrow."

---

To-morrow morning brings the boys
To Chirpy's apple tree.
A score of birds are gathered round
In groups of two and three,
Who've come with timid, doubting hearts,
The wond'rous sight to see.

"There, there she is!" says cruel Dick,
"She's sitting on the nest."

"That's so!" says Ned. "The little witch;
I see her speckled breast."

"You hold my jacket now," says Dick,
"And I'll secure the prize."

"Look out!" says Ned, "the limb is dead."

"I'll risk it," Dick replies.

Here Chirpy, mighty in her wrath,
Hops screaming from the hole,
Her feathers standing all on end,
A figure quaint and droll.

"Don't let the monster catch you, Chirp,
"Look out!" cries Pinkey Linnet.

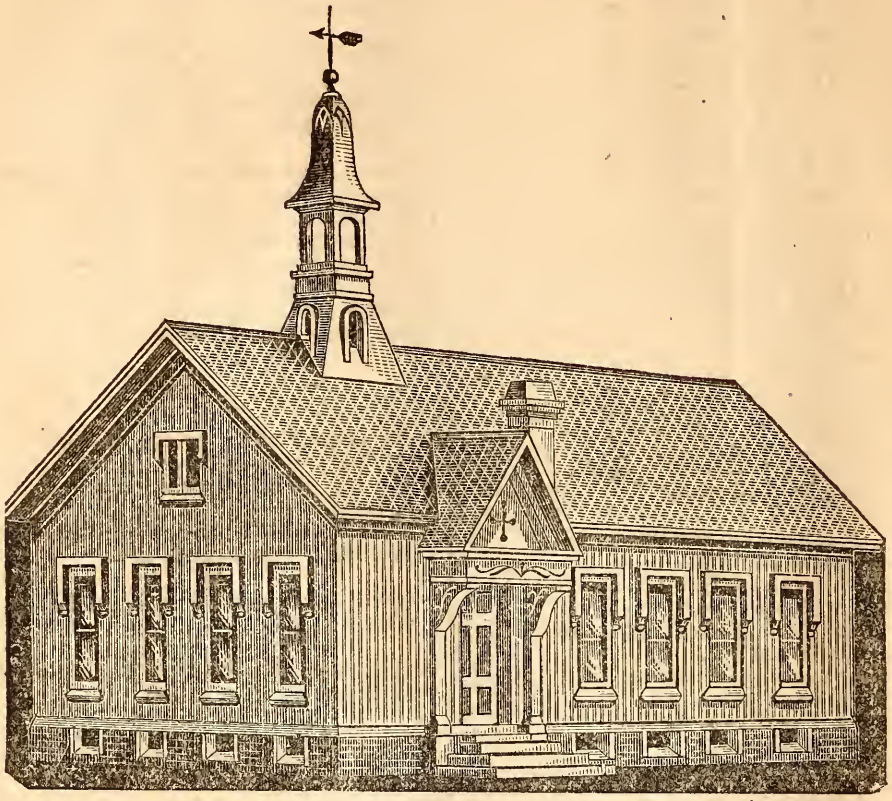
"D'ye see the nest?" says Ned to Dick,
"How many are there in it?"

"Oh dear!" thinks Chirp, as Dick draws near,
"If Picus' work has failed!"
Just here a crash, and luckless Dick,
With pantaloons impaled,
Is dangling helpless in the air,
While Chirp, with all her might,
Is launching on her captive's head
Her epithets of spite;
And all her friends are carolling
A song of victory
Around the hapless, struggling Dick,
Their vanquished enemy.

---

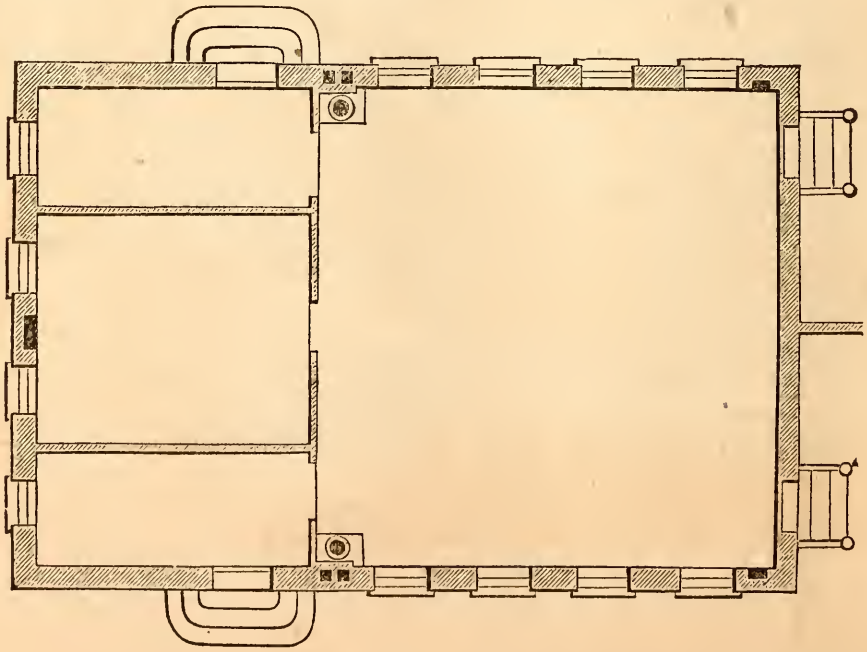
We'll leave the unsuccessful Dick
In lofty meditation—
An elevated subject, boys,
For your consideration.

# DESIGN FOR SCHOOL-HOUSE.



This design represents a wood building with a batten finish. An inexpensive hood is placed over the windows, and a cupola surmounts the roof. The roof of the porch is thrown up into a gable, producing a fine effect at little cost. This building may be finished with clapboards, or may be built of brick. The school-room, has seats for seventy pupils. The entrances are from the sides, both finished alike. This gives a commodious lobby to each sex, and a fine recitation room for second teacher. The entrance to the recitation room may be from the porches, and the door in front omitted, if preferred—leaving the space for black board.

This pretty design is from the book entitled School Houses, by James Johonnot, (architectural designs by S. E. Hewes), published by J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., New York City. This book contains a great variety of plans and elevations, with full and accurate descriptions, so that varied tastes may be gratified, and any carpenter, from the ideas furnished, can construct a building precisely as described.



WHISKEY RUM AND BRANDY
Specimens of the work INSIDE
R.L. STOPFORD. Del

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

H. V. OSBORNE, Editor.

## THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.

The project of celebrating the American Centennial in a manner befitting a country as extended and great as ours, has now assumed such definite proportions, that a longer silence upon our part would indicate our indifference to the worthy and patriotic purpose, which would place us in a very false light.

Thus far, our readers have had no means of ascertaining from these pages the success attendant upon the Centennial Commissioners' work, so that, as the exposition will be such as can be very much extended by a hearty coöperation upon our subscribers, it seems best, just now, to commence at the beginning, and briefly recapitulate to the present, when Congress is about to lend its assistance. Concerning the source of the proposition to celebrate the American Centenary by a grand exposition of all the arts, sciences, and manufactures of the world, there is much doubt, and concerning the city which should extend its hospitality to the universe in 1876, there was a great deal of animated debate. As was eminently fitting, from her revolutionary history, Philadelphia was chosen as the seat of the great fair, and by an act of governmental authority, regular commissioners were appointed to do the work, selected with reference to their executive abilities, from all the states and territories in the union. A large amount of Centenary stock was issued, millions of dollars worth were sold, and millions more selling, of course, in the stock market to-day. Then a plan must be selected for the building—President Grant, in the meantime, having set apart a large tract of ground in Fairmount Park, and issued a proclamation to all the civilized nations of the earth, inviting them to join with us in fair and honorable competition of different industrial and scientific productions—as well as those especially relating to the fine arts. The plan finally decided upon is the combined effort of Mr. Calvert Vaux, and Mr. Radfield, of New York City, and provides for the erection of a monster-building, covering the immense area of thirty-five acres of ground. It will be made of iron and glass, the iron columns and spans compassing it being uniform in shape and size, so that they can be manufactured very rapidly, and put together with the greatest ease and speed. It is impossible to describe the plan of this immense structure, as an illustration can only convey a proper idea of it; but its proportions are most grand and magnificent, and the finest architectural taste everywhere displayed. Inside, the columns and arches which support it, though of great strength, are slight, and delicately wrought and moulded, and the distance between them being very great, the effect is most charming. Imagine this building filled with the choice productions—the fine arts of all the universe—the glittering splendor of the east, and the no less valuable treasures of the west—the richness of the north and the tropical productions of the south—and beside them, mingled in a common throng, the inhabitants of every clime; imagine this, and you will be able to form a slight idea of what the exposition will consist. Twenty per cent. of the entire space in this great building has been already taken up, and a large portion by foreign exhibitors—while to crown the idea, and to give it the official recognition it deserves, President Grant has now ready a special message for Congress, urging upon it the propriety and necessity of appropriating a liberal amount of money to further its success.

Having thus very briefly and very meagerly, in a few brief paragraphs, expressed what the Commissioners have done during the past two years, a word ought to be said concerning the benefits likely to result from the American Exposition. It will surely bring about a larger Eastern exhibition from China, Japan, and the Islands of the Pacific than has ever before been seen, for the reason that San Francisco is more convenient than any foreign port, and goods taken from ships there, can be sent by rail directly to the Exposition building without change of cars. It will benefit those states which stand in the need of aid the most, and will forward development in other states, where internal improvement may be already going on; because. at the time of the Exposition, provided each state does its duty, foreign capital, sure to be present, will be enabled to see for itself where an investment would bring the greatest return, and will, of course, not hesitate to invest; and foreign labor, whose representatives will also be here, can also see where labor will meet with the best wages, and emigrate to that state which promises the most; so that, to catch the capital and labor of foreign nations, each state must do its utmost to rival all others; and it becomes the inhabitants of every county in that state to use all the means in their power to give it as fair an exponent of its mines, agricultural fields, and mechanical abilities possible.

We might write to almost an indefinite length concerning this affair, but as nearly all the newspapers in the country are doing this already, we simply refer our readers to them, and in closing, do what seems to be our duty—urge our readers to learn more of this Exposition than our limited space enables us to give. Endorsed by the

President in a proclamation which, by this time, has found its way to almost the very extremes of the earth, the honor and patriotism of every individual is involved in its success, and by a failure, the whole country would be disgraced. This is said not because a failure can possibly occur, but because of our desire to interest all in the growth, development, and final success of this glorious undertaking.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

M. D.—The heart does not always die last according to popular belief, for the nerves continue to live after the heart has ceased to throb, the arterial systole is not interrupted, and capillary circulation still goes on. Neither is the glassiness of the eye a sufficient indication of death, for though the eye may have every appearance of death, the body may yet be alive. But a certain sign of death is afforded by the skin; if it become livid, if touched with a piece of burning charcoal, it blisters without revealing any serosity or trace of reaction, while the blisters are filled with vapors, death is complete. Putrefaction is also an evidence, but it cannot be waited for. If a part of the body be rubbed with a coarse, wet handkerchief, or with the back of a knife, and then be left exposed to the air, in the course of a few hours the skin will have become transparent and like parchment if death has really occurred. Again, if a light be held to the top of a finger at a moderate distance, a blister will be formed; if this contain serosity, there is still life in the body. These are sure and certain signs, and when such simple means are within the reach of all, it seems very strange that death is not always medically ascertained.

Robert J. S.—"Old Christmas" comes on Jan. 5.

We will club with the *Home Circle* for $2.00, including their chromo.

Q. T.—The room in which your canary bird is kept should never be warmer than 90.

Feed plain food. Now and then a lump of sugar does no harm; but as a general rule *avoid sweets*. Keep the cuttle-fish dry and clean, and feed only fresh and dry seed.

Never place a cage where a draught can strike the bird.

Never smoke in a room where your bird is kept, as the odor of a cigar is fatal to canaries.

As a general rule, never keep the bird in a painted cage; for the birds will peck at the wires, and it will lead to disease.

When your bird is shedding feathers, which is generally styled moulting, avoid draughts of air.

During the summer season you should have both a drinking-cup and a bathing-dish in the cage, and should wash them well twice a day, and fill with fresh water. The seed-cup should be filled every morning.

Pawtucket, R. I., Jan. 7th, 1874.

Mrs. J. H. S., says:

"I am desirous of learning the address of a Mrs. Bardwell, who lives somewhere in Massachusetts, and who is the patentee of a 'self-fastening button requiring no button-hole.'

Can you or any of your readers give me the information? Will you also be so kind as to tell me the price of "Bed-time Stories," mentioned in "Literary Notices" in January number of the Magazine."

The price of the book mentioned is $1.50.

Can any of our readers forward the address required?

Johnnie.—All the cattle in Europe amount to ninety-two million, seven hundred thousand head. Of these Germany owns thirteen million; Austria and France each twelve million; Great Britain ten million; Turkey nine million; Spain and Portugal four million five hundred thousand; Denmark four million; Italy three million five hundred thousand; Sweden and Norway two million five hundred thousand; Holland and Belgium two million; Greece one million; and Switzerland one million—this little republic having a greater number in proportion to its extent and population, than any of the others.

Schoolboy.—The gold peso fuerte of the Argentine Republic is worth $1 in United States money of account; the silver florin of Austria 47.60 cents; the Belgium gold and silver franc 19.30 cents; the gold dollar of the British Possessions in North America, $1; the gold peso of Cuba 92.58; the gold sovereign of Great Britain, $4,86.55; the gold mark of the German Empire, 23.82; the silver dollar of Mexico, $1,04.75; the French gold and silver franc, 19.30; the gold and silver lira of Italy, 19.30; the Spanish peseta of 100 centimes in gold or silver, 19.30, and the Indian silver rupee of 16 annas, 45.84. At present the gold value of silver, as estimated in the bullion market, is about 113 cents per ounce, 900 fine.

Farmer B.—The *Poultry World*, in answer to a correspondent who asks for a remedy for lice on fowls, says carbolic soap-suds are good. Apply with a small syringe till the feathers are slightly moistened at the roots. There is one objection to this, which is, that it renders the fowls liable to take cold, unless the weather is warm. Another perfectly efficacious remedy is the Persian insect powder, made of the pulverized blossoms of an imported plant. Though poisonous to insects, it is not at all noxious to fowls, dogs, cats, or other warm-blooded animals, and there is no danger in having it about where there are children.

# LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, now published by Hurd & Houghton, (the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass ,) contains the following able and entertaining articles: Naples, Under the old Regime, by Robert Dale Owen; Gambrel Roof, a ballad, by Lucy Larcom; Prudence Palfrey, Chap's V, VI; a Chain of Italian Cities, H. James, Jr.; Nooning in Florida, poem by Will Wallace Harney; The Anti-Slavery Convention of 1833, John G. Whittier; Wherefore? one of Celia Thaxter's charming poems; Over Ilium and Ida, William J. Armstrong; Baddeck and That Sort of Thing, Charles Dudley Warner; Sheriff Thorne, a lesson in verse, by J. T. Trowbridge; Faithful Bean, M. E. W. S.; Mose Evans, William M. Baker; A Ballad of the Boston Tea-party, O. W. Holmes; Recollections of Aggassiz, Theodore Lyman; Reviews of Literature, Art, Music. Price $4.00 per year—we will send it with our magazine in addition, for the same price.

ST. NICHOLAS, An Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls, published by Scribner & Co., New York. The February number has arrived, and presents quite a fair appearance. It opens with a short poem by W. C. Bryant, entitled The Cost of a Pleasure; Bianca and Beppo, an illustrated article by J. S. Stacy, is a tale of the middle ages; How the Heavens Fell, by Rossiter Johnson, is illustrated by H. L. Stephens; Susan Coolidge tells What St. Valentine Did for Milly. There are also three serials: Fast Friends, by Trowbridge; Nimpo's Troubles, by Oliver Thorne; and What Might Have been Expected, by Frank R. Stockton. There are useful articles on the Velocity of Light, Wood-Carving, and about that curious animal the Manatee. C. S. Stephens, describes a Moose Hunt in Maine; and there is a short resumé of Stanley's recent book for boys; a poem, What's the Fun? by Olive A. Wadsworth, illustrated by eight appropriate cuts, gives an idea of the fun that can be had in each of the months of the year. There are also poems by Celia Thaxter, Silas Dinsmore, Mary E. C. Wyeth, and a humorous ballad by Theophilis Higginbotham, called Mild Farmer Jones and the Naughty Boy, which is illustrated by nine very funny Silhouettes by Hopkins. Two pages for little folks are given this month; and, there is some capital talk from "Jack-in-the-Pulpit;" and a well-filled Riddle-Box. The Frontispiece, by W. Brooks, entitled "In Sister's Care," is well-drawn. This number of ST. NICHOLAS, like the last, while it keeps its individuality in every particular, shows a decided disposition to accept freely every advantage offered by its late absorption of "*Our Young Folks*." The old readers of the latter magazine will recognize several of their favorite authors in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, which, by the way, abounds in illustrations, there being no less than fifty pictures in it, all of them good, and some of them fine. Terms $3.00 a year. We send it and our magazine at the same price.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for February is unusually varied and entertaining in its contents, which are embellished with over Eighty Engravings.

The "Legend of the Cascades"—a beautifully illustrated poem, with which the Number opens—gives a rendering of one of the grandest of Indian traditions, and is very fitly published in the same Number with Mr. Nordhoff's illustrated paper on the Columbia River and Puget Sound; since the tradition relates to that river, and is briefly alluded to by Mr. Nordhoff. William C. Prime contributes a profusely illustraten paper on Pottery and Porcelain, full of novel and interesting information, now especially timely in view of the valuable works recently published relating to the Ceramic Art. Thousands of religious readers will read with peculiar interest Eugene Lawrence's article on City Road Chapel—where the last lessons of John Wesley were heard; where he was buried among his early companions; and from whose pulpit have gone forth "the leaders of a missionary throng, bearing to Europe, Asia, and America the simple faith of the latest reformation." The article is illustrated with portraits of the Wesleys—iucluding a view also of John Wesley's tomb. *Apropos* of the recent publication of Mr. Vincent's "Land of the White Elephant," S. S. Conant contributes an illustrated article, giving some of the most important results of that author's observations in Farther India. The two serial novels, "My Mother and I," by Miss Mulock, and "The Living Link," by Professor De Mille, both of which are beautifully illustrated, are well sustained in interest. Edwin De Leon continues his interesting series of papers on the "New South," dealing in this Number with the remarkable progress recently made in Southern manufacturing industry. This paper is illustrated with two important maps, showing the great lumbering and mining districts in the Southwest. A very concise but comprehensive article on the Holland House, full of historical reminiscence and anecdote, is contributed by Eugene Lawrence. Frank Lee Benedict contributes a short story, Mrs. Emily E. Ford a clever sketch showing how there are people in China who cannot take a joke, and Walt Whitman one of his most characteristic poems, "Song of the Redwood Tree." Shorter poems are contributed by Carl Spencer and Mrs. Mary E. Brooks.

George William Curtis, in the *Editor's Easy Chair*, discusses Tweed's fate and the question of

the co-education of the sexes, and gives some very entertaining gossip of the Lyceum green-room. The Scientific Record is very comprehensive in its summary of recent progress in science and art, and the other departments are full of interest and instruction—including a very amusing Drawer, with numerous illustrations.

Price $4,00 per year. We will send it with our Magazine at same price.

Flammarion, author of "Plurality of Inhabited Worlds," and "The Atmosphere," has given us the most curious book of the kind ever written, "Stories of Infinity." Thoroughly scientific in its detail, it is all imagination in conception. The first part is the ransomed soul seventy years distant from earth, reading its events seventy years ago as taking place before its own eyes. Not at all impossible, and exceedingly interesting as a suggestion. Part Second is the first sight of the earth, and its gradual unfolding as seen from a comet in her periodical visits to our planet—one of the most charming fancies ever traced by mortal pen—as spiritual as it is original. Published by Roberts Bros,, Boston.

Madame Herman's new method of Making Wax Flowers can be learned now for only $2.50, by buying her new Book of Instruction, with many Practical Plates, and an Entire Set of Moulds being included in the price. This book has been composed to supply the want of persons living out of New York, and who cannot come to this city to learn the method? Any one with the "love of the beautiful" connot but admire well made Wax Flowers, which resemble nature so well that many persons are daily deceived by them, taking them for natural flowers; they are well adapted for decorative purposes, and nothing is more pretty for presents than Wax Flowers. To reach all classes, this book is sold for only $2.50, including a Full Set of Moulds. Madame Herman is also the inventor of the beautiful art of making Foliage, which is a perfect representation of the natural leaf, and is made without Moulds or Scissors.

This beautiful art can be learned for three dollars only, by buying the Book of Instruction, with practical illustrations. Address Madame Herman, 113 West 41st St., New York.

## OUR HOUSEKEEPER.

Bread Sponge (*Potato*).—6 potatoes, boiled and mashed fine while hot; 6 tablespoonfuls baker's yeast; 2 tablespoonfuls white sugar; 2 tablespoonfuls lard; 1 teaspoonful soda; 1 quart warm—*not* hot—water; 3 cups flour. Mash the potatoes, and work in the lard and sugar. Stir to a cream, mixing in gradually a quart of the water in which the potatoes were boiled, which should have been poured out to cool down to blood warmth. *Beat* in the flour, already wet up with a little potato-water to prevent lumping, then the yeast, lastly the soda. Cover lightly if the weather is warm, more closely in winter, and set to rise over night in a warm place.

Bread Sponge (*Plain*).—1 quart warm water; 6 tablespoonfuls baker's yeast; 2 table spoonfuls lard; 2 tablespoonfuls white sugar; 1 teaspoonful soda; flour to make a soft batter. Melt the lard in the warm water, add the sugar, then the flour by degrees, stirring in smoothly. A quart and a pint of flour will usually be sufficient if the quality is good. Next comes the yeast, lastly the soda. Beat up hard for several minutes, and set to rise as above.

Bread mixed with potato-sponge is more nutritious, keeps fresh longer, and is sweeter than that made with the plainer sponge. But there are certain seasons of the year when good *old* potatoes cannot be procured, and new ones will not do for this purpose.

The potato-sponge is safer, because surer for beginners in the important art of bread-making. After using it for fifteen years, I regard it as almost infallible—given the conditions of good flour, yeast, kneading, and baking.

Family Bread (*White*).—Having set your sponge over night, or, if you bake late in the afternoon, early in the morning, sift dry flour into a deep bread-tray, and strew a few spoonfuls of fine salt over it. The question of the quantity of flour is a delicate one, requiring judgment and experience. Various brands of flour are so unequal with respect to the quantity of gluten they contain, that it is impossible to give any invariable rule on this subject. It will be safe, however, to sift two quarts and a pint, if you have set the potato-sponge; two quarts for the plain. This will make two good-sized loaves. Make a hole in the middle of the heap, pour in the risen sponge (which should be very light and seamed in many places on the top), and work down the flour into it with your hands. If too soft, add more flour. If you can mould it at all, it is not too soft. If stiff, rinse out the bowl in which the sponge was set with a little lukewarm water, and work this in. When you have it in manageable shape, begin to knead. Work the mass into a ball—your hands having been well floured from the first; detach it from the tray, and lift it in your left hand, while you sprinkle flour with the right thickly over the bottom and sides of the tray. Toss back the ball into this, and knead hard—always toward the centre of the mass, which should be repeatedly turned over and around,

that every portion may be manipulated. Brisk and long kneading makes the pores fine and regular. Gaping holes of diverse sizes are an unerring tell-tale of a careless cook. Spend at least twenty minutes—half an hour is better—in this kind of useful gymnastics. It is grand exercise for arms and chest. This done, work the dough into a shapely ball in the centre of the tray, sprinkle flour over the top; throw a cloth over all and leave it on the kitchen-table to rise, taking care it is not in a draught of cold air. In summer, it will rise in four or five hours—in winter, six are often necessary. It should come up steadily until it at least trebles its original bulk and the floured surface cracks all over. Knead again for ten or fifteen minutes. Then, divide it into as many parts as you wish loaves, and put them in well-greased pans for the final rising. In a large household baking, it is customary to mould the dough into oblong rolls, three or four, according to the number of loaves you desire, and to lay these close together in one large pan. The second kneading is done upon a floured board, and should be thorough as the first, the dough being continually shifted and turned. Set the pans in a warm place for an hour longer, with a cloth thrown over them to keep out the air and dust. Then bake, heeding the directions set down in the article on bread in general. If your ovens are in good condition, one hour should bake the above quantity of bread. But here again experience must be your guide. Note carefully for yourself how long a time is required for your first successful baking, as also how much dry flour you have worked into your sponge, and let these data regulate future action. I have known a variation of two quarts in a large baking, over the usual measure of flour. I need not tell you that you had better shun a brand that requires such an excessive quantity to bring the dough to the right consistency. It is neither nutritious nor economical. When you make out the loaves, prick the top with a fork.

Do not make your first baking too large. Practice is necessary to the management of an unwieldy mass of dough. Let your trial-loaf be with say half the quantity of sponge and flour I have set down, and increase these as skill and occasion require, carefully preserving the proportions. Seven or eight quarts of flour will be needed for the semi-weekly baking of a family of moderate size.

If I have seemed needlessly minute in the directions I have laid down, it is because I wish to be a guide, not a betrayer, and because I am deeply impressed with the worth of such advice as may tend to diminish the number of those who know not for themselves the comfort and delight of eating from day to day, and year to year, good family bread.

Family Bread (*Brown*).—I wish it were in my power, by much and earnest speaking and writing, to induce every housekeeper to make brown bread—that is, bread made of unbolted, usually called Graham flour—a staple article of diet in her family. I only repeat the declaration of a majority of our best chemists and physicians when I say that our American fondness for fine white bread is a serious injury to our health. We bolt and rebolt our flour until we extract from it three-quarters of its nutritive qualities, leaving little strength in it except what lies in gluten or starch, and consign that which makes bone and tissue, which regulates the digestive organs, and leaves the blood pure, the brain clear, to the lower animals. Growing children especially should eat brown bread daily. It supplies the needed phosphate to the tender teeth and bones. If properly made, it soon commends itself to their taste, and white becomes insipid in comparison. Dyspeptics have long been familiar with its dietetic virtues, and, were the use of it more general, we should have fewer wretches to mourn over the destroyed coats of their stomachs. It is wholesome, sweet, honest, and should be popular.

Prepare a sponge as for white bread, using potatoes or white flour. My rule is to take out a certain quantity of the risen sponge on baking day, and set aside for brown bread. Put into a tray two parts Graham flour, one-third white, and to every quart of this allow a handful of Indian meal, with a teaspoonful of salt. Wet this up with the sponge, and when it is mixed, add, for a loaf of fair size, half a teacupful of molasses. The dough should be *very* soft. If there is not enough of the sponge to reduce it to the desired consistency, add a little blood-warm water. Knead it diligently and long. It will not rise so rapidly as the white flour, having more "body" to carry. Let it take its time; make into round, comfortable loaves, and set down again for the second rising, when you have again kneaded it. Bake steadily, taking care it does not burn, and do not cut while hot. The result will repay you for your trouble. It will take a longer time to bake than white bread. Brown flour should not be sifted.—*Common Sense.*

---

The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road; but with a cheerful spirit, and a heart to praise God for his mercies, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.—*Dewey.*

# NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Harper's Bazar of Feb. 21st gives us such a foretaste of the spring and summer materials to be worn, and credits that information to such standard houses as A. T. Stewart & Co., Arnold & Constable, and Lord & Taylor, that to better please our readers we have laid aside the fashion letter prepared, and give them instead the benefit of that paper's columns.

### COLORS.

A speedy return to positive colors is manifest in the earliest importations of spring goods; all mongrel sickly hues, such as peacock and olive, will gradually disappear, and we shall have instead the clear gray, brown, and blue of ten years ago. Mahogany brown, it is said, will be the leading color; dark Napoleon blue is even more largely imported than it was last year.

### SPRING SILKS.

Twenty-one shades of mahogany brown are found in the newly-imported silks; every tint of the wood is represented, from the darkest hue, for street suits, up to the palest écru buff. Another brown, called *châtaigne* (chestnut), has less of the Bismarck yellow tinges, and can not fail to find favor. Gray shades excel the brown ones both in beauty and number, as eighty pure, lovely variations of this fresh, cool, spring-like color are shown; those with blue tinges are most frequent, such as *ardoise*, or slate-color, *rocher*, heron gray, and a very blue gray, called *tenche*, after a species of carp; lichen gray belongs to the same class of tints; *gris Russe* is a pure and simple hue, and Christiana gray is almost black; a pale gray, called *Suéde*, is the shade seen in undressed kid gloves, and castor gray represents the castor gloves. Among a host of blue shades rosemary and the nearly black Napoleon blues are most often repeated. Gas-light silks take also deeper tones, though they are still very delicate. Among these is *écume*, or foam-green, azure and Indienne blue, pale-rose, *gris-perle*, a tender lilac with pinkish hue, and a new faint gray almost as blue as the sky.

The choicest quality of spring silk is small round fine reps, instead of the heavier grains that do not wear well. The preference for smoother-faced silks is now so marked that merchants are confident black taffeta will soon replace all heavy Ottoman reps and other gros grains, especially for useful summer silks that are worn for shopping and traveling dresses. Taffeta repels dust instead of secreting it, and is lighter than repped silks. Fancy silks are in even stripes of white or a color with black; the grisaille striped silks, showing pretty combinations of black and white, having become standard fabrics; mottled or chéné silks in grisaille effects and also in mahogany shades are largely imported. The latter are sold in light but firm qualities for $1 a yard; narrow striped and checked silks begin as low as 75 cents a yard.

### LIGHT WOOLEN GOODS.

Spring and summer materials for general wear are in plain solid colors, while extreme novelties have stripes to which peculiar effects are given by weaving in silk and clipping it at intervals, leaving an edge like tiny tassels. Plain light woolen goods are woven in twills and diagonal lines of various sizes, have rough surfaces like camels'-hair, and are of those soft yielding textures that drape gracefully. Quantities of de bége are shown in new dark shades of gray and brown, and of wider diagonal pattern than any yet worn; this fabric is especially suited for demi-season suits, and for traveling dresses in the summer months. *Croisé* cloth is a new material for spring redingotes; it is all wool, lightly twilled in natural unbleached shades, and is twenty-four inches wide. Prunella, Pekin, and casimir are old-fashioned names revived on importers' list of stuffs. A new granite cloth has pretty armure figures, and is in the clearest gray and brown shades. Armure lain is soft all-wool delaine —tamise cloth, in fact—with tiny armure figures. Various excellent twilled woolens for over dresses are marked *Ecosse mélange*, and are French imitations, or rather improvements, of the rough Scotch mixtures worn by gentlemen for summer suits. The well-known leno cloth is no longer seen in white grounds with stripes and cross-bars of color, but is in pretty tints of solid color, gray, drab, or brown; leno is thin and light for summer wear, and is of very strong texture. Wool taffeta is also a serviceable fabric of smooth surface. Cheaper English woolens imitate de bége and other French diagonal mixtures; the English mohair glacé in steel gray and brown shades is a durable fabric; alpaca, brilliantine, Canton cloth, and Norwich poplins are also of English origin.

### SILK AND WOOLEN MIXTURES.

A different class of goods is that with raised silken figures on woolen grounds. The design is in self-color, either in wide diagonal lines, polka dots, armure figures, or else chevron stripes. Two new cloths for summer polonaises have the effect of camels'-hair woven in tiny horizontal stripes of two shades of wool-color. Light qualities of Sicilienne are brought out for the same purpose, and will be sold for about $2 a yard in single width. A new fancy introduces a lace-like stripe in the pretty Sicilienne cloth; this is shown in inch-wide stripes of two shades of pearl gray, blue with white, blue and pearl, and black with white.

India silks and antique-looking pongee silks are shown in brown and écru shades, with zigzag stripes, for polonaises to be worn over

darker silk skirts. Satin-striped cashmere is a novelty that offers a pleasant change from the long-used plain cashmeres. There are also various new but antiquated-looking stuffs that have rough woolen stripes woven conspicuously on smooth silken surfaces.

### SUMMER GOODS.

The new caprice in thin goods is woolen canvas woven in large open square meshes, and in basket patterns, or in lace-like stripes; this is as soft and oily to the touch as the camels'-hair cloths. The same designs are also shown in linen goods. These linen canvas fabrics were imported last year late in the season by private modistes, and it is predicted will be the popular fabric next summer. Sometimes the entire dress is made of the écru canvas, while in other cases the foundation is of more substantial linen, with an over dress and flounces of canvas cloth. Brown, écru, and gray are the only colors for such goods, but sometimes a thread of black, blue, or darker brown is introduced. Buff linens have white stripes in lace-like designs or in canvas squares.

A pretty fabric for summer is something between old-fashioned barége and the de bège of to-day—thicker than one and thinner than the other—in natural écru colors, and either plain or striped surfaces. This is all wool.

Thin, wiry grenadine-baréges have stripes of silk woven in and clipped in a way already described. The stripe is self-colored; réséda, tea-color, and kindred tints are represented. Various French tissues, soft and silky, and armure grenadines, are also shown in the prevailing colors.

### TINTED PERCALES.

The soft-finished percales and cambrics are smooth and pleasant to the touch, an important item with needle-women. Blue prevails among these wash goods, and nearly all have at least tinted grounds, only a few white grounds for children being shown. The newest patterns are dark solid blue stripes with a lighter stripe like square-meshed lace, and on this lace stripe are daisy wreaths, vines, and polka dots. Checks, broken plaids, and cross-bars of white on Napoleon blue ground, are also admired. This lace stripe, showing black and white meshes, makes a pretty gray mixed stripe, which is sometimes alternated with a pale blue stripe, or else violet, rose, or lavender. The pale-tinted grounds of blue, gray, or pearl-color have chéné effects, dots, and stripes of cherry or deeper blue; acorns, leaves, and tiny flowers are on hair stripes of a color and white; bed-ticking stripes of white and blue make up prettily; others have light blue polka dots on dark grounds, or else brown grounds with large white polka dots, zigzag stripes, and Japanese characters. For blouses, shirt-waists, and children's dresses there are white twilled stripes and plaids on blue grounds; and there are lighter blue grounds with dark blue twilled stripes and very large spots, an inch in diameter; also for shirting are the mixed gray bars with red, blue, or maroon stripes between, and tiniest checks of white with brown, lavender, or blue. These goods are thirty-three inches wide, and will cost about 35 cents a yard.

English calicos have pale buff, foam green, and sky blue grounds strewn with leaves of the same or contrasting color, or else with Japanese tracery or black lines. Chintz figures are also still seen in buff and wood-colored garments.

### SPRING SHAWLS.

Square Ottoman repped shawls are imported for spring in figured stripes of dark tints, instead of the light-colored and white shawls formerly used. Black and gold stripes are most popular; dark stripes of gray, and white with golden figures are also shown. Pretty solid-colored shawls are shown of bright blue or scarlet llama wool.

### FANCY HOSIERY.

Fancy stockings striped around in a color with white are being largely imported for ladies and children. Tinted grounds with stripes of a darker color will also be worn.

### ENGLISH JACKETS FOR SPRING.

English jackets more closely fitting than those of the winter will be worn in the spring. They are made of Ottoman repped cloth or tricot of light quality, and are slightly embroidered on the revers, pockets, cuffs, and on the flaps of the back. All these have the wide English back; many are now made single-breasted with a rolling collar.

### LADIES' DRESS-COATS.

It is said that ladies will wear a sort of feminine dress-coat, a basque with the back prolonged in swallow-tail shape, very like the full-dress coat worn by gentlemen. The first of these displayed is double-breasted, though fastened by but one button, and spreading away like a Newmarket coat.

### ENGLISH BASQUE AND OVER-SKIRT.

The English basque cut long, square, and shaped like a tight-fitting English jacket, will be worn in woolen stuffs for spring, accompanied by a long, closely-clinging over-skirt, draped very slightly behind. This is worn over a French round skirt of silk of the same color, and is sometimes called a habit suit, from its resemblance to a riding-habit.

### SHIRRED FLOUNCES.

The flounces of silk skirts are to be plentifully shirred or gathered at the top. Kilt pleating will continue in vogue, but shirred flounces are lighter, and do not require much material.

# LAUGHING STOCK.

A country fellow who lisped having bought some pigs, asked a neighbor for the use of a pen for a few days. Said he: "I have juth been purchathin thome thwine—two thowth and pigth. I want to put them in your pen till I can get a place for them."

"Two thousand pigs!" exclaimed the neighbor; "why, my pen will hardly hold a dozen."

"You don't undethand me, Mr. Bent I don't thay two thouthand pigths, but two thowth and pigth."

"I hear you," said Mr. Bent. "Two thousand pigs. Why you must be crazy."

"I tell you again," exclaimed the man, angrily, "I mean not two thouthand pigth, but two thowth and two pigth."

"Oh, that is what you mean, eh? Well, the pen is at your service."

A Hopeful Lassie.—A servant girl of no strong intellect, who lived with a lady in Scotland, surprised her mistress by giving her warning. The lady inquired the cause, and found it was a sweetheart. "And who is the lad?" inquired the mistress. "Oh, he's a nice lad; a lad that sits in the kirk just fornent me." "Are you sure he intends to marry you?" "I daresay he does mem." "Have you had much of each other's company yet?" "Not yet." "When did you last converse with him?" "Deed, we hae nae conversed any yet." "Then how should you suppose that he is going to marry you?" "Oh," replied the simple girl, "he's been lang lookin' at me, and I think he'll soon be speakin'.',

A French gentleman, learning English to some purpose, replied, thus to the salutations: "How do you do, monsieur?" "Do vat?" "How do you find yourself?" "I never loses myself." "How do your feel?"—"Smooth. You just feel me."

Now they have got an equalized spring bed so that if you only weigh a hundred pounds, and your wife weighs three hundred pounds, she don't sink down any lower than you do. This has always been a great failing with spring beds. A small man couldn't tell whether he would be alive in the morning or not. A La Crosse man went to bed first the other night, and got asleep, and finally his wife came in mad because she stubbed her toe on a rocking chair. She weighs a good deal, and she jumped into bed suddenly. She went clear to the bottom on her side, and the springs on his side flew up, and when he woke up he was coming down from the ceiling head first. If he hadn't had a soft bed to fall on he would never have known what hurt him. Large women should be careful about falling into bed, or they will kill somebody yet.

Forty pairs of hands flying wildly in the air, forty mouths in distressful pantomine. "What do you want?" asked the teacher.

"Your hair is falling off," answered the chorus.

A Titusville paper says: "A man called at one of our shoe stores yesterday and vainly essayed to get on either numbers, 11, 12, or 13 shoes.—The store-keeper then suggested that he should put on a thinner pair of stockings and try on the box."

"Good-bye, you old scolding, red-headed heathen," wrote a Dubuque man to his wife the last thing before suiciding. She says she'd like to have got hold of him for about one York minute.

A Yankee gentleman, escorting a British friend to view the different objects of attraction in the vicinity of Boston, brought him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid monument, when the Yankee said: "This is the place where Warren fell." "Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted in local historical matters, "did it hurt him much?" "Hurt him!" said he, "he was killed, sir." "Ah! he was eh!" said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and computing its height layer by layer. "Well, I should think he would have been, to fall so far."

Jack's Bet.—A Georgia negro was riding a mule along, and came to a bridge, when the mule stopped. "I'll bet you a quarter," said Jack, "I'll make you go ober dis bridge," and with that struck the mule over the head, which made him nod suddenly. "You take de bet, den," said the negro, and contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge. "I won dat quarter anyhow," said Jack.

"But how will you get the money?" asked a man who had been close by, unperceived.

"To-morrow," said Jack, "massa gib me a dollar to get corn for the mule, and I take quarter out."

A lank, hungry-looking Mill-Creeker stepped into the Marshall (Ind.) bank on Thursday, and accosted Mc, with, "Do you keep drafts here, Mister?" "Yes, sir," replied the polite and dulcet-toned Mc. "What are they wurth?" queried the Mill-Creeker. "Owing to the size entirely, sir." "Well, I guess I've got means enough to git one about a foot square. Make her stout as blazes, Cap, for it's the old woman's back, and I want it to draw her double."

# Publisher's Department.

In these days of freedom, the right to work and earn for ourselves the comforts and pleasures of life, is more appreciated than the old birth-right of inheritance — the privilege of spending another's earnings.

The worth of an article cannot always be estimated by its mark of dollars and cents; but more truly by our *need* and *wish* for it, and the exertion we are willing to make to obtain it.

"God gives no *value* unto men
Unmatched by need of labor,
And *Cost*, of *Worth*, has always been
The closest neighbor."

Cöoperative plans, and mutual benefit societies, on fair business principles, now open paths wherein a desired good may be found, and a just equivalent rendered in personal service, thus preserving independence while enjoying luxuries which formerly only cash could procure.

We are glad to be in this work—we frankly admit we want a service from our friends which we cannot perform ourselves. We truly state that for such work we offer a full equivalent, and as proof we invite all interested to read our offers, to examine our premium lists, and to test the goods and statements for themselves.

If any point is not made clear, do not hesitate to ask for more information, it will be given gladly. It is part of our business, and one of our pleasant duties, to correspond with those who *mean* business.

We call your attention to a few of our premiums, and will mail full catalogue on receipt of application.

**Smith American Organs.** — With exceeding satisfaction we call attention to these valuable instruments. So hearty and emphatic are our letters of commendation from those who have ordered them of us, that we often feel like publishing them for the encouragement of those trying to, or desirous of procuring one. For illustrated catalogue, giving full particulars concerning styles and prices, address, The Smith American Organ Co., Boston, Mass. We furnish any instrument manufactured by them, as a premium for its price in subscriptions to the magazine.

**Bradbury Pianos.** — An excellent musical instrument is often more heartily wished for than easily obtained. To those sufficiently in earnest to make the necessary exertion, we make a proposition eminently worthy of acceptance, and will honor their orders for a perfect $800 Bradbury Piano, on receipt of 600 subscriptions to the Magazine. For further particulars address, Wood's Household Magazine, Newburgh, N. Y.

**Watches.** — Father Time, himself, endorses the works of these premiums—and trustingly leaves his accounts in their hands. Will you accept our assistance in making one of those faithful friends your constant companion? For 30 subscribers, we will order for you a Coin-silver Hunting Case Elgin Watch, (J. T. Ryerson Movement,)—retail price $30. For 75 subscribers we will order the Dexter Street, 14 kt., Gold Watch—price $50; and for 100 subscribers we will order the beautiful Lady Elgin, 18 kt., gold—price $80. Special terms if other styles are preferred. For circulars, address, National Watch Co., Chicago, Ill.

**American Sewing Machines.** — This machine is manufactured by the American Sewing Machine Company of 1318 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., and is unquestionably one of the most popular and reliable of the first-class Sewing Machines. We have selected this machine for our premium list from the fact that we consider it the most simple in its construction and the most easily understood. After a perusal of the instruction book, which comes with it, a child should be able to work it with the greatest ease.

The American possesses one quality which should recommend it to every lady, and that is the ease with which it is operated. This admits of its use by many ladies who have before been unable to operate a sewing machine.

This machine does every variety of work accomplished on any Lock-Stitch machine, and with the greatest ease and perfection.

We send the Plain American Sewing Machine, Drop-leaf and two Drawers,—price $70. Given as a premium for seventy subscribers.

---

Our circulation in Canada is rapidly increasing. This fact gives us great pleasure, showing as it does that our work is appreciated abroad as well as at home.

In order that there may be no delay in the receipt of goods ordered from the Provinces, we call the attention of our friends there to the postal laws requiring *prepayment* of American postage, which is 12 cents per year for our magagine. This, with amount required for chromos, if ordered, should be enclosed with first remittance.

---

Registered letters instead of requiring fifteen cents as formerly, can now be sent for eight cents—some of our subscribers do not seem to know this.

---

Viewed from the Stand Point of Economy the New Elastic Truss is a remarkable invention. The industry of thousands has been saved to society by its use. It affords instant relief; is worn night and day with comfort; it retains the rupture absolutely without any exception and at all times, and should not be removed during the few weeks necessary to effect a permanent cure. Sold low. Very durable. This truss is sent by mail everywhere by The Elastic Truss Co., No. 683 Broadway, N. Y. City, who furnish circulars free whenever desired.—*From Harper's Weekly.*

WILD FLOWERS.

(Page 186.)

WOOD'S

# HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.

VOL. 14. APRIL, 1874. NO. 4.

## MRS. DANA'S AMERICAN HELP.

MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

Mrs. Dana was a notable New England housekeeper; one of the few who approach in excellence "our mothers," who lived in past generations. Order reigned supreme in her pleasant home, whose belongings seemed to yield to the law of attraction, which holds "everything in its place" almost insensibly.

The husband and two sons looked at her as to a central orb around which all their temporal comforts revolved, without the possibility of disaster. Every morning Mr. Dana expected breakfast at precisely half-past six; and at half-past seven he expected to be walking down the sunny side of the street toward his store. At noon his cane struck the broad stone step at the front door just as the hands of the old town clock met, and twelve strokes rang out over the village; and he was sure of a good dinner without delay.

But in addition to her home duties, so faithfully performed, Mrs. Dana was what they call in Deerfield, "a good society woman." She not only diffused sunshine upon the pathway of her beloved husband, but carried it here and there, among the poor and suffering, in the shape of medicine, jellies, and bread and butter. If any one doubts the possibility of thus carrying sunshine in a basket, let her try the experiment within the precincts of her own neighborhood. But, while returning from one of these visits of charity, an accident occurred which for a time sadly interfered with Mrs. Dana's busy life. She was walking down a hill made icy by the lads and lassies of Deerfield through much "sliding," and lifting her feet with the caution that befitted a stout matron, when a "Hi! hi!" from a wicked boy in the rear made her glance around nervously, and in a moment she was lying helpless upon the ground.

A little crowd gathered. Mr. Dana rushed from his store, and with the aid of every man and boy whose assistance he would accept, his poor wife was placed in a sleigh and carried home. Dr. Douche and Dr. Pinfeather were soon in attendance, and kindly informed the suffering lady that she had sprained her ankle severely, and broken her right arm in two places. "I can't have it so," groaned Mrs. Dana. "Make up your mind, madam, to enjoy the scenery of this room for six weeks, at least," said the Doctor coolly, as he applied splints and bandages. "At least!" echoed the student with emphasis; at which Mr. Dana stroked his whiskers in a helpless way, as though he felt the foundations moving beneath him. Old Mrs. Price remarked, as she bustled about, "that her brother's wife had just such a fall once, and she never stepped for six months." At length, after everything possible had been done, the doctors and the neighbors withdrew, and then the family—for the boys, Richard and Ned, had hastened home earlier than usual—gathered at the bedside to lament and to decide what to do. "We mustn't depend upon the neighbors—no, not for a day," said Mrs. Dana. "They are all good, but have enough to do at home, Mrs. Hale said that Annie might come, but she is just from school, and of course does not understand housework, and we must have some one who does."

Richard, more familiarly called Dick, saw fit to remark that "girls were afraid of the

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by SAMUEL E. SHUTES, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

kitchen." He was twenty-four, just the right age to be both philosophical and critical.

No one ever realizes how difficult it is to find good help until the attempt is made; and, under the circumstances, Mr. Dana was considered fortunate when he secured the services of Biddy McKay. How well Biddy might have done, with a mistress to direct her movements, can never be known; but Biddy, without a mistress, was not a success. Changes, that cannot be expressed in words, came over the whole house. The rooms wore a dreary, dusty appearance, similar to Biddy herself. But the gentlemen of the family could have endured all this, since "mother's room" was taken care of by lady friends, and served as a general rendezvous, but they soon revolted against the cookery of the daughter of Erin. "Father," said Dick one morning, as he looked up and saw the old gentleman meekly sawing away upon his "steak," "Father, what does ail the meat these days?" "I don't know, my son, I fear Bridget does not understand how to broil it," answered Mr. Dana, as he gently rubbed his aching wrists. "She don't broil it, she fries it, and fries it, while she is doing up her hair, father, and I wish she would leave. If 'twasn't for the nice things mother gives me, when the neighbors bring 'em in, I should starve, I know I should." This information and opinion came from Master Ned, who occasionally invaded the kitchen. Mr. Dana and Richard folded their napkins as with one consent, and adjourned. It is astonishing to note the change that poor fare produces. Mr. Dana wore a lean, downcast look that morning as he wended his way down the street, not on the sunny side, but under the shade of the opposite buildings. He sympathized profoundly with a group of poor children at the corner, who were trying to warm themselves in the March sunshine, which could not even take the blue color from fingers or noses, and made them happy by taking them to the nearest grocery and treating them to apples. But when he returned to his home—a little past noon it was—he found that Bridget had gone. "And all because I tried to reason with her a little, after Dick told me about the breakfast," explained his wife. "She seemed really *angry*, and said she should leave immediately. And in less than half an hour she had her things packed—how *do* you suppose she did it—Richard paid her, and away she went."

Mr. Dana did not grieve over her departure, but hastened to the dining-room, where he found roast apples and milk, crackers, and one of Mrs. Hale's nice mince pies waiting his arrival. Richard was out hunting for "help." After the man of the house had dined, he turned the table-cloth carefully up over the remains of his feast, and left it with an easy conscience. The next day another Irish girl was installed in the kitchen, and for one short week the gentlemen fancied there were great improvements; and even when at the end of that time the irrepressible Ned discovered her dispensing alms at the back door to several needy "cousins," they decided to overlook it, as their's was a charitable household. But a little later, this spirit of forbearance was tested beyond endurance, when Biddy number two was discovered in a decidedly tipsy condition. The news of such depravity so wrought upon the mind of her poor helpless mistress, that she got very little pity or mercy from Richard, who sent her away with her wages and plenty of good advice thrown in gratuitously. Richard, who was a very fastidious young man, by nature and education, began to talk wildly of "boarding" or "going out west," he did not much care which, when his mother suggested the propriety of advertising in the "Deerfield News" for a good American girl. "Sure enough, mother, we might have known that an Irish girl could never suit us. How they *ever* get work is a mystery to me," said Richard as he sat down to write the proposed advertisement with all the intense earnestness of a hungry man.

"A smart capable American girl to take charge of a small family." Ah Dick, that has so often appeared in the newspapers! And there are so few American girls who have a love for housework! After the schools, the shops and the stores are filled, those that are left are so poor! But for once fortune seemed to favor this family; and, sooner than the most sanguine dared expect, a bright-faced young lady presented herself as a candidate for the situation. Richard, who was ready to fall down at the feet of any woman who could make bread or wield a broom, greeted her most cordially, and introduced her at once to the vacant kitchen.

Lucina entered upon her duties with cheerful zeal, and soon succeeded in proving her superiority to "foreigners." Once more the head of the house sat down to

what he termed a "square meal," and his poor wife assured her sympathizing friends that "everything would move on nicely now that she had American help." But Yankee blood does not always insure perfection; so when Lucina sat down to eat her meals with the gentlemen, and entertained them with an account of her friends at home, enlarging upon their charms and eccentricities in the most free-and-easy style, they tried to forget her kitchen apron and rolled-up sleeves, accounting it as a failing of poor human nature. Very soon they discovered that Lucina could sing. She did not wait, like some bashful *prima donna*, for an invitation, but early in the morning the ringing tones of Antioch, Mear, or some other modern tune, floated up from the kitchen, effectually destroying Mr. Dana's nap, to that gentleman's intense disgust. "Ahem! you have quite a nice voice, haven't you, Lucina?" said he one morning, preparing to drop a gentle hint as to its use. "Yes sir," was the brisk answer, "the singing-master said last winter that I could go the highest without breaking, of anybody he ever saw." Mr. Dana smiled dubiously, thinking that it surely broke up his dreams, but how could he reprove the smiling lass who poured and handed his coffee with such an air of satisfaction?

But Lucina had another accomplishment, not quite as harmless as the one just mentioned. One day not long after her coming, she ran into Mrs. Dana's with her under lip drawn in — sure token of some misfortune —and her hands filled with fragments of china. "Its that big platter, Mrs. Dana, I went to put it up on the shelf, and it slipped and went ker-whack on to the floor!"

A lady whose right arm is broken in two places must of necessity keep quiet; so the only comment was: "I'm very sorry, but such things will happen. Put the pieces away carefully, I never like to have them underfoot." Lucina went gaily forth to do her mistress' bidding, and in two minutes was singing "Hail happy day!" A few days after she presented herself with two nice goblets, which she laughingly said, "had tipped against each other and broke *just* as easy!" After this, Mrs. Dana expected to hear a crash whenever the time came to wash dishes; nor did she often listen in vain. As she sat all ready to jump when such disasters occurred, she naturally made some mental calculations as to the number of articles that would be left in her cupboard, should her American help remain a month. As for Mr. Dana and Richard, they were unreasonable enough to grumble when Lucina monopolized the evening paper, and Richard even ventured to suggest—in his most sarcastic style—that it would be well to purchase *two* papers the next day. With the most open-hearted simplicity, Lucina said she wished he would, for she sometimes enjoyed reading the news. It was impossible to bottle up wrath against such an unsuspicious young person, so they mutually determined to eat and drink, and wait for the good time coming; although Richard, tried beyond measure by finding her using his hair-brush, did indulge in some language more forcible than poetical, when safe in "mother's room." "She wasn't brought up right, Dick, that is all," said his mother as soon as she could stem the tide of his indignation, "too many mothers allow such careless habits at home, never thinking how they will annoy strangers." But a change once more came before it was anticipated. Lucina had a letter one day, and after reading it she came to Mrs. Dana, her face covered with blushes, her under lip mutely telling its story of some unusual occurrence.

"Well, what is broken now?" asked the mistress, bracing herself to bear calmly the news of a wholesale destruction in china. "Nothing! that ain't it!" and Lucina twisted her apron-strings nervously; "I may as well tell first as last that Sam Johnson has up and wrote me a letter. There now!" "And what of that?" Mrs. Dana asked, laughing in spite of herself at the relieved expression of her handmaid. "Why, he carried me to singing-school last winter, he's *real* smart, but father, he said I wasn't old enough to be engaged; and then I said I'd go away. But Sam, he's growing *poor*, and"—here two big tears dropped on Lucina's plump hand, "father's given up. He says I'm breaking Sam's heart, and so I'm to go on the first train to-morrow." Mrs. Dana felt relieved to know that Lucina was capable of mending one thing she had broken, and assured her that she should not be detained a moment against her will. "I'm sorry to leave, you've been real good to me, and so have they all. But there's Sam—" "Yes, I understand, go and make him happy," said Mrs. Dana fervently, and Lucina ran to pack her trunk, singing as she went: "Fly swift ye wheels of time." A great si-

lence fell upon the household after her departure, and for the third time there was a meeting of the Committee on Ways and Means; Mrs. Dana had insisted upon her rights as a member of this honorable body, and was brought to the tea-table in her arm-chair, much to the satisfaction of the other members. "Now then, what's to be done, mother?" asked Richard as he poured the tea. "Oh, don't ask me! Can't we invent something new? It makes me really sick to think of trying another girl," was her reply.

"I—I'm sure I can't endure much more in that line," said Mr. Dana, who was still suffering from loss of sleep. "Mother, I have an idea!" and Richard crossed his knife and fork with an air of decision. "We won't hire another girl in such haste. I'll do the work *myself*, until we can find one to suit us. You just issue orders, and I'll show you that some things can be done as well as others. March is always a dull month for trade, and I can be spared from the store as well as not. Can't I father?" "Yes—certainly! I can get along nicely," said Mr. Dana with an air of satisfaction. "I wish you would, Dick, and just have our own selves again. Lucinda never pleased me very well." This was Master Ned's opinion.

"But—now you understand that this is to be kept quiet, its nobody's business who's in the kitchen; and of course, in the afternoon, mother will sit in the parlor, ready to receive her friends. I shall also be ready to answer the bell, and we shall doubtless find good help in a short time. So, now Ned, see if you can keep a secret," said Richard. Ned rolled his eyes, boy fashion. "I know you don't want the *girls* to know about it," but he promised not to tell—"honor bright."

The next morning Mrs. Dana was carried into her kitchen. She saw its desolation, but could only groan in her helplessness. "Never mind, mother!" said all-sufficient Richard, "it won't take me but a few minutes to wash the breakfast dishes, and then I'll put things to rights in a hurry."

"The fire is out, and there is no hot water," suggested the Bureau of Advice. "Certainly, to be sure!" and Richard darted hither and thither, and after a time the morning's work was fairly begun. It took longer than he had anticipated to wash, wipe, and put in their places all the dishes that had been used, but it was done at last to his mother's satisfaction, and with pardonable pride he presented himself for further instructions, which were as follows: "I shall not rest a minute, Dick, until this floor is washed. Too bad that my nice new oil cloth should look like this! Before you begin it, however, you can polish the stove." This work he had done before, and soon, with a very red face, he saw it shining as it had not shone before since the first Bridget entered the house. But floor-washing was a mystery; and the young man secretly rebelled when he was instructed regarding the best method. But, determined to excel, he swallowed his pride, got down upon hands and knees and scrubbed manfully, to his mother's great delight.

"Whew!" he ejaculated, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow after the task was done, "I should think you would break your back on such work, mother."

"Oh, this is but a small part of my duties," said Mrs. Dana serenely. "Now fill the lamps, and then perhaps you had better do a little dusting in the parlor; after which it will be time to prepare the vegetables for dinner."

"Well now, when is a man going to read his Daily, I'd like to know?" and Richard looked in amazement at the clock, whose hands had been flying around with unprecedented celerity. "I rarely find time to read in the forenoon," was the reply; and, with true self abnegation, Richard once more bent his noble mind to the work at hand.

"Well wife, I should know you had something to do with this dinner," said Mr. Dana as he cut the juicy steak. "I'd no idea Richard would succeed so well. It will be a change for him; he'll get nicely rested doing housework; and its a pretty good thing all around." Richard made a grimace which his mother alone understood. Rested! That night when the last dish was in its place, and the lamps were lighted, Dick sat down with the air of a conqueror to count o'er his battles. Of wounds he had many; and it was while he applied salve to his burnt fingers that he realized what a hero he had been; but oh, he was too tired to care for the news, and retired early; leaving his mother to muse on the subduing effects of housework.

After a few days of wise planning and faithful service, Mrs. Dana saw her home once more in order. Dick was praised without stint; and, although his hands were growing brown, to his inward dismay, he

showed no signs of faltering. No one but old Mrs. Price had discovered the family secret, and she was one of the few women who can keep such things. Indeed, Dick's friends would never have credited such a report, had they heard it; for he had nothing in his appearance to support it. He attended a lecture and concert dressed in irreproachable style, and flirted with the girls the while his mind was filled with anxiety regarding a new breakfast dish to be concocted the next morning. But while Dick worked and waited, no answer came to his advertisement. Girls seemed to be wonderfully scarce all at once. He was remarking this to his mother one morning, while making bread in the pantry. His mother sat just outside the door, book in hand, overseeing the operation, and enjoying with a keen relish the turn that the conversation had taken. During the dull March days, they had discussed politics and poetry, housekeeping and the fine arts, but never until this rainy morning, had they taken up the "woman question." "They tell us," said Dick, "that New England is full of girls; but when you want one to do *housework*, they are nowhere to be found. Talk about women voting! I wouldn't complain of *that*, if they would make a better use of the privileges they now have, and become good cooks, and housekeepers, and teachers—"

"Richard, *don't* run your fingers through your hair when you're kneading bread!" interrupted Mrs. Dana.

"Oh yes—so you said before! but I was about to remark that most girls seem to me the merest triflers. They come into the store, half-a-dozen at once, and giggle and simper, and toss the goods about as though old Father Time was waiting for them at the door, and in no haste whatever. What do they know of the dignity of labor?" and Richard's face wore a look of conscious superiority that was very edifying. "You forget," said his mother, "that the girls appreciate being in your company, Dick, they know that you are expecting to choose a wife, by-and-by, and—" "a wife!" sputtered Richard, again tossing his hair back and powdering it anew. "When I take one of the village girls, why you may call me crazy, that's all." "Annie Hale can hardly be called a village girl, she has been away so long," remarked Mrs. Dana demurely. "Who said anything about Annie Hale?" asked Richard, smoothing his "sides" with flowery hands, while a red flush overspread his cheek. "She feels above Deerfield people entirely. She comes sweeping into the store like a queen; selects her goods and sweeps out again. Cool as a north wind, she is."

"You are very fastidious, Dick!" said his mother, "you condemn some of the girls for stopping to laugh and chat, and another because she makes her purchases and leaves at once. That is hardly fair."

"Well mother," and Dick assumed a confidential air, "I *admire* Miss Hale—as I have a good many others—but I'm agoing to keep my eyes open. When I marry, if I ever do, be sure I shall never choose a strong minded woman, who will want to attend conventions and caucuses. Neither shall I choose a weak, fashionable creature, with more nerves than brains. No, mother! I want a modest, sensible, intelligent, cultured woman, who will be equally at home in the kitchen and in the parlor. One who will not run from a *wash-tub* even, when visitors come, nor refuse to play the piano before a musical professor. One, in short who believes in the dignity of *labor*, as well as in the dignity of *womanhood*." Dick had struck an attitude with one hand outstretched toward an imaginary audience, the other working away upon the mass of dough. "There my son," said Mrs. Dana, as soon as she could check her risibles, "the bread can be put into the tins now; it must be kneaded sufficiently. I want to ask you one question. Have you thought what kind of a husband such a woman would expect to get?"

"Well—well—I should expect to earn money, of course, should expect to grow rich in time. But, mother, your question is not reasonable. The cases are not parallel. Our spheres are so different. Men are made for the stern duties of life, women for—"

Just then Ned burst into the kitchen. "Say, mother, Annie Hale wants to get a book, and I told her to come right round here to the back door. I never thought of Dick—and she's coming—"

"Gracious!" with this one exclamation, Dick rushed across the kitchen, rolling-pin in one hand, knife in the other, and darted into the sitting-room.

In a moment Miss Annie tapped at the half-open kitchen door. "Ned said I might come this way, Mrs. Dana," and a tall, graceful figure, with a most winsome face appeared. "How do you do this

morning? No, thank you, I must not sit down, but how nice and cozy you look here. You have American help, of course, and that accounts for it. How fortunate! I do think you had trials enough with Irish girls. It is very hard to find good ones in the country. But I must do my errand. Mother wished me to get the report of the last Association meeting."

"Oh yes," and Mrs. Dana's face wore a puzzled expression. Ned had disappeared at once after Miss Hale entered. "It is in the secretary's book, and that is on the sitting-room table." These last words Mrs. Dana spoke with much energy for poor Dick's benefit. "Oh, don't call your servant, Mrs. Dana, I will wait upon myself," and so saying Miss Hale went into the adjoining room. As all remained quiet, Mrs. Dana began to breathe more easily, when Miss Hale said, "I don't see it here, Mrs. Dana, so I will just step into the parlor." She rolled back the door and paused; for there in the corner, behind the piano, stood a curious figure, with a long white apron bound around his waist, hair and whiskers well powdered, and in one hand a rolling-pin held up as in self-defence. Miss Annie's dignity failed her, and she sank down into the nearest chair, laughing outright. Dick, covered with confusion—and flour—was obliged to join in spite of himself, and Mrs. Dana, relieved from painful suspense, was glad to strengthen the chorus.

"Come out here, children," she said at length, and so they came—Miss Annie with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes—Dick with a subdued expression that corresponded well with his general appearance. Of course, everything was explained, and Miss Annie was so much interested that she forgot her haste, until her small brother came to remind her that "ma was waiting for that report." After she had found it—with Dick's assistance, and gone, Dick remarked that he had no idea Miss Hale could be so agreeable. "How she did laugh, and what pretty teeth she has, and oh mother, wasn't it a confounded shame that she caught me!" "It seems to me that you forgot all about the dignity of labor," said Mrs. Dana. Dick only laughed uneasily, for he hadn't a word to say.

That evening he dressed himself with unusual care, and stepped over to Mrs. Hale's, just to caution Miss Annie not to mention her morning's adventure to her associates; and it took him until past nine o'clock to arrange the matter. This is not a love story at all, it has only to do with Mrs. Dana's kitchen, so we will not be too curious concerning Dick's future; suffice it to say that Mrs. Dana was not much longer confined to her chair, and soon released Dick from the kitchen, all the better for its wholesome discipline. In some way the story of his servitude went abroad, the birds of the air tell of the matter—and some sly remarks were made concerning "Mrs. Dana's American help," but when he numbered up the blessings that had followed in the wake of one eventful morning, he felt happy as did Jacob when at last he gained Rachel. Why this illustration seems applicable, my readers can easily surmise.

---

# ONLY A PICTURE

S. A. FIELD.

That is all, just a pictured face in a shop-window, a dark, sorrowful face, a pure passionate face, with sad eyes, gazing wistfully into your own. I heard a bystander remark of it yesterday, "The women that wear that look die young."

Only a picture, and I dare say you think it strange that I stand here in the wind and the rain so long before it to-day. Will I buy it, hang it in my dingy attic room, am I fit company for such as that? Look at me! at my rough old face, my grimy, hardened hands, my rumpled old clothes. See me in the morning, as I shamble away from my cheap lodgings, with my paint-pots and brushes, to climb and work all day, away up dizzy heights, and in all sorts of dangerous places. Always coming back safely enough at night, I go whole blocks out of my way just to see this face in the window, so like, so like—

"Danger in my work," did you ask? Perhaps so. I remember of reading sometime, or of hearing, I don't justly remember which—I think it was poetry—something about "lives of nothing's nothing worth."

I will leave it here; I think it is best so. I have seen laughing children pause to look at it, hushing for a little time their glee and laughter. Sometimes earnest, thoughtful men and women will pause before the window, look intently—I fancy pityingly—into the pleading eyes, speaking some kindly word of praise as they pass along.

"Not beautiful; the features too large, the forehead too—"

Hush! I tell you it is her look, her brow, her eyes as they looked into mine when—Shall I tell you the story? I'd make but a poor hand at story-telling at the best, and mine is but one out of very many broken lives. I dare say you'll not account it of much worth after I have laid bare my old heart for your inspection.

Well, sir, I was born and raised far enough away from this busy, western city—away up among the hills of New Hampshire it was. Sometimes I can shut my eyes, and plainly as can be I can see the old home where my boyhood and youth were passed, the little brown house, with the few stony acres lying around it, the high, hill pastures where the cattle grazed, with the strip of woodland lying beyond. I can't help thinking, even now, that I was never a little child like others, with little whims, and childish thoughts and fancies. I think the reason was that, so early in life, I was made to look upon only its hard, practical side, its "working day realities." My father was a Hoffman—they were a flinty race. I can never remember him as anything but stern, resolute, money-making; never unbending even to me, his only child. He was a hard father, but we will let the dead rest. I hardly think I was conscious of it at that time, for throughout all my lonely boyhood, I had received so little of tenderness. It might have been different if my mother had lived; she died when I was only a tiny baby, and then aunt Betsey (father's only sister) came to be housekeeper. She it was that gave me my name of Joe; not Joel, or Joseph, nothing but Joe; said she called me that because it was so short and easy to speak. Well, well, sir, that was before the world was all in a hurry and fret, and worry, and so the years went by, not very swiftly, till I was eighteen. I think I was a dutiful son, in the main, at least I tried hard to be. I can't remember of being at all impertinent but once. I think I might as well tell you all about it.

A new academy had been built at the village, half a mile away. All the young people of my acquaintance were to attend, and I felt so anxious to go, so I broached the subject quite carefully and cautiously, as I thought, one evening to father. Thought "Jim Lane could be had at quite low wages, and I could help somewhat, and Sam Walton would lend me his books; it was such a help to a man to get a good education. I might not always want to work a farm," etc. But he answered me, in his own stern manner, that "common school learning was good enough" for me. "What could such a great hulking fellow hope to make but a lint of a farmer." I said some bitter things then, best left unsaid, I guess, but his words hurt me, for of late I had taken great pains with my dress and personal appearance, for reasons you will soon see clearly enough. It is no matter now; I only recall it to try and make my dull story as clear to you as possible. But I can't help thinking he might have been kinder in his refusal of my poor request. Only a few months before this, Mr. Graham had bought, and removed to the farm adjoining ours—a plain, honest, man, and his wife a woman fit to be his help-meet and companion. That is all I need tell you of either of them. He had one daughter, Helen. You needn't turn your head; 'twas not till years after, her's was like the stormy, reproachful face you can see in the window. Then it was only clear, colorless, and thoughtful; the mouth a trifle too large for beauty, but sweet and firm; the eyes dark, with a steady light in them that seemed never to look so much at you as into the soul beyond; her hair glossy and dark, with only a few shining waves in it, just where it rolled back from the blue-veined temples. Ah, I remember how her queenly presence used to light up and seem to transfigure the dingy old school-room; and so it did my life for awhile. It might have been so till the end, only—am I fatiguing you, stranger? I'll be as brief as I can. I am afraid I had up to this time been but an indolent scholar. I was watching her face kindle and glow, hearing her voice ring out as it used, when she would write (and she had a singular gift that way), or talk of pure, noble lives, and earnest deeds. That first woke in me new hopes and a higher ambition; so I resolved to make myself—not worthy of her perhaps—nothing could be that, but of my honest love for her. So when father's refusal to let me attend the high school came, I did not give up. I se-

cretly went to a retired clergyman, living at the village, a gentleman and a scholar, and under his tuition studied and read, what time I could be spared from the farm, for the next three years. I had become quite skilled in mathematics, and a fair accountant. I think it was this that induced rich Judge Reynolds, when I was twenty-one years of age, to offer me a place in his store, with a fair salary for the first year, and a promise to increase it at the end if I proved myself faithful and efficient. Father complained, and aunt Betsey held up both her hands at my ingratitude in leaving him with the charge of the farm.

I wonder if those people that talk so much of the duty people owe to them, ever dream that perhaps they, themselves, have a duty to do for others. But I thought I owed it to myself, this change in my life, and so gladly welcomed it, and the only pang at leaving the old life was in leaving Helen Graham. Yes, sir, the old story; old as the hills, new as the new day. I loved and was loved in return, and we were solemnly engaged—bound to each other. But you know youth is always hopeful. The village was but twenty miles away, I could visit often, we would write, and so one winter's morning saw me fairly installed in my new home and new employment.

No need to tell you of the next four years of my life. I had been faithful to my employer, had, within the last year, been promoted to a partnership with him in business, had come to look upon his house as my home, and was, I think, regarded by the childless old man and his good, motherly wife, as a son.

It was one evening in April that Mrs. Reynolds informed me that her niece was coming soon for a little visit. Her parents lived in the city of H——, in Massachusetts; her father kept an oyster saloon in that place. Nellie Clifford (did I not think it a pretty name?) was an only child. "Petted a great deal, and perhaps a little extravagant," with a little deprecating motion of her head, "but very lovable and sweet-tempered, after all. 'Twould be so pleasant for us; I must be lonely sometimes; hoped I would like Nellie," etc. I echoed her wish, and ran whistling softly up to my room to write a long, loving letter to Helen. With my income, I could then support a wife. Her parents had given us their sanction to our union, my kind old friends had given me their hearty approval of my choice, and in the July following we were to be married. Have patience with me, stranger; let me go back to that old happy time—it will do my old heart no harm.

I was so absorbed with plans of my own I had not even given a thought to our expected guest since the conversation, a week or more before, and so was wholly unprepared for the vision of loveliness that rose in graceful acknowledgment of our mutual introduction.

How was I to know, on that bland May evening, as I entered the home parlor, that I walked to meet my fate. Sometimes, even now, it seems to me that such beauty and witchery was immortal; that death and decay could have no power over that faultless form; that "dust to dust" could never be spoken of that rosy-tinted, clear-cut face, of the eyes blue as the summer sky, and the shining gold of her hair. Well, well, how the weeks went by, and every hour not devoted to business found me at Nellie Clifford's side. I never knew if she was aware of my engagement to Helen. I had many times resolved to acquaint her with it, but once in the presence of all that grace, the shy, sweet smiles, her evident pleasure in my society, and how was I to make it known to her? "I was in the toils of the syren," and, struggle as I might, I couldn't get free. For awhile Helen's letters were unchanged. She attributed the change in mine (brief and cold they must have been) to pressure of business, but at length there crept into her's a tone of wonder and then of fear. It was one June morning I received my last from her—only a little note, and it was the *very last.*

"On the evening of the twenty-second, (did I not remember it was her birth-day?) She would give a little party (naming a number of our acquaintances she would invite). I had not visited her as I had promised, and then my letters—no doubt she was foolish to let it hurt her so. I was probably very busy, but would I not attend her little party? There was a whole week in which to arrange my business; she was sure I would come—the days and nights had been very hard to bear; they would all be forgotten then."

But Nellie was wild about a boating-party that had been arranged for the same evening, and when I ventured to plead another engagement, turned upon me her blue eyes, partly filling with tears, and said "it was very hard to be so disappointed," she had

"set her heart upon it," and then "hoped I would do as was for the best; I must be "tired of acting the part of cavalier so long" —"she did not mean to be tiresome."

Ah, well! it was not a light heart I carried among the gay party that sailed down the moon-lit river that evening, for, with all my devotion to the little charmer at my side, trailing her white hand in the sparkling water, a picture kept rising ever before me—the picture of an old red farm-house, its windows all ablaze with the light from within, and of a pale-faced girl that moved among her guests—always watching and waiting for the false one that came not.

Soon after there was a grand concert given at the village hall, and I acted as Nellie Clifford's escort. I remember that the house was crowded, for the musicians had achieved a wide renown, and Nellie—how faultlessly beautiful she was that evening—, with all the glow of the lamp-light shining full on the wavy, golden hair, the snowy forehead and tinted cheeks, on her elegant dress of shining material, and the whole softness and child-like repose of her whole manner. I had eyes for nothing but that radiant vision at my side; I heard naught but the soft cooing voice close at my ear. Ah, it was but the old, old story of the Circe. I tell you the whole truth, sir. I spare myself nothing, I offer no excuse, neither palliation for such weakness and treachery, when I tell you that even then I did not love her; that down deep in my heart I loved Helen Graham still. I loved her as when I pressed upon her pure lips the first kiss of betrothal. Stranger, do you comprehend this enigma I have been telling you? I tell you its solution has involved the misery of many a man's life beside my own, as it doubtless will of many more, in all the years that are to come.

Later in the evening Nellie pressed my arm with some whispered exclamation about a "woe begone face and eyes." I turned my own in the direction she had indicated, and looked into the face of Helen Graham. Only one look, but in the passionate, reproachful face, and eyes turbid with despair, I could read that she knew all—all the secret of my brief letters, my delayed visit, my treachery—let me call it aright. In a little while I went away from the lighted, crowded room, for the charm was all over; the fascination forever gone. With the steady look from Helen's eyes, I came to realize all she was to me—all that I had lost in losing her. But I would not be doubly false, so I said to myself in the weary night which followed. I had been attentive more than lover-like to Nellie Clifford. I had often enough looked my admiration, if I had never spoken it, and she should be my wife if she willed, and I would make her life a happy one. She should never know, in all the years that must follow, how desolate my heart was. I had sown, it was only *just* I should reap, the bitter harvest. Two days later she was to return to her city home. I accompanied her to the station, and asked her then and there to be my wife. I did not plead my love, I could not; I only told her my life was lonely, and she could brighten it. She lifted her blue eyes wonderingly to my face. "Ah, Mr. Hoffman, I am very sorry, but see here," holding up her small hand, on the forefinger of which was a single, glistening ring. "It only came last night," she added, "though we had been as good as engaged for more than a year; but papa has such old-fashioned notions, and Charlie (Charlie Deforest; isn't it a pretty name?) has been rather wild of late; but he promises to do better now, and papa has at last consented, and we are to be married at Christmas; and," stealing her white hand into mine, "I want you to congratulate me; we have been such very good friends—really, it was quite a pleasant flirtation." I think I congratulated her in suitable terms, afterward said some light words of adieu, and stood still while the train swept away from the station—stood there, I am sure, till the waving white handkerchief was lost in the distance.

"A pleasant flirtation," she had said. I think they have no idea, these women that play with hearts, how deep the hurt goes. Not often, I think, does it cut below a man's pride and vanity, but its all the same to them. I walked away at last, not very steadily I am afraid, back to my room.

What the remainder of that day and the night that followed were to me, we will not talk of now. When the morning broke, my resolve was firmly taken. I would go to Helen Graham and tell her all—all my miserable infatuation, my foolish fancy, led captive. How she would scorn me, I thought—she, with her lofty ideal of manhood. Once I had been crowned and glorified as that ideal; would she even look at me now? No matter, she should know that other was but a madness—a delirium, call it what you will—my love for her a solemn

truth, my soul would carry to the Judgment.

How slowly the coach rumbled along that July morning; how wearisome in the birds to sing so; how glaringly the sunshine poured down on everything; how choking the air was, with its sickening odor of flowers; then I drew the curtains close, and buried my face in my hands. I had not long to wait. I noticed even then, as I descended from the coach (as we always note surface trifles), how intently they stared at me as I walked away up the street, and passed little knots of loungers, some of them acquaintances, who bowed distantly. I remember how they would exchange looks and whispers, then glance again wonderingly at me, as I passed along. Not a long walk, the farm-house was in sight; the dear, familiar house was reached at last. How still it was; closed doors, closed windows; strange they were not open to the light and warmth without. Through the open gate, I hurried unsteadily up the walk. Would she meet me as of old, in response to my rap at the door? No! white-cheeked, hollow-eyed, her mother's face looked into mine; in silence she led me across the hall, into the centre of the room.

Will you turn aside your head, stranger? There in her coffin, white rose-buds in her hands, in her hair, she lay; my Helen, my Helen Graham! Oh, rare pale face, from whence came that strange, sweet smile! They were kind to me. They lifted me from the floor, how long afterward I never knew, and they told me that she had seemed to strangely droop and fade of late, going about the house white and still, like some wounded thing; that her eyes had taken into them a look it gave one the heart-ache to see. And so they had found her, kneeling by the window in her little room, dead, quite dead. Praying, with her face to the east. Perhaps, with the unbarring of the sunrise gates, the Father thought it a fitting time to take the white soul to His rest.

Heart disease they called it, those learned doctors. How should they know that her heart was broken.

A little later and I bent over her, but I didn't dare kiss her; I did not even touch her, the sainted one. I only said a few low words to her—no matter what, I wouldn't repeat them if I could—and took one pale rose from the little cluster in her hand, and went away. A little later and I had left the place where I was born, friends and all I had known, far behind me, speeding westward, anywhere, to lose myself at last in the bustle and din of this crowded city.

And that was six and thirty years ago. Yes, I know, sir, I am getting old. I think I shall be called to go before long. Perhaps in some of these white, cold days, or it may be when the sun is shining, and the birds are singing—anyway, so it don't matter; I have been very tired long and long time. "Faith in Him that is able to save." I know, sir; I'm reading my Bible much of late, and I find that when He was on earth, He was very pitiful and tender to all those that sinned and were sorrowful; so I am hoping a little. Sometimes I think that up there she knows all, and has forgiven me, and will be the first to meet me at that "shining gate," we read of, and will lead me in where it is all light, and warmth, and —I am thinking I wish it was to-night I could go. "Wait God's time?" I know—I am not prepared—I'll try to get ready. Good day, sir.

## UNENDING.

There is an end to kisses and to sighs,
There is an end to laughter and to tears;
An end to fair things that delight our eyes,
An end to pleasant sounds that charm our ears;
An end to enmity's foul libeling,
And to the gracious praise of tender friends;
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To love there is no end.

That warrior carved an empire with his sword:
The empire now is like him but—a name;
That statesman spoke, and by a burning word
Kindled a nation's heart into a flame;
Now naught is left but ashes, and we bring
Our homage to new men, to them we bend;
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To love there is no end.

All beauty fades away, or else, alas!
Men's eyes grow dim, and they no beauty see;
The glorious shows of Nature pass and pass;
Quickly they come, as quickly do they flee;
And he who hears the voice of welcoming,
Hears next the slow, sad farewell of his friend;
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To love there is no end.

And for ourselves—our father, where is he?
Gone, and a memory alone remains;
There is no refuge on a mother's knee
For us, grown old and sad with cares and pains;
Brotherless, sisterless, our way we wend
To Death's dark house, from which we shall not rove;
And so we cease; yet one thing hath no end—
There is no end to love.

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

HON. COURTLAND PARKER.

My subject is the life and character of Abraham Lincoln. The topic is trite, yet not tiresome. May the time never come when it shall be so. Let the day never arrive when the American people shall cease to dwell with interest upon Washington, their country's Father, or Lincoln, its martyred Saviour. And yet I should like to be able to say more than I can hope, so worn out is my theme, to stimulate anew your affection and respect for this most peculiar man, who was found by the American people, as men find precious stones, unlooked for, and at first finding, themselves unconscious of their worth; diamonds which time and circumstances alone reveal.

It is hard to believe how much of a pure creation, so to speak, Abraham Lincoln was. Men, generally, are rather what circumstances make them. Few are what they are in spite of circumstances. The "Five Points" produces few of angelic character and noble aspirations. Poverty seldom makes men despise wealth. Domestic tyranny seldom produces gentleness. Association with ignorance and brutishness scarcely ever elevates or ennobles. And the more searching our scrutiny into the early life of Abraham Lincoln, the more astonishing, with these thoughts in view, appears his character.

His lineage is very obscure. Tradition says his ancestors were English, and first settled in Virginia. But that point is disputed. Whether his grandfather's name was Abraham or Mordecai is even said to be uncertain. His father, Thomas, when a child, emigrated, in company with his father, to Kentucky, and there settled, and grew up in the immediate proximity of hostile Indians. So unversed in things literary was the family that the very name, it is stated, became "Linckhorn," or "Linckhern," and was remodeled by the late President into "Lincoln."

In 1806, this Thomas Lincoln married Nancy Hanks, reputed a woman of naturally high intellectual gifts. She could read and write, and taught her husband to write his name. They were almost miserably poor. They lived in a shed in Elizabethtown, Kentucky, when the husband was a carpenter. Tired of this employment, he removed to a barren farm, and there, "in a miserable cabin which stood on a little knoll in the midst of a barren glade," identified now by "a few stones tumbled down and lying about loose," and "three decayed pear-trees," the only memorials of the industry of that husbandman, on the 12th day of February, 1809, Abraham Lincoln was born. Four years of his life were spent there. Then his father removed to a better place, but did not become much more prosperous. He was evidently shiftless. "Indifferent shelter," says a biographer, "and a diet of corn-bread and milk, was all he asked." Abraham lived a wild life. Once, attempting to cross a stream by swinging over on a sycamore tree, he fell in the water, and was scarcely saved from drowning. Poverty pressed hard upon him. It was the worst of poverty, largely induced by a father's indolence and worthlessness. A hut, with three-legged stools for chairs; a bedstead made of poles stuck in the cracks of the logs, in one corner of the cabin, while the other end rested in the crotch of a forked stick stuck in the earthen floor; on these, some boards, and on them a "shake-down" of leaves covered with skins and old petticoats; a table, formed of a puncheon-head, supported by four legs; a few pewter and tin dishes; a Dutch oven, and a skillet for cooking; meals eaten without knives or forks; the boy sleeping in the loft, to which he ascended by a ladder of pins driven into holes in the wall—behold a picture of the childhood's home of Abraham Lincoln! Four miles away was a school, to which sometimes he and his sister went, with spelling-books and corn-bread dinner, to learn to read. This was in Indiana.

When nine years old his mother died, and some thirteen months afterwards, his father married again. His new wife was a widow, and, in his view, rich. She possessed "a fine bureau, a table, set of chairs, large clothes-chest, cooking utensils, knives, forks, bedding, and other articles." She had lived in some approach to comfort, and she improved her husband and his condition. She made him put down a floor, and hang windows and doors. She clad the half-naked children of her husband from the stores laid up for her own. She treated the poor things

with true motherly kindness. "She took," it is said, "an especial liking to young Abe." She soon dressed him up in entire new clothes, and from that time on he appeared to lead a new life. He was encouraged by her to study. She saw his talent and appreciated his character. She loved him like a son, and he gave her a true son's love. In after years he spoke of her as his "saintly mother," his "angel of a mother." She first made him, so he said, "feel like a human being," and taught him that blows and taunts and degradation were not to be his only portion in the world.

But all she could do for him was little. All his school-days together would not make a single year in the aggregate. He had to work: on the farm, in the shop, or abroad as a hired boy. He was a huge, gaunt boy. At seventeen he was six feet four inches high, with big feet and hands, long and strong limbs, his complexion swarthy, his skin shriveled and yellow; buckskin breeches, a linsey-woolsey shirt, a cap make of the skin of an opossum or a coon; about twelve inches of bare leg between the end of his pantaloons and the big, long feet; mostly good humored and laughing; fond and full of jokes and stories, yet at times sad even to melancholy—so his boyhood passed along.

Here is a description from an associate, a cousin, who lived four years with the family. "When Lincoln—Abe—and I returned to the house from work, he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn-bread, take down a book, sit down on a chair, cock his legs up as high as his head, and read. He and I worked barefooted, grubbed it, plowed mowed, and cradled together—plowed corn, gathered it, and shucked it. Abraham read constantly when he had an opportunity."

It was his rule to read every book on which he could lay his hands; and so, after devouring Æsop, Bunyan, Robinson Crusoe, and Weem's Washington, he used to go to a constable who was the happy possessor of the statutes of Illinois, and study and read them!

I have dwelt more particularly on these details to substantiate the remark I have made, that the man, Abraham Lincoln, as the nation and the world know him, seems more of a pure creation than the result of circumstances. He was not brought up: he was born, and grew. He was all he came to be, in spite of circumstances. His shiftless sire, his wretched, poverty-fighting mother, his squalid ignorance, worse than that of many of the slaves he afterwards freed; his absence of all education worthy the name—with all these drawbacks, how came he what he was? The answer is at hand: God gave him his peculiar gifts and nature, and difficulty was his schoolmaster. With him, as with many another American lad, his disadvantages were his advantage. Through struggling he became strong and noble. Brought up in plenty, he might have been merely the kind, charitable, intelligent gentleman. Subjection to hardship toughened his sinews and inspired him with that energy which is necessary to great deeds.

I barely mention the leading incidents of his life after he grew up, and before he was known to the nation. We are all, more or less, familiar with its story—how he became noted for bodily strength, and was the greatest wrestler of his day; how, again, he was a flat-boatman, and, amidst the laughter of the residents on the river banks, floated down the Sangamon, the Illinois, the Mississippi, to New Or'eans; how, then and there, it is supposed, he first saw negro slavery, and, looking on while men were chained and scourged, imbibed that horror of the institution which in after years he steadily evinced; how, having returned, he became in due time first clerk of a country store; how, when the Black Hawk Indian War broke out, being thrown out of employment by the absconding of his employer, he enlisted, and was then elected Captain of his company, and, as such, went through a campaign fraught with difficulty and danger, learning thus by actual experience the hardships of a soldier's life; how, once, when a poor old Indian sought the camp, claiming mercy and protection, and the soldiers took him for a spy, and were about to slaughter him, Lincoln, at the risk of his life, stood between them and their victim, and successfully defied and subjugated them; and how, when the war ceased, Lincoln returned, and then first became a candidate for public duty by running for the State Legislature; how, then first, the rail-splitter became the speech-maker, and soon the popular favorite upon the stump; how, notwithstanding he was almost the unanimous choice of his friends and neighbors, he was at the beginning badly defeated; how, then, he started a country store, soon to fail and begin life anew, with debts fastened upon him. Of all this we have heard. Then he betook himself to the law—not in scholarly attire nor with schol-

arly aids and appliances, but seated in the shade of a tree and passing around with the sun, or else on a friendly wood-pile—taking his book with him wherever he went, and diversifying study with practice before some learned Justice of the vicinity. His education, so far as books were concerned, thus began. To support himself he became a country surveyor, as Washington did, let us remark, long before him; and though his goods were sold out under execution for his old store debts, he still advanced in popular estimation, was at length admitted to the bar, grew steadily in efficiency and merit, became highly distinguished, was, in politics, the valued associate of such men as Hardin, E. D. Baker, James Shields, Stephen A. Douglas, and many others whose fame is national, and, through his admirable discussions with Douglas, at last was known to the world at large, so that when, on his nomination for President, the sneering question was asked, "Who is Abraham Lincoln?" response was readily made, and every day's acquaintance of the American people with his career, strengthened their conviction that he was not unworthy of their suffrages, even while they continued to doubt whether he could be sufficient for the dreadful struggle which those who realized the situation knew was coming to pass.

Nor will it be possible to follow him through that struggle or dwell upon his conduct of it. Time will not permit; nor is it necessary. Lincoln lives in our hearts. We love him more than we love any other public character. Four millions of one race adore him. The South is coming to regret his death, not only because of the manner of his taking off, but because it was he, the man, Lincoln, as they have learned and are learning to know him, that was the victim of that foul assassination. The world wonders over him, and will wonder more the more they learn of him, the nearer they approach him. Most men diminish on closer views. The substance of Lincoln's character, after you grow used to its eccentricities, is found more admirable as you study it.

A most conspicuous quality was his justice. No success prompted him to forget the rights of others. No temporary failure could induce him to forego the assertion or pursuit of those committed to his trust. This justness of mind was the main cause of his success at the bar, and yet of his want of success. If his cause seemed to him to be wrong, he lost all faith and confidence and gave it up. It was only in a right cause—one that he esteemed so—that he could work at all.

I can tell an anecdote of him, not perhaps heretofore publicly known, peculiarly illustrative of this justness of mental structure of which I am speaking. In the heat of the war, some parties known to him as earnest in our cause had been possessors of a lot of muskets, which they wished to dispose of to the government. The matter was in the hands of an under secretary, who had received from Mr. Lincoln, two or three times, notes expressive of his desire that if the public good would be subserved by taking the guns, he would be glad to see the owners accommodated. Without his knowing the reason, the secretary did not take them, and so one day the President saw the secretary and asked him, personally, what was the matter. The officer was bold enough to expostulate very plainly and almost roughly with the President's course in this matter. Said he: "Mr. President, I don't think you do well thus to interfere with matters of subordinate jurisdiction. It is not every one who can stand up and do his duty when the President urges on him the adoption of anything of such minor importance. You have sent me two notes—now you come yourself. You show an interest in this proposed contract which might induce me to be careless. Now, I have had these guns offered me before, and at much lower rates than those proposed by the gentleman you recommend. I ordered their inspection, and the report was, that they are unfit for use, so I have refused them. And now," said he, "Mr. President, I am but a subordinate. My resignation is at your service. But, as long as I am here, I must do what I think is right, although I disoblige the President." Mr. Lincoln heard him in silence, paused, and then rising, said: "Well, Mr. Secretary, you have read me a good lecture to-day, and I believe I deserve it, too. I am obliged to you. Good morning." And that was the end of the matter.

Passing rapidly on, I mention, among his intellectual attributes, his remarkable clearness of thought and style of expression. Purer English than his was written and spoken by no public man of our day. And when warm with his subject, this uneducated backwoodsman uttered sentences which were as beautiful as clear. Take the last sentences of his Inaugural for illustration:

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow country-

men, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government, while I have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it." I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break the bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature.

Or take that brief, charming address which he made at Gettysburg after the great master of rhetoric, Edward Everett, had uttered his long and brilliant oration. It ought to be remembered as long as the language lasts in which it was spoken:

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who gave their lives that their nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us—the living—rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we were highly resolved that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

Or, again, recall the last words of his last Inaugural, where the duties of our own day are so touchingly expressed:

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne in battle, and for his widows and orphans—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

I select these gems from writings which are full of them. The gaunt, strange form of Lincoln, his quaint stories, the absence in him of all that can be comprehended in the word "presence," and of everything like ambition for exhibition, have led to a want of appreciation of him as a man of brain and eloquence. But the day *must* come when the pure, clear English which he uttered, and in which he clothed his noble sentiments, will make all men wonder, as many already do, how it came about that one so little educated should be so proficient.

Never did human heart beat more tenderly than his. When, before his nomination, he visited New York to deliver that great political lecture which was his introduction to the East, he spent part of the Sabbath-day visiting a Sunday-school in the "Five Points," where he spoke, then all unknown, to the wretched children; and other parts of his short stay were given to investigating the condition of criminals, and the means taken for their reformation. When, after several attempts otherwise to enforce discipline, a young sentinel who had slept on his post was ordered to die, as the time came he was half frantic with fear lest the order should actually be executed. He wrote and sent a reprieve, repeated it by a special messenger, telegraphed it, and then, hearing nothing, and unable to control his anxiety, he leaped himself upon his horse, rode across the Potomac, and in person gave the order to save his life.

"No man in our era," says Mr. Colfax, "clothed with such vast power, has ever used it so mercifully. No ruler, holding the keys of life and death, ever pardoned so many and so easily. When friends said to him they wished he had more of Jackson's sternness, he would say, 'I am just as God made me, and cannot change.' His door-keeper had standing orders from him that he must see, whatever the throng, before the day closed, every messenger who came to him with a petition for the saving of life."

It is very strange, but his last biographer says that Lincoln always expected one day to be President, cherishing this belief even when a boy, passing through the wretchedness of his childhood. This assurance increased as its realization became more probable. But with it he mingled a conviction that his glory would end in blood. "He never doubted for a moment but that he was formed for some great or miserable end." He talked about it frequently, and sometimes calmly, in his office in Springfield, and in rides around the circuit. He said the impression had grown on him all his life. Intimate friends make it take the impression of a religious conviction as early as 1840.

"The presentiment," says his biographer, "never left him." It was as clear, as perfect, as certain as any image carried by the senses. He was to fall—fall from a lofty place, and in the performance of a great work.

A singular vision which he had just after his first election was interpreted to signify that he should be elected to a second term, but should not live through it. After his election, he conceived that he would not "last" through his term of office. All precautions against assassination he considered more than useless. "If they want to kill me," he said, "there is nothing to prevent."

So wise, so good, so great, so gentle, so sad-hearted, yet so envied, moving forward day by day to an expected martyrdom, but flinching not, hourly ready for all that might befall, was Abraham Lincoln—our Lincoln—friend of the people—man of the people—personation and proof of the great fact that the truest, purest manhood has nothing to do with position even as the fruit of culture, but that the humblest may, in every sense, be the greatest. Growing daily fitter for his end, more universally known, and more enthusiastically beloved, hopeful when the war at last ceased, that it might be given to him to aid in healing its dreadful wounds, and planning already how manfully he must discharge that duty, at a moment when even he began to think of happy days, the hour of his fall arrived. He died to live forever — his name the synonym of duty glorified.

# OUR FIRST DIFFICULTY.

JULIA H. ROBERTS.

Married life is seldom without its trials, yet Robert and I had been married eighteen months before we seriously disagreed in anything. Our life during that time had not been a season of perfect bliss as some would have it, but we certainly had been happy—as happy I think as any can be before reaching Paradise, and when our baby came, it seemed as if our cup was full to overflowing. I like, even now, to dwell on the joy of those days when I was first a mother, and as for Robert, I think there never was a prouder or more affectionate father than he. "Well, Esther," he would say when he came in at night, "we are not rich in houses or lands as some are, but we are rich in our daughter; she is like wisdom, for she is more precious than rubies." But I know that the fond praise of doting parents is but emptiness to others, so I will not tire you by repeating all he said. It was not idle talk to me, however, no praise to my imagination was too great for my little one, my May-blossom, as I called her, for she came to us in the merry month of May. Never, we both agreed, was there a child so wonderful as ours, and before the little stranger had been with us a month, we had laid many brilliant plans for her future.

But I am wandering from my story.

We were living in Kansas, far away from both Robert's relations and my own. We had not, therefore, as is generally the case, a host of aunts, uncles, and cousins to urge that the child should be named according to their fancy. So it came to pass that our baby was nearly two months old before the subject had been debated. But one day, how well I remember it, Robert said, as he tossed her in his arms for a final good-bye before returning to the store, "Esther don't you think its about time this maiden of ours had a name of her own. Wilson was asking me this morning what we had decided to call her, and I told him I supposed we thought her good enough without a name, for we had never spoken of it."

"Mr Wilson's child was named before he was a week old, so I don't wonder that he thinks us rather tardy," said I.

"Well, what shall it be, Esther? Rosamond or Rachel? Bridget or Joanna? Kate or Arabella? Or haven't you thought of the matter yet?"

"Our child's name was decided in my own mind long ago," I answered, and then for some reason I cannot account for, I hesitated, though I certainly had no idea of what was to follow.

"Well, let us hear it. It is something extraordinary, I suppose, nothing less would suit our darling."

"It is Mary," I said.

"Mary! surely you must be joking. You can't mean it, Esther!"

"Why not?" I asked, the blood rushing to my face involuntarily.

"So you have a Byronic passion for the name of Mary. Well, I must acknowledge, that I am entirely free from it. But seriously, Esther, you cannot think of calling our daughter by that name!"

"But I do think of it," I responded, "and I cannot imagine what objection you can have, for almost everyone agrees that there is no sweeter name."

My husband's face grew dark. "Any name but that, Esther, you might as well not name the child at all. Hardly a family of any size in the country, but has a Mary among its members. But I can't talk any longer now, I shall be late as it is. Look in the dictionary and find something else that suits you, and tell me at tea."

And he kissed both baby and me and was gone.

I can hardly tell you what my feelings were during the long hours of that afternoon. It is true that my husband and I had differed before in matters of taste or opinion, but it had been comparatively easy to yield them. My child's name, however, was a different matter. I could not remember the time when I had not looked forward to calling my oldest daughter by the name of Mary. My doll-babies, one and all, had been called by it. It was dear to me above every other name—and now to give it up—"Never, I cannot, and I shall not!" I said firmly to myself.

At the tea-table that evening, we discussed a variety of topics, but both avoided, as it by common consent, the one subject nearest our hearts. When the meal was over, however, and we sat together near our little one's cradle, Robert commenced:

"Well, Esther, have you found any name this afternoon that pleased you? I've been thinking the matter over, and I've come to the conclusion that Laura and Evelyn suit me very well, *Laura Evelyn Spencer*. How do you like it?"

"I like both names well enough." I answered coldly, "but there is only one name for our daughter, and that I have told you, it is my mother's name as you know, Robert, and I have always said that my first daughter should be my mother's namesake, but I never dreamed that you would feel so about it," I continued, ready to cry, yet keeping the tears back by a great effort.

"If your mother were not living, Esther, there would be some reason for your feeling so, but as it is—"

"If my mother was dead, I would not care so much about it, for it then could afford her no pleasure," I cried.

"If it were any name but Mary, I would consent, even though it did not please me," said Robert. "Come, Esther, be reasonable; there are so many pretty names, and Mary, besides being so common, is to me the very essence of plainness."

But my mind was made up, and I would not listen.

"She is your daughter, as well as mine, Robert," I said, "and, of course, you will name her to suit yourself, but to me, she can never be any other than what I have said."

How our conversation would have ended I cannot tell, but fortunately for us both, it was interrupted by callers who spent the evening with us, and for the time being our dispute and its cause were forgotten.

At breakfast the next morning, the subject was not once alluded to in even the most remote way, and at noon, and in the evening it was the same.

Another day came and went, and still another, and yet not a word was said. Our table-talk was no longer the pleasant pastime it had once been, for we found it difficult to sustain a conversation on topics of minor interest, while the one subject which engrossed our hearts and minds was tabooed.

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" As day after day passed away, and the week drew to a close, a heavy weight settled on my heart. My husband appeared a different person to me. It seemed to me that a great gulf had come between us; even baby, who before had been associated only with the purest, deepest joy, seemed changed. I could not take her in my arms without thinking of what I chose to call my trouble. Friday morning came. It was a lovely, sunshiny day; but it seemed to me the dreariest ever sun rose upon. "Who would think Robert could be so obstinate?" I said to myself as I rocked my little one to sleep.

Just before noon our pastor called. I was so ill at ease that it was with difficulty that I sustained my part in the conversation. I suppose he noticed my agitation, for he inquired if I were well as usual. For an instant I felt half inclined to tell him all. It seemed as if it would be a relief to open

my heart to some one, but a feeling of pride restrained me.

Robert seemed unusually silent at dinner, and I fancied he was looking pale and ill. He kissed the baby, but did not toss her in the air and play with her as he generally did; as for myself, every word I spoke cost me an effort. When Robert had gone, I took my little girl in my arms, and rocked her to sleep, then I threw myself in my chair again, and silently brooded over my unhappiness. It seemed to me that a good, hearty cry, would be a luxury, but it was a luxury in which I had determined I would not indulge.

The time passed slowly away, and I began to wonder why baby did not wake. I went over to the cradle. Her face was flushed, and I thought her breathing very unnatural. "What if our darling should be ill?" I cried, and then with a chill at my heart, "What if God should take from us the cause of our dispute?"

At that thought a great revulsion of feeling came over me, I knelt down by my baby's cradle, and wept unrestrainedly. "After all," I thought, "is it not natural that Robert should not care to have his child given so common a name as Mary? And what right have I to decide without consulting him what her name should be? Oh if he would only come!"

I took baby in my arms, and went to the window to look for him. Then I remembered his pale face at dinner. "If anything should happen, I should never forgive myself," I said. At last I heard his footstep on the stairs; I laid baby down, and just rushed to meet him.

"Oh Robert!" I cried as I threw my arms around his neck, "name her *Laura* or *anything you please, but do let us love each other again.*" He kissed me in silence, and then went into the parlor. In an instant he came out, bringing with him my father's wedding gift—a large family Bible.

He opened it, and turning to the Family Record, pointed to a line under the head of Births; it was this: MARY *Evelyn Spencer*, born May 19, 1855.

"I wrote it this noon," he said.

I cannot tell what happened next, for I really do not know, but I have had seven children since then, and they have all been named without the least particle of trouble between their father and mother, and in closing this little account of our first real difficulty, I thank God that I am enabled to declare it was not only our first but our last.

## THE CALICO DRESS.

MATILDA EDWARDS.

I've stood in many a splendid hall,
  Whose lights on visions of beauty fell;
I've talked with many a gay coquette,
  And danced with many a dashing belle,
But as here I sit, in my quiet room,
  A secret I must and will confess:
The only girl that has won my heart
  Is the neat young girl in the calico dress.

She has no jewels upon her hands,
  No bells are jingling about her ears,
But the jewels of richest and rarest worth—
  Modest beauty and truth are her's.
Lovely as any flower in spring,
  Yet unaware of her loveliness;
Therefore I choose her from all the world—
  The sweet little girl in the calico dress.

She does not wear that horrible thing,
  Which fashion calls the grecian bend—
Hateful fashion, with awkward hands,
  Spoiling all that she tries to mend.
Her voice is gentle, and low, and sweet,
  And full of womanly tenderness;
A loving and faithful heart has she,
  My own little girl in the calico dress.

Ambitious mothers and flaunting belles,
  You may hang your harps on the willow tree;
The girl that wears the calico dress
  Is the dearest girl in the world to me.
I will not tell you the maiden's name,
  No matter how much or how long you guess;
But this I know, in a month or so
  I will marry the girl in the calico dress.

# THIS AND THAT:

## AND THE WOMAN WHO PUT THEM TOGETHER.

KATE W. HAMILTON.

She always said she could do it. "When I want to find out anything, John, I can always make a way to do it. I can put this and that together as well as the next one," she remarked at the breakfast table, with a nod at once emphatic and mysterious.

Mr. Humphreys put down his coffee cup uneasily. "Yes, Tildy; but they don't always fit when they are put together."

"When *I* put them together, they do, John Humphreys," said the lady, with a still more decided bob of her head.

Mr. Humphreys sighed, but wisely kept his thoughts to himself. "More than likely there's nothing to find out, Tildy, its so easy for folks to imagine things," he ventured aloud.

"If you mean *me*, don't say 'folks,' Mr. Humphreys—I'm not an overwhelming multitude. In the first place, the barn was burned—you won't call that imaginary, I suppose, seeing the bells were rung, and you were in such a dreadful stew to get to the fire, that you rushed off with your coat wrong side out, and a boot on one foot, and slipper on the other. Well, the barn was set on fire, that's the next thing; for I heard Mr. Scone talking about it, and he said 'incendiaries,' Of course, if it was done, somebody must have done it; and I have my suspicions, that's all. There are some things that look a little queer and mysterious, lately, and a woman's eyes are sharp."

Mr. Humphreys picked up his hat, and put it slowly down on his head with his two hands, as if it were a benediction, and walked slowly away to the mills—his screw mills, around which the little village had grown up. He did not doubt Mrs. Humphreys vaunted ability, he only dreaded her success, for she was a female Nimrod, and he, quiet man, had no sympathy with the chase.

"What's the use of looking for things you don't want to find, and that don't concern you when they are found?" he put the matter interrogatively to the trees as he went along. "Suppose folks have done what they shouldn't, you can keep on liking them all the same if you don't know it; but if you go and find out, then everything's upset, and you don't know where you are—at least, where you ought to be."

The trees rustled and whispered as if they knew countless things that they had no mind to tell, and Mr. Humphreys dropped his conversation with them, and murmured to himself, "Its a dreadful investigating world, this is!"

He fancied the old mill was full of the same spirit that day; the long iron arms seemed reaching out and grasping after hidden things, the countless wheels were grinding out secrets, and all the rattle and roar was a babel of condemning voices. He watched the busy hands and grimy faces of the workers, half afraid the prying machinery might draw into sight the guilt Mrs. Humphreys suspected. He hoped none of them had done such evil, but if they had, he did not want to know it. The doing must have been dreadful enough without being found out, and if they could only escape, and have another chance—Mr. Humphreys invariably took up that position, and his wife as invariably drove him from it with the reminder that "such weakness would put an end to all law and justice."

He passed down the black, smooth steps—worn smooth by the tread of many weary feet—and crossing a platform that connected the main building with a smaller one, entered the office where Philip Mead was bending over the company's books. Nephew Philip was Mr. Humphreys' pride, and was, indeed, one of the rare points upon which his wife and he were quite agreed in sentiment and action. He watched the swiftly-moving pen for a moment, then carefully slid the burden from his shoulders and proceeded to unfold it, after the manner of a peddler with his pack.

"You know that barn of Scone's, Phil? Folks say it was set on fire."

"Ah?" said Phil, still writing rapidly.

"Yes; and your aunt Tildy, she—she suspects some one."

"Whom does she suspect?"

"I don't know, Phil, really haven't the least idea, and, you see, that's what sort of troubles me."

Phil dropped his pen and laughed. "Well,

uncle, its pretty certain that neither you nor I did it, so it can't be either of us."

"That's a fact! that's a fact!" The elder gentleman brightened as if this were a piece of unexpected intelligence that threw great light upon the subject. Then he ran his fingers through his short gray hair until it stood erect upon his head, glanced cautiously around the room, and suggested, uneasily, "You don't think any of the mill men would—could—eh?"

"The boys? It isn't likely. What on earth would any of them do such a thing as that for?"

Philip's voice rang out cheerily, and Mr. Humphreys looked relieved; and after a moment remarked apologetically, "You see, I'm kind of nervous, I suppose, Phil, and I don't like such things naturally. The baying of a pack of hounds always did make me uneasy about the poor creature they were hunting down."

Philip concealed his smile at this unconscious tribute to his aunt by turning to his desk again, and his uncle, comforted, sought his own at the opposite side of the room.

At the house the subject was not put aside so quickly. Mrs. Humphreys washed up the silver as if she were making a chain, and every spoon were a link; she glanced at Jeanie Cameron, when she came in from a walk to the post office, as if she also were a link; in fact, Mrs. Humphreys was not sure that pretty Jeanie might not prove a very important link. Where could the girl have been that evening of the fire when, on going to call her, she had found her room empty? It was a beautiful moonlight night, but young ladies did not usually take moonlight walks alone, and who could have been with her—pretty, but poor little seamstress, Jeanie Cameron? The voice that first called fire, too, had sounded like a woman's; Mrs. Humphreys had almost forgotten that.

"Jeanie!"

The girl looked up with the startled blush that came so frequently of late.

"That night Scone's barn burned, the first cry I heard was in a woman's voice, I'm sure, and I was just thinking it sounded like yours."

"Yes, I—I suppose it was mine. I hadn't heard any alarm, and the light was so bright when I first saw it."

"Where were you?" The question came rather sharply, and Jeanie, absorbed in a search through her work-basket, answered briefly:

"Only down at the garden-gate—then." The last word was added slowly and with a little effort, as if only for truth's sake.

Mrs. Humphreys noted it, and placed a large table-spoon in her collection on the table; she had got an idea. Her next discovery was communicated to Philip Mead a week subsequently, when he came up from the office to a late breakfast one morning—late, and therefore a solo.

"I've had my suspicions all along about that barn burning, Philip, and lately I've noticed something queer about Jeanie—"

"You don't suspect her of being an incendiary?" interposed Philip in astonishment.

"No; I'm not an idiot."

"I should think not," responded Philip so emphatically that Mrs. Humphreys' look of complacency returned.

"But a girl may have a lover, you know."

Philip was occupied in pouring cream into his coffee. He must have liked a great deal, for he suddenly emptied half the contents of the pitcher into his cup.

"And he may not be a suitable one at all; in fact, its more than likely that he wouldn't be," pursued Mrs. Humphreys.

Her nephew twisted his brown mustache rather nervously. He did not reply, but he was so flatteringly attentive that she grew more definite.

"The short of it is, that I know what I'm talking about. Only two nights ago she stood at the gate for a good half hour, talking with some man. I saw them from my window—couldn't see his face, but he was a tall, well-built fellow, and wore a light hat. What do you think of that?"

The young gentleman appeared unable to arrange his thoughts for utterance, but the lady repeated her question. "Suppose you had been at the window, and had seen her talking to a man in that way, what would you have thought?"

"I think I should have disapproved of it; indeed, I'm very sure that I should have disliked it exceedingly," Philip answered decidedly.

"Exactly; and you'd have had no doubt that he was her lover?"

"But then, she has a perfect right to love and be loved, aunt Tildy, and I don't see what connection it can have with the fire at Scone's," suggested Philip.

"Right enough if it was some one suitable, as I said before. But who would be, around here? Most of the mill men—"

"Humph!" ejaculated the listener.

"Yes, I know; they're foreigners, nearly all of them, or too rough—not at all the sort Jeanie would think of. But some good-looking fellow, with a show of fine manners and gentlemanliness, might persuade her that she was in love with him, even if he were a dissipated good-for-nothing, equal to burning barns, or any other mischief. Girls are so foolish. I wouldn't wonder if Jeanie knew, or guessed, who had a hand in that fire; she looks so confused and startled when anything is said about her being out that night."

Philip laughed, then explained apologetically, "I was thinking, you know, how much meaning may be attached to a very little thing."

Mrs. Humphreys smiled blandly. "Yes, if any one has eyes sharp enough to see into things. I shall keep mine open, and the girl won't throw herself away if I can stop it."

The conversation was abruptly terminated by the entrance of its subject. Mrs. Humphreys vanished in pursuit of silk and cording required for the day's dress-making, and Philip lost his interest in breakfast, and became quietly absorbed in studying the small seamstress. Perhaps she felt that the brown eyes were watching her, for she bent low over her work—so low that one bright curl was presently caught in her thread.

"'Ah! you tangled my life in your hair, Jeanette,
In the gold of your beautiful curls, my pet,'"

quoted Philip softly.

The blue eyes flashed a sidelong glance at him, half shy, half laughing, and it drew him to her side at once. He lifted the shining hair with reverent, caressing touch, and stood looking down upon her.

"Jeanie, my aunt means to keep you from throwing yourself away."

"Means to keep *you* from doing it, more probably." There was a quiver of pride running through the sweet voice.

"No; she said you. I have concluded to help her."

"Deeply grateful, I'm sure."

"By trying to make the fellow more worthy of you."

"I would," answered the mischievous lips.

"A work of superogation entirely," said the tender eyes.

There was a delicious snatch of earnest talk, and then—well, then Jeanie was marvelously industrious, while Philip, at the most distant window of the room, studied the morning sky, and when the door opened, this and that were so far apart that even Mrs. Humphreys did not dream of putting them together.

Mrs. Humphreys had not exhibited the full length of her chain of facts and deductions to Philip. In that wonderful memory of hers, where everything she saw or heard was labeled and stowed away for future possible use, as model housekeepers arrange the contents of their attics, an old remark had been drawn from its dark corner into the light. "I wouldn't be chief mourner if such a miserly old fellow as Scone should lose some of his property; he deserves to."

Rolfe Towne had spoken the words in her hearing more than a year before; she had not thought much about them at the time, but they might mean a great deal, after all. A handsome, genial fellow was Rolfe, whom most people liked, despite their judgment, since he was also wild, dissipated and reckless. He worked in a fitful, uncertain way at the mill. Natural ability would have secured him a higher place, but his miserable excesses rendered him often scarcely fit for the one he held. Who could tell what he would do? What motives might have prompted him? And he was tall, and wore a light hat! Certainly there seemed some fitting together about these things. Mrs. Humphreys wanted to study it up, and was not sorry when Mr. Humphreys said—a little hesitatingly, as knowing her usual opinion in such cases—"Rolfe is in the mill once more. I thought, last week, I never would try him again, but I don't know what he'll do if we send him off—I don't, really; and I couldn't help giving him another chance."

"And when he's good for anything, he's the best man about the establishment," added Philip.

Jeanie's look of pleasure was unmistakable. "It was very kind. If he had been sent away it might—at least, many people only grow bitter and desperate when they are hopeless," she murmured. And Mrs. Humphreys nodded assent—either to the remark, or to her own thought.

She kept her watch; the blue eyes seemed to grow more dreamful day by day, and the gray eyes grew sharper; the golden head bent low in reverie over the sewing, and the head of pepper-and-salt grew more emphatic in its nodding. The days slipped into weeks; the late autumn flowers bloomed and faded, following the falling leaves; the fruits were

gathered in, and then came long, heavy rains, beating the last shreds of clothing from the shivering trees, unloosing the mountain streams, and raising the river to a wild, swollen flood. Rheumatism, stalking about after victims during this congenial season, had captured poor Mr. Humphreys, and he was a prisoner in his room. Mrs. Humphreys could attend to two things at once, and while she concocted liniments, and abounded in hot flannels, she did not relax her vigilance as a sentinel.

Since that first time, she had caught more than one glimpse of the light hat and Jeanie's girlish figure together, and now she learned that Rolfe was going away—possibly because he knew that he could hold his place at the mills but little longer, possibly because of some more urgent reason, Mrs. Humphreys thought, and she determined to be more certain before he departed. Jeanie might elope with him. No, she did not believe that, but be would surely try to see her the night before he went away, and there would be promises exchanged, arrangements for correspondence, and all that sort of thing. If she could but keep Jeanie out of the way, and meet him herself!

It was a weird night: the moon now shone out brightly, now was hidden behind masses of wild, hurrying clouds, and the wind blew fitfully. A bright fire burned in the open grate, but Jeanie, pacing thoughtfully to and fro, turned often from its cheerful light to gaze into the gloom without. Mrs. Humphreys, vibrating between the pleasant parlor and the invalid's room above, finally paused, hot salt and vinegar in hand.

"You keep looking from that window, Jeanie, as if you had just as lief be outside as in."

"I wouldn't mind," answered Jeanie, smiling faintly. "The wind always had a charm for me."

"Then, if you really wouldn't mind, I wish you would go," exclaimed Mrs. Humphreys, quickly improving her opportunity. "Philip is at the office, and will stay there all night, for the watchman is away. The man lives down near the flats, you know, and the river has raised so that his yard is flooded, and he feared there might be danger, and has gone to move his family. Philip was too busy to come up to supper, and I cannot bear to have him there all night without anything to eat. I would like to send him something, but Mr. Humphreys is sick, and I cannot leave him, so there is no one to go unless you will do it."

"It is too bad that he should stay without it," said Jeanie hesitatingly, "and I do not see that any one else can go. It really seems as though I *ought* to, doesn't it?"

"If you care anything about his comfort," responded Mrs. Humphreys briefly. And so the basket was speedily packed, and Jeanie cloaked and hooded for her walk.

"If she knew how much I care, would she have sent me, I wonder?" questioned Jeanie, making her way down the garden path. "She has such high plans for Philip, and I feel almost like a traitor every day I live here, knowing how I have thwarted her hopes, though so innocently. She will know it soon, and then I so dread her disappointment and anger. My cowardice keeps Philip from explaining it all, I know; but how can I bear to have her so deeply offended with him because of me? And yet—Oh! I cannot wish he had not loved me—my poor life's one treasure!"

Watching the clouded sky and dreary garden seemed to possess quite as strong a fascination for Mrs. Humphreys as it had done for Jeanie. She settled her patient comfortably, brightened the fires, and dropped the curtains over the windows; but these last were pushed aside at intervals, that she might peer out into the night. Once she threw a shawl over her head and walked down to the gate; but there was no one in sight.

"If he comes, I will meet him and tell him what I know, and what I suspect, and see if I cannot learn the truth," she said. Again and again she looked toward the road, now seeing it clearly in the moonlight, now straining her eyes through the gloom, but no one appeared. At the faintest sound of footsteps she bent her her head to listen, but in vain; Rolfe did not come. Suddenly upon the stillness broke the sound of the factory bell, ringing in quick, sharp strokes.

"What's that?" questioned Mr. Humphreys, starting up from his first nap.

Mrs. Humphreys opened the window hurriedly, and leaned out to listen. In a moment other windows up and down the street were raised. "Who's ringing that bell?" "What's the matter?" "What is wrong at the mill?" called one voice after another. Only questions at first; there was no answer. Then a boy, running up the road, paused under Mrs. Humphrey's window.

"Its the river! the river—broken through

the dike—all around the mill—carried away Mr. Humphrey's office—floating down," he uttered breathlessly. But the disconnected sentences were intelligible enough. Mrs. Humphreys turned, with white face, to explain to the invalid, who had only partly heard or comprehended.

The street, so quiet a moment before, was speedily alive with people, hurrying hither and thither, and talking eagerly. Mr. Humphreys, attracted by the sounds without, insisted upon sitting up, but it proved a poor relief for his intense excitement.

"Its dreadful to be shut up here, Tildy!" he repeated again and again.

His wife returned but brief answers. She was listening—such an evening of listening this had been!—for Philip's step, for Jeanie's returning feet. Philip might have been in the mill proper, instead of in the smaller, adjoining building, and so have escaped; Jeanie *might* have started on her homeward way before retreat was cut off. Ah! she had not meant to put so much together—not Philip and danger; not Jeanie and death. Slowly the faint hope died out; there was no sound of their coming. Gradually the noise in the streets ebbed away in the direction of the river. The village grew still again—so still that it seemed intolerable. Mrs. Humphreys arose and put on her wrappings with a trembling, eager haste, strangely unlike her usual methodical planning self.

"I can't stay here, John, I must go where I can hear something," she said.

There was life and activity enough on the river-bank below the village. Fires kindled here and there threw their red glow out over the dark water, and a motley crowd had collected on the shore—some working excitedly, others watching and calculating chances with curious coolness. Many faces and forms stood out clearly in the firelight, while the further groups looked like shadows flitting to and fro. Mrs. Humphreys only glanced at them, then turned her eyes in the direction so many other eyes were taking—up the river, where a black moving mass was dimly discernible through the gloom.

"Coming down now," said a voice near her. "Got stopped up above a bit, someway, and they thought they'd be able to get to it; but its whirled loose again, and coming down."

As the floating building drew nearer, Mrs. Humphreys, watching it with strained, intense gaze, fancied she saw moving forms at an upper window. Suddenly there was a movement among a group down near the water's edge, and a boat pushed out upon the wild, wreck-strewn stream.

"What be they a trying for now?" questioned a woman's sharp, half-querulous voice. "Think there won't enough of 'em drown without that?"

"Trying to push out ahead, and come near enough to 'em to throw a rope, or take 'em off—I don't rightly understand the notion," answered a gruffer voice. "Its Rolfe Towne, and they say he'd do anything for Mr. Philip. He's a brave fellow, that Rolfe, but its no use trying this—"

The sentence was drowned in a chorus of shouts to the venturous boatman—warnings of peril, and calls to return; but he paid no heed to them. Mrs. Humphreys recognized a voice near her, and it seemed, oddly enough, to recall her almost lost identity, and arouse her brain to a flash of its old working. She turned and spoke for the first time since she had reached the shore. "Mr. Scone! this is dreadful! What has become of our quiet village? First, somebody burned your barn, and now—"

"Yes, 'tis; but somebody didn't burn my barn, bless ye! it just took fire," interrupted Mr. Scone.

"I heard you talking about it; you said it was the work of incendiaries."

"Bless ye! no! not 'cindiaries; I said 'twas the work of them cinders—from the railroad ingines, ye see. Bless ye! they run right south of the lot."

Mrs. Humphreys had a vague consciousness that he talked on longer, sandwiching blessings and explanations together, but she heard no more; her eyes and thoughts were on the river, where the solitary boatman and his little craft now appeared in the light, now disappeared in the shadow. Some heavy, floating timbers, parts of a fallen bridge, attracted her attention. Others had seen them also, and again a warning cry was raised. The rower heard, and partly turned his skiff, then lost control of it. It swung about helplessly, and the drifting mass came crashing down upon it. A low moan ran like an audible shudder through the crowd. The pieces of timber separated more widely and were borne on, but the boat and its occupant were gone.

The floating building, one end dipping fearfully, came presently into the glow of the firelight, but the people only gazed at it in a bewildered, helpless way. A voice came

from it—a faint hail, the words of which were indistinguishable, as it drifted slowly by. Mrs. Humphreys watched until its outlines grew dim again in the further gloom. She did not know how long it was, moments or ages; all her old world seemed drifting away on some such wild stream as this. She noticed, at last, that there were but few about her. The throng had dispersed—some to go further down the river, some to their homes, and the fires were burning low. There was nothing to do or wait for; she turned slowly away.

In the gray of the early dawn, something white, cold and still, something bruised and battered was borne tenderly up the street to the plain little room at the boarding-house that had been Rolfe Towne's only home. Later came a telegram to Mr. Humphreys—a burst of sunshine upon the dark picture.

"*Both safe; rescued at Kingsport.*"

The mill, the heart of the village, stopped its beating all that day, while the water sank away from it, and a Sabbath-like stillness lay over the place. Just at twilight a carriage stopped at Mr. Humphreys' door, and Philip and Jeanie passed into the old hall once more. Mrs. Humphreys sprang forward, but paused at a gesture of Philip. He drew his arm around Jeanie. "My wife, aunt Tildy. Death would not have parted us, life shall not; we were married at Kingsport."

It was but a moment's pause; then she greeted the girl as "my niece, Jeanie," and the two hastened up to the invalid's room, and left her alone to think. Philip's light hat was tossed on the table; an odd, quivering smile crossed her lips as she saw it. She had not thought of this in all her putting together! This was not what she had wished or hoped—but Rolfe Towne lay so quietly in that little room up the street; and if she had put kindly judgment and gentle charity together, instead of suspicion and plotting, *might* it have been different? She had so planned and arranged for events that night. True, higher plans had doubtless worked through hers; but if that thought brought comfort, it brought awe as well. Should she dare to meddle where that other Hand held the threads?

So the tender regret and the new-born reverence were put together, and took root in her heart, blossomed and flourished, and the young Jeanies and Philips of after years gathered the fruits.

# THE SOCIAL DRAMA.

## IN IV ACTS.

MARY HARTWELL.

### I.

Mignon sat experiencing some of the sensations a thermometer must have in the Mississippi Valley: one instant she ran up to fever heat: the next she felt below zero.

A mighty question was set before her for decision: to some decision she must come ere a half hour slipped by.

Mignon was a pretty, spirited girl, full of vivid motions and surprising flashes: such an one as stupid folks call "so *original!*" but for once her lambent face was heavily clouded.

She "didn't know what to do!"

"Mignon" was not her real name. She had another name taken from the Scripture, and bestowed upon her by her parents. A name was pretty much all they had to give this child: for presently they passed away leaving her no memory of them. George took care of her. George was a dear boy, brave and strong, and full of genius. He meant to do wonders in the world—did George;—though not many years the little sister's senior, he threw a protecting arm around her shoulder, and was father and mother both to her. They had hard times in their early orphanhood. I cannot say their times during later experiences were actually soft; but at first they were peculiarly hard. George worked at anything to keep his baby. About the time she outgrew her nurse, he began to study mechanics: and thence forward, his swelling front brain was ever busy with drafts for inventions which would lift them both above want!

How dear these children grew to each other! To Mignon George was the Law, and to George Mignon was Love.

As I said before, Mignon was not her real name, George turned the Scripture name into sparkling, frisky French Minette: then as she grew older he lopped off the frisk,

and gave it a softer rounding—she was Mignon.

Why doesn't Mignon go to George with her present perplexity? While she was at the school where he educated her, did she ever reach out a homesick or perplexed hand to George, and miss him?

Never.

But now though George is near her touch, she doesn't call to him because she knows that from her *inward self* must come the answer she is seeking.

A man has asked her to marry him.

Mignon sits brooding in her room. Let me lay the case before you just as she sees it.

She is just out of school, and has come to George's boarding place to rest a bit and help him think what she had best undertake to do in life. Mignon means to work: she doesn't mean to clog George's arm. She will probably teach. Put a woman into the world and lose sight of her, then, if your life depends on finding her again in a given time, look for her in the nearest school-room: she'll always turn up in a school-room. There is some fatality about women and schools. Yes, Mignon sighed and resigned herself to teaching. She knew she shouldn't like it. She thought a little bit, in a shamefaced way, of another kind of life: her heart bounded up to stick a quill behind her ear and dash out as journalist, for she was a sparkling, vivacious little girl, and felt capacity within her.

And while she was debating with herself and George, here came a lover! I will not protest that Mignon never saw him coming. But the fact of his arrival truly startled her. He was a lover whom the world calls a *bon parti*. In one hand he held wealth, position, and influence: in himself he presented an honest, kindly gentleman: all these with his right hand he offered to Mignon.

Wasn't it a "splendid chance?" Why, if half the wise old women in the states had been convened to sit upon this matter, they would have *pressed* the girl to say "yes!" and many would have hinted the propriety of her adding, in consideration of her circumstances, "and thank you, too!" A manly husband, an elegant home, a brother and assistant for George—

"What's the matter with me?" cried Mignon, stamping a foot, "what makes me *hate* to, so!"

Her prudence, foresight, and all worldly wisdom pulled that way, and only one little rebel dissented: her intuitive heart stood against it. She didn't love him: she *couldn't* love him.

"Pah! what is love?" says the old society cormorant, who hunts about for good matches for her daughters, and crams them with wisdom meanwhile. "Love is nonsense! You will love any man well enough who takes good care of you and treats you well!"

But Mignon rebelled against this. Love! she thought about it with her throbbing temples between her palms. She knew nothing about it, except in that blessed form in which it shone from George's eyes. Father-love, mother-love, the close tie of family, were mere names to her. She was hungry for it—for the satisfaction of having some one and some place peculiarly her *own*. George would marry and be set apart from her. She wanted *home*—HOME. She ached for the rest a woman finds in that place of all places.

"Why, I've never had a home in my life!" cried Mignon. She thought of all the long, hard years which might be before her if she passed this present haven: of her youthful prettiness blurred and wiped away by toil. Of the *slavery* of doing other people's wills for other people's bread.

But the more she magnified reasons for accepting this fate. the more the *higher Mignon* within her cried out—"I do not love him! I do not love him! I do not love him!"

The bell rung.

"He's here!" said the girl, starting up and blanching. "Oh what shall I do!" She threw herself on her knees. "Oh God! Oh mother!" reaching out after some one that could help.

A servant rapped on her door, and getting an incoherent answer, thrust a card under.

"Tell him I'll be down in a moment!" called Mignon, pressing her hot head.

So in a moment she went down. Judson Deane was a quiet man, who did not demand demonstration from any one. As he met the little woman who charmed him, his self-control quieted her. She was strongly susceptible to the magnetism of other wills. Under those intense, waiting eyes, she found it hard to falter out that she—wasn't quite—sure she—cared for him!

But he would make her sure of that! (Poor, presumptious soul!)

Mignon was that instant two distinct individuals. The higher Mignon stood aloof, trembling and seeing no profit in love ex-

cept the giving of it, while the lower Mignon yielded slowly, and hung her fate and the fate of the man upon a little word—"YES."

---

II.

At your right hand is a man who formed *his* alliance in order to advance himself politically: at your left a woman who wedded to get on in society, and yonder poor creature who skulks along life's by-ways under the fist of a brute, took on her yoke because she was afraid of being called an old maid.

Mrs. Judson Deane, in those early days of marriage, ran away from herself. She was full of giddy flights and changeable spirits. She told herself a hundred times a day that she was happy—she had acted for the best—George was pleased! Whenever her heart smote her, she acquired a habit of turning on it and asking it what it meant, raising such an outcry, when her conduct had pleased George.

Such a marriage might have brought no grief to a calm, cool-lived woman, whose placid soul would lie like a canal through any experience. But to a spirited, fine-wrought woman like Mignon, it was only a slight remove from madness. She learned herself, but the knowledge came too late. She found she was made up of many natures, these natures forever at war with each other, unless the principle one held ascendency. One of the selves craved the pomps and vanities, which another self utterly spurned. And one of her selves was gay and effervescing, while another sat high, apart and alone, wrapping its head in drapery—and this self *ached*, through all her hours of consciousness, and sometimes in dreams, reproached her for driving it into such bitter exile. And then she had a social nature which loved to touch and stir up other natures. Now, there was inversion and strife amongst them all.

After the conventional tour, Mr. and Mrs. Judson Deane sat down as householders. Judson Deane expected much of his wife, as any man has a right to do; and if he was full of petty tyrannies. these sprung from his growing disappointment. For men haven't yet lost the habit of taking woes wilfully upon themselves, and then blaming "the woman whom Thou gavest!"

Mrs. Judson Deane had a wide circle of acquaintances with whom she exchanged hospitalities. She had now her "home!"—Home? Sometimes she hunted that all over the vast house, and smote her breast with her clenched hand because she never could find "home!" "Home and Love!" Other women had them. She saw on faces plodding beside her carriage, that light which would never come to her! Nothing was what it once seemed. Everything was a disappointment and a lie. She abhorred the chains—her negative, dead life—her smothering sweets:—and the great *They*—that oracle who sits enshrined in unknown flesh, but whose breath is as sweeping as the plague—this mighty They who had patted her marriage and commended her whole course, she thought upon with secret fury.

Then into her false existence one ray of truth fell: she received a little child upon her bosom, and forgot the nightmare of making believe, for a time. Upon it she staked her entire peace: she hung over it in passion, loving it with a heart which had nothing else to enclose. But when it grew old enough to answer her looks, and fondle her neck with its little hands, this baby died!

Well! you see them every day:—wild-eyed women, hiding some living coal of sorrow.

If her little child had lived, or if others had come to replace it, Mrs. Judson Deane might have gathered some warmth and growth out of her life. But no others came. Nothing came but dead calm. This man and woman walked on beside each other, both aching, speechless and *alone*.

---

III.

It became a tacit understanding between them, that they were to *let* each other alone. Judson Deane piled business about his ears, plunged into clubs, lived nervously and fast. Mrs. Judson Deane was much in society, and gave herself no time to think. Some women revenge themselves on their misery, by cultivating invalidism. But restless, flashing girl Mignon, enswathed by the elegance of Mrs. Judson Deane, was a creature who would fight it out to the last.

Years slid over; for Time will get out of our way at his own pace. George ripened and fulfilled his time, and went into the Unseen to tell his father and mother how well he loved and worked for their baby. And she was left in an unreal world, living a sham life, and learning to doubt the honesty of all humankind.

Once, however, circumstance threw her

against a life throbbing outside the steel-case of conventionality.

I'm no lover of women. They are generally irksome to me: ruddy-faced Davids with slings and lots of "smooth pebbles" gathered from the brook of *gabble*, with which they can bring down the mightiest Goliah of their sex. But here was a woman anyone would have loved, Mrs. Judson Deane was ushered into her presence by a mutual acquaintance, and found her modelling plaster in her sunny studio. Art's fire was in her eye, and a bit of plaster was sticking to her nose, when she turned to greet her callers. A large, restful woman physically, with the enthusiast's face set in flowing golden hair. From the instant her eyes touched this artist, Mignon Deane wanted to get near her. She called at the studio often, and left as many orders as the busy modeller would take, and ripened her acquaintance as much as possible.

Once when the woman was slowly withdrawing her mind from its occupation, Mignon stood watching her, and by degrees attracted there luminous eyes.

"What's the matter, my child?" cried the artist, opening her arms and heart to one who so needed them.

"Take hold of me!" begged the sinking, wretched girl, "I am sick with my own wickedness. Help me!"

For the first time she told it all to someone; confessed as to an angel of God; and through the angel received compassion and comfort.

This one splendid woman then held the shattered woman while she made her own life known. It was a long story; a story of poverty and art-hunger which hurts worse than stomach-hunger; a story of early orphanhood, and a family wandering like a group of babes in the woods: of an elder sister's ceaseless work and love: a story of many heartbreaks and scoffs and scorns: of slowly dawning success. She had walked through it all: and now stood on the heights of life, a patient, helpful, loyal being.

The traditional old maid! What image does that name bring up in your mind? What, but a prim figure very pleasant about the jaws, but very lurid about the eyes, snapping at all created things, turning up a nose at matrimony, and sticking pins with mathematical correctness! That's your traditional old maid, and I have seen such in the bands of wedlock, chalking toe-marks for a husband and a houseful of children!

But lo! another guild ariseth! Here was one, not only a stronghold unto herself from the world's dread laugh, but a place of rest also, to all who came unto her.

She let the worn wife cry that heartbreak out, and comforted and counselled her as best she could. But who can wholly comfort one who has wronged somebody beyond reparation?—has twisted right and wrong, until the only course for her to persist in is a course which was wrong from the beginning.

"You can only go on, now," she said. "That is all I can see. I am not a wife, so know not how to counsel you best. Love has never come to me yet. I've much to do until he does, and if he delays till I get done all my work and am spoken higher, why that's best, then!"

Sitting beside this victor, Mignon made her moan:

"Ah! I'd far better been down in the ranks all these years, bearing the hardest of the things which threatened me, than have been spoiling a man's happiness, and defrauding some other woman who might have made it!"

---

## IV.

The social drama is generally a smooth one. Passion, "fine flights," and startling positions will not do on the social stage. Madam may carry the heavy sod of a little grave around in her heart, but she has no right to oppress *your* ear with the weight. My dear Sir may be in a desperate worldly condition, but above all his debts must he hold the debt of polite consideration which he owes to our nerves. "The mere fact of their presenting themselves in society is a sufficient guaranty of their self-control."

But all dramas must end; and sometimes the shortest acts have the most significance.

Not unfrequently a drama of this sort is illuminated with sulphurous lights; the man finds revenge in debauchery: the woman loses that tenderness which it is not in her nature to bestow where it belongs—to some masculine egotist: or they rush to divorce courts and get impaled on tongues.

However, this pair did no such things. They continued monotonously to sit side by side at church, to face each other at table, to omit on no occasion any courtesy of polite life.

Yet the despair we bolt down in the deepest dungeons of consciousness may some-

time burst out and overwhelm us in ruin.

——He had fallen against his office table: a pistol lay below his relaxed hand, and a horrible red was splashed everywhere—over the floor—over his person—over the table—over a note on the table addressed "To my Wife."

"I cannot bear this cursed life any longer!" he had written out of his strong bitterness. And that was all. But understood.

People shook their heads, and talked about the strange mania which must have pursued Judson Deane, a man firm in business, *happily* married, and altogether to be envied to shatter his heart and leap out of the world!

The great They didn't know how that heart had asked for bread and been fed on granite till it felt like a tomb-stone!

But she understood.

It was well she didn't know how great They looked up at her barred windows and commended her awful mourning; for that would have maddened her.

Up and down the elegant rooms he had made for her enshrining, this wretched woman crept, wringing her hands and finding no plea for repentance.

"Oh, George, after all your labor and sacrifice for the little sister, *this* is the work *she* has done!"

# ROMANCES OF HISTORY.

REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

Real life differs vastly from the novel. In actual experience (as Hamilton found) the assassin's pistol does not miss fire: the rich uncle expected home from India is found to have married a young wife, and remembers his disinterested niece only with a crape shawl; the honest man passes through an experience like that of Lazarus in the parable; the cunning knave sports out his three score and ten—then is wept over by bending angels in cold marble. Naturally the imagination thirsts for something better than this prosy world—invents something more beautiful—rewards its Joan of Arc with the glorification a Nilsson received in St. Petersburg—exalts its Savanarola upon some nobler pedestal than that pile of flaming faggots which hove him into the heavens. The very earliest histories were mere annals—unembellished reports of facts. But, great minds like Gibbon endeavored to throw the charm of poetry over their storied page, to use the implements of the decorative art that they might win its triumphs. What would have been very fine in the poet, in the dramatist, was very naughty in the historian, in the biographer, who, in invading another's domain lost the key to his own peculiar treasure.

A distinguished man of letters gave orders for a rocking chair of a particular fashion. When it came home, a lady remarkable for her choice language received the new invention, and reported at evening that the workman said "its equilibrium was perfect." "Did he actually use those words?" said the master of the house, "Oh no! he said it joggled right."

Robertson tells the story of Charles Fifth, shut up in his voluntary retreat at the Yuste convent, as gathering together a multitude of watches to see if they would keep perfect time with another. When they failed, he is said to have exclaimed, "What a fool I have been to try to make men think alike, when even two pieces of mechanism won't agree perfectly." But this worn out despot could never have said any such thing; for, his last thoughts were given to perpetuate the ferocious Inquisition, and his last commands to Philip were to hasten the violent conversion of Jews, Moslems, and heretics to the one Catholic creed.

The superb phrase, attributed to Francis I., after the great disaster of his life, "*All is lost save honor,*" has not a shadow of probability about it: it is not in the letter written to his mother announcing the lost battle, and can be nothing but a beautiful fable. Henry IV., never said, "Paris is richly worth one mass," just before entering the city: General Cambronne said nothing at all like "The guard dies but never surrenders:" nor did Louis XVIII exclaim on entering Paris, "Nothing is changed, only there is one Frenchman more."

A thrilling romance is made of Philip of Spain's murdering not only Don Carlos, but his beautiful mother-in-law, with whom Don Carlos was in love: but the second murder is pure invention; and one can justly say of Philip II., as of Old Nick, he is

black enough when you paint him just as he is.

Hume rivals Robertson in romancing history. He wanted to make Charles the First heroic as possible, so he paints him sleeping profoundly while the scaffold was being erected close at hand. But the hammer and saw were at work full half a mile away from St. James, where Charles slept before his execution—at Whitehall. Again, he represents Charles as passing twenty-four hours in the Royal Oak, while his pursuers were all the time passing and repassing so that his ear drank in their frantic curses. The plain prose is that the king passed part of a day only in the Oak, that he saw some soldiers at a distance, and that if those psalm-singers swore, they swore in their sleeves. Besides his fatal laziness, believing religion to be made up in equal measure of superstition and fanaticism, Hume could not resist any opportunity of blackening the memory and aspersing the motives of the noblest party England ever produced.

Later down, almost everybody repeats that splendid *bon mot* with which the Abbé took farewell of Louis XVI., at the guillotine, "Son of St. Louis ascend to heaven!" But, that excellent ecclesiastic denied over his own signature, ever having uttered any such words. It probably came about as when at a dinner party Sumner remarked that "The ashes of Washington sleep at Mount Vernon:" and Lord Brougham retorted in his shrill tones, "Mr. Sumner was Washington's brevet." Sumner is said to have quoted those exquisite lines of Gray's elegy, *still in their ashes sleep their wonted fires* —while he only wrote home regretting that so capital a reply did not pop into his head till the next day.

Barére, who was an atrocious liar, represents the crew of the French frigate "Avenger" exclaiming *vive la republique* (as their ship was going down in the midst of battle) —the fact being that the Avenger did not sink till after she became an English prize, and had an English crew aboard.

Archibald Alison declares that Nelson was shot in his admiral's coat with four stars: and that, when warned of the peril he ran, his magnanimous reply was "I honorably wore them, and if need be will honorably die with them."

It is proved now he wore a common coat only adorned with the order of the bath, just as he had been dressed for weeks.

Everyone who goes abroad sees the superb picture by David, of Napoleon crossing the Alps upon a fiery charger which seems springing into the air: but, part of that winter passage Napoleon really did afoot, and the balance on the back of a sure-footed mule.

I think it is very clear that Cæsar never said to Brutus, *and you too my son*, when both were of nearly equal age: that Pocahontas never delivered Smith from death by laying her head on the same block, when the first edition of his journal never alludes to the thrilling incident: that Frederick Second never was defeated by a miller's refusal to remove a mill which obstructed the view from his summer-palace: and that Ben. Franklin could not have been kept standing an entire day by the Commissioners of Parliament, when his own letter fixes the time at less than two hours—moreover, that Theodore Parker's statement of Franklin's familiarity with half a dozen different languages is a pure invention.

# MISERY JIPPEAU.

H. V. OSBORNE.

## CHAPTER XII.

The subject, however, was merely postponed. Misery Jippeau was not wont to allow a question to remain upon his mind for any length of time without searching for a satisfactory reply; and though for whom he was named seemed to him of trifling import, still it was on file, awaiting an answer, and in order to arrive at questions of more moment, it was necessary to first dispose of that, and accordingly, next day, he made an effort to do so. The family Bible was searched for its records, to but little purpose. The records were there, it is true, but they afforded no information. A few dates, marriages, births, deaths—that was all. Misery closed the book with a sigh. "If father were here, I should know at once," he murmured, "but he isn't, and may not be for a week. Father doesn't do things without strong reasons—he cannot have forgotten why he gave me

my name—and it seems to me so strange he never told me. Hannah doesn't know, I asked her. Nursie, she is dead. Goodness! A whole week with that question on my mind. I wonder who baptized me! Ah," referring to the book, "I see; 'Dr. Gould, officiating clergyman.' Maybe *he* knows—I see no reason why he shouldn't. I'll get Simon to drive me out there after dinner and ascertain, at any rate."

So a few hours later found Misery and Simon in carriage, *en route* for the Doctor's residence. Passing down the Avenue, through the city's busy thoroughfare, Misery's glance fell upon Nixon and his blacking outfit, and bidding Simon to stop the carriage, Misery hailed his friend, and bade him take a seat by his side.

"I'm going out to Dr. Gould's, Nixon, and it is such a pretty drive, I'm glad to have you go, too. Do you see what a beautiful sunset we are going to have? It always seems to me God must be glad when time for sunrise and sunset comes, because they call for all the beautiful colors, and always have to be different. The plain blue sky is all nice and good, you know, but it is all one shade, and doesn't require much skill—"

"Yes," said Nixon, "but some 'un was sayin' as He jest says the word—an' its done—how about that, Jippy?"

"Well, I suppose that is so, in regard to a great many things," replied the boy; "I suppose the grass grows to order, and the foliage on the trees, and the vegetables, and the sky, all the common clouds, ordinary storms, etc., etc. But I like to think He begins and ends our days Himself, making the sky so glorious morning and night, and that all the precious detail of this life is filled in by His own loving, able Hand. I think the beautiful flowers *could* grow to order, if He chose, of course; but I like to think He would rather create all those exquisite things Himself. You know, Nixon, how Christ praised the beautiful lilies when He was here on earth — I suppose they brought His Father so close to Him, that He loved them more than He had ever done before—and their very fragrance must have reminded Him of Home. I don't wonder He cried out to His disciples not to trouble or worry about what was coming, that God, who took care of those creations, would certainly take care of His children. I think He meant, in addition to this, that the mind which could conceive of such rare and beautiful growths, as well as make them, was incapable of neglecting His own. See, Nixon, look at the crimson light falling on those distant hills!"

"I'll be blowed if it don't look like they was drawin' down a skeeter net all around 'em!" urged Nixon gaily; but seeing Misery was annoyed at his attempt to be funny, he adroitly turned his thoughts in another channel and inquired, "How about the storms, Jippy? How do ye git at them?"

"Oh, Nixon, I think He has *special* charge of those, too! Of the big storms, because He can stop on the instant when it has been enough; and of the little storms, because they are crowded so full of blessings and sweet comfort — and in every little drop seems to linger the music of the Voice which spoke it into being. I always feel very safe when it storms, for they always *speak* to me of safety, and in the most fearful tempests I can hear His voice above all, declaring 'thus far and no farther,' and with that, of course, I know no fear."

"Jippy," said Nixon slowly, "I don't wisht ye was ever out all day in them rains, soaked to yer bones, an' no fire to dry by at night, an' the same clingy, wet riggin' to wear till it dries of itself; I don't wisht ye ever had to sleep under snow covers, an' wake up to find yer bed piled with it; I don't wisht ye had to know anything about sich things, save what ye reads in books, but, darn it, if ye paddled in it all yer days, as some o' us fellys does, I don't think ye'd talk so like a minister. Why, to hear them preachers talk, ye'd think a pot o' 'grace' was all that was needed to make the wheels o' life, an' everything else, just whiz. Ye can't git anythin' that ain't delightful to 'em. Its nothin' to be poor, nothin' to have yer friends die, nothin' to be good, nothin's *any* trouble, so ye've yer oil-can with yer—yer religion, as they calls it. An' I say its all very nice for a man to keep his boots polished so long as he's walkin' on carpet—but when he's down in the ditches, its another thing to keep up the shine, but none o' them seems to b'l'eve it. They git so fur up in their loftiness, nothin' seems to amount to anythin' down where we are. Its like when we was on the mountains, all the rivers below was brooks to us, an' the underbrush nothin' but moss, an' the roads were narry, and white, an' smooth an' easy to find, an' everythin' seemed child's play. Oh, I can't go these ministers as was born on the mount'ins, ye might say, to holler down to us an' tell us what to do, and how

to do it, an' what they would do if they was us! I'll be blamed if they *know* what they'd do, anyhow," said Nixon, trembling with earnestness, "its hard enough, fix it any way you please," and the voice grew husky and low; then, with his old air of indifference, Nixon laughed and remarked: "I guess its as well, though, they're out o' harm's way; I sometimes think they was harnessed to their pulpits, like they fastens babbys to little high chairs—to keep 'em from mischief." Going back again, Nixon continued: "I wouldn't mind, Jippy, as I said afore, if they went at it different—but they're so cool about everythin', and won't admit nothin's any matter! D'ye think doctor's 'ud git trade on sich principles? *No*—an' they know it. People want—I dunno what ye'd call it—a sort of a knowin'-how-it-is-myself-feelin' in others—a—a— sym—sympathy, is it, little Jipp? If these sleek 'uns 'ud on'y holler out, 'Spit on yer hands, boys, an' hold on for dear life; its a tug an' a half, but its worth it to win,' why, it 'ud be some use a strugglin' on, but when they say, 'There's a lot o' puzzles, boys, we've got the answers to 'em in our pockets; they're so easy done, its no credit to ye if ye do work 'em out, on'y ye'll have to stay after school if ye don't,' it takes all the go-ahead out of a felly."

"Oh, Nixon, Nixon," exclaimed Misery, "don't, *don't* talk so any more. It was only such a little while ago you boys were praising Larry's minister—just as if you really loved him—and now, in a few days, you appear to have forgotten all about him. He wasn't born on the mountains, as you call it, he was born on Poverty Point, and knows what it is to suffer from hunger and cold, as thoroughly as any one. He worked his way up in the world; helped himself through college; denied himself every luxury that he might fit himself to comfort the hearts of mankind. And he's a noble man. He might have been rich to-day had he not refused the most tempting offers in business, to preach the gospel to the world. Did you ever attend his church? No! You never could have spoken so rudely, and in such a wholesale manner of God's servants if you had. Then there is Mr. Jeffreys. Oh, Nixon, you forgot him, too, when you spoke; you know his whole life is devoted to people of every class, helping them with their burdens, consoling them in their sorrow, lifting them up—and Mr. Rankin, and Mr. Kief—"

Nixon was becoming very uneasy; Misery's reproachful manner made him repent his harshness, at least, he felt he had wronged not a few in his wholesale denunciations. Still, Nixon was Nixon to the last, and having endured about all that he could in that direction, he rolled his eyes, drew down his face, and slyly inquired:

"An' how about Penny Post's minister—how about *him?* He's a big bill, ain't he? But then," watching Misery's face narrowly, "I suppose every show has to have big bills to attract attention, an' small 'uns for pertickelars! eh, Jippy?"

"Doctor Gould's, Master Misery," announced Simon, drawing up before a brown stone mansion, and opening the carriage door.

"Ah yes," said Misery, arousing himself, "I had forgotten all about it. I shall not be gone but a moment, Nixon; Dr. Gould baptized me when I was a baby, and, do you know, I've never found out for whom I was named, or even thought of it until lately; and to-day it occurred to me I had better just step in and ask him, though perhaps he won't know. Wait here, Nixon, for me, or Simon shall drive you around the block while I'm gone."

And drive around the block he did, again and again, and around the Park, and up and down the avenue, and across to Van Vleck Place, and returning again and again, waited and waited in vain.

"I say, Simon," urged Nixon, "jest ye tap that ere bell; little Jipp's gone off on a sky-lark with the holy Moses, an' there's no knowin' when he will come back to his na-itive land unless some o' us goes to fetch him."

But Simon, solemn and dignified, refused to move.

"Oh dear," said Nixon, after the lapse of five minutes, and the re-arrangement of all the cushions in the carriage—"oh dear! Say what ye will, ministers is the longest winded fellys in creation. Land, how they will travel in their sermins, an' the further from home they gits, the better they seem to like it. Eh, Simon! Don't ye think ye'd better tell yonder, as we've had enough sermin for a little, an' would like to have him give out a *him* to the tune o' little Jipp?"

"I say, Simon," after another five minutes of waiting, "I'll bet my outfit the old 'un's playin' the whale trick on the little 'un an' has gobbled him up—shan't see him for three days. In the meantime, what'll we do for grub. Simon, we'd better drive home,

or else scare the horses, an' let 'em run away with us an' smash the kerridge—this lazy life," (with a grimace) "is killin' me!"

Though Simon refused to carry out Nixon's propositions, he became at last equally uneasy, and his face assumed an anxious look, as Nixon continued to picture the probabilities, and still no certainty disproved them. And when the stars came out, and twilight settled down on all around, he nudged his companion and whispered:

"S'pos'n *you* do!"

"*Ke*-rect," responded Nixon, "'Van Amburgh is the man,'" and leaping from the carriage to the door-step, he rung the bell.

"I say," said Nixon to the darkey who presented himself, "ye hain't seen any babes in the wood down this way, have ye, or any little felly what might have strayed away from home an' got stuck in one o' yer mister's sermins?"

"What say, sir?" replied the polite attendant, not comprehending in the least what Nixon was saying.

"Oh, come on now," said Nixon, "don't be foolin' a orphlin', ain't church out? if so, we've come for the congregation, if ye'd be so kind as to wake it up!"

A vacant stare was his only answer, as the servant endeavored to sift the meaning from his words.

"Oh, blame it all," exclaimed Nixon, rolling his eyes and winking at the alarmed and proper Simon, "he's deaf as a adder, I shall have to 'tend to this matter myself;" and rushing by the attendant before he could detain him, he knocked at the door of Dr. Gould's study, and was answered by that gentleman in person.

"Here's the contribution box come for the c'lection. I don't want any *quarters* from you, sir, but a heap o' *sense* from him as is a wizzitin' ye, an' will ye please to make my respec's to Mister Jippeau, an' tell him the kerridge is waitin'.

"Ah, I understand," said Dr. Gould, nervously, entirely free from his usual pompous manner, "it is the footman inquiring for Misery Jippeau. Ah, yes sir," rubbing his white hands and pausing, "yes sir, directly—ah, will you please to be seated, my dear sir, take a seat and sit down; your master, well—to tell you the truth—"

"Oh, good lord," said Misery impatiently, "what in thunder ails ye?"

But the Doctor, noting nothing he said, continued: "To tell the truth, your master, my dear sir, is ailing slightly; he has a sudden attack of neuralgia in his head, and—and—he is lying on the sofa—in the further room. I really—well—"

"Nixon," said a faint, tired voice close by, "I forgot you were waiting, I'm going now. It was very cruel in me to forget you, Nixon; put your arm around me, good fellow."

Thus supported, Misery Jippeau, after shaking hands with the Doctor, reached the carriage, and lay down among the cushions.

"Hold on a minute, Si," said Nixon familiarly to the coachman, "I've forgotten something." Darting back to the open doorway, Nixon, trembling with something not akin to fear, shook his dirty little fist as near the Doctor's face as he could reach, and exclaimed under his breath, "My name's Jerry Nixon. I live in Scrub Lane, with a lot o' others o' the same sort. If ye've done anything to our little pale-faced Jipp what's made him suffer, ye'll have to answer to us boys, that's all; we'll wring yer ears till ye come to tea—'f ye know what that means! If ye don't, ax the next cor-*o*-ner ye meet. He'll tell ye! Good night, sir."

Then Nixon jumped into the carriage, tenderly arranged the afghan around the reclining boy, and caressed the sleeve of his jacket. Then his big heart getting beyond his control, the impulsive gamin reached over to the little white face, kissed it, and exclaimed: "I love ye, little Jipp, with all my heart; blamed if I can help it," and a tear washed its way down his cheek.

Misery put out his hand, cold and deathlike, and it trembled on the cheek of the boot-black. "Poor Nixon," he murmured, "I've kept you from a good evening's trade, how thoughtless I am." Then a wave of pain passed over the little form, and when it was gone he whispered, "you'll forgive me; when my father comes back, you will have a steady customer." But of the sorrow of his heart he said not a word.

---

## CHAPTER XIII.

Two days after the above, Nixon received the following communication from Misery Jippeau, which, for the sake of our readers, we give with corrected orthography.

*Greystone, Monday.*

DEAR NIXON:—It seems to me I am the most neglectful boy of all I ever knew, though it grieves me to be obliged to admit it. I was thinking this morning of our conversation Saturday, and am sorry I said so much, and yet left so much unsaid. You were wrong in your severe criticisms, for you excepted no one.

But I don't want to talk to you of that now. The one word *sympathy* which you uttered, and complained of the dearth of, I have remembered, even to the very tone in which you expressed it; and I am sad this morning, and heavy-hearted, to think I did not show you where it might be found. 'Every heart knoweth its own bitterness,' Nixon, and go the world over, you will find each heart whispering to itself, 'no one has suffered as I suffer.' I have read that every back is fitted to its burden; perhaps that is why sorrows are not transferable—they fit no one but ourselves—like our clothes, they are peculiarly our own. And when you talk to me, Nixon, and tell of the hunger, the cold, the hardships, the 'tng and a half' that poor boys have, you feel as you did Saturday, that I know nothing about such trials at all. And when MacMahon comes to you and tells you what a grief it is to him that he cannot walk and run like other boys, he feels that your sympathy is short-reaching; you, so lithe and active, you, so strong and hearty, what can you know about the trials of a cripple. The mother that loses her baby, and seeks sympathy from another of like affliction, goes to her lonely home, saying to herself, 'After all, no mother can sorrow as I sorrow, no one in the world ever *did* lose a baby so sweet, so dear to me as *mine*.' And that is the way it is with every one, and every one is reaching out, reaching out for sympathy, only to turn sadly away when it is offered, saying, 'After all, what do you know of my trouble, it is something only my own heart can understand, I must bear my burden alone.' And not comprehending the afflictions of others, we are constantly expecting more of them than they in their weakness are able to fulfill. You know, Nixon, if we did not know a man was blind, we would be likely to laugh at his hesitating manner; and if we did not know another was deaf, we might remark upon his stupidity; and if we did not know such an one was dumb, we might declare how unsociable he was, yet *knowing* of these complaints, we are surprised that they do so well, for in such cases, we are ready to make every allowance. We can comprehend bodily ailments so much more readily than those of the heart. Some hearts are blind with grief, but we do not perceive it. Some hearts are deaf to us through sorrow, but we fail to find it out. Some hearts cannot speak, lest the 'bitterness' escape—we take no note of the *why*—we are *so* short-sighted, Nixon, and so very, very human, we make no allowances for what we cannot see.

But, Nixon, there is One, 'a Man of sorrows acquainted with grief,' with whom we have to do, 'unto whose eyes all things are naked and open;' He is a Priest, Nixon, a High-Priest, too; but when He was on the earth, the '*common* people' heard Him gladly, and you will not want to turn away from Him when I tell you 'He knoweth our frame, He *remembereth* that we are dust.' It is very good in Him to do that, I think. Exalted as He is, with all power in His command, it seems to me wonderful that He does not expect miracles from us, but always keeps in mind that we are only dust, always remembers of what our frames are capable. And so, Nixon, you have a Priest at last in whom you can find perfect sympathy; He knows your frame; He knows your heart, He knows everything. He knows you *not* as one of a class, but as *Nixon*. He will never confound you with any other boy; will never pass you by in His congregation for want of time; will never fail to help you when you need—and when you are striving your best *to do right*, Nixon, He won't be looking somewhere else, and fail to see it. He is a Priest after your own heart, He declares that the after glory is worth all the suffering of the present time, and urges you not to be weary in well doing—promising that you shall reap in due time, if you faint not—and again He says, 'He that shall endure to the end, the same shall be saved.' You see, He admits the struggle it is, and declares 'it is worth it to win.' I can write you no more now, Nixon, but I hope my words do not come to you too late—and that you will forget my carelessness of Saturday. Hearts are indeed blind, deaf, and dumb at times—I speak from experience, and as a slight, though not sufficient excuse for my neglect to comfort you. God bless you, Nixon, and when your heart craves such sympathy as the world knows not of, remember, I have told you where to find it. 'For we have not a High-Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Seeing, then, that we have a great High-Priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession!

Sincerely Your Friend,
MISERY JIPPEAU."

"My!" exclaimed Nixon, folding up the document, "I thought Jippy was wuss off nor I was a Saturday, but he's over his trouble a'ready!" But like the rest of humanity, Nixon was very short-sighted.

*To be Continued.*

---

Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected as April airs upon violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of which he is himself as unconscious as a lamp is of its own shining.—*Beecher.*

THE RUMSELLER'S DREAM.

The artist has represented the above terrible scenes as only a dream to the seller of rum—only a vision which the Recording Angel has caused to pass before him. Perhaps he thought that to be true to life he must sketch the vendor sleeping, as the eyes of the latter appear to be always closed. *Appear* to be—yet are not. In daily life he sees pictures more horrible than imagination can portray. He knows the ruin he is every where spreading. He is conscious of the curse he is bringing on humanity—of the hopes he is blighting, the hearts he is breaking; yet in the face of it all he persists in his work and refuses the fatal glass to none save those too wretched to pay for it. Is it any wonder that men have failed to touch the hearts of these fiends, and that the work has been given over into gentler but more powerful hands? God bless the women in their noble crusade, and aid them with His own right hand.

## I HAVE DRANK MY LAST GLASS.

LOUISE S. UPHAM.

No comrades, I thank you, not any for me;
My last chain is riven, henceforward I'm free!
I will go to my home and my children to-night
With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight,
And with tears in my eyes, I will beg my poor wife
To forgive me the wreck I made of her life!
'I have never refused you before!' Let that pass,
For I've drank my last glass boys,
I've drank my last glass!

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace,
With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my red, bloated face!
Mark my faltering step and weak, palsied hand,
And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand;
See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees,
Alike warmed by the sun or chilled by the breeze;
Why, even the children will hoot as I pass—
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now,
That a mother's soft hand was once pressed on my brow,
When she kissed me, and blessed me, her darling, her pride,
Ere she lay down to rest by my dead father's side;
But with love in her eyes, she looked up to the sky,
Bidding *me* meet her *there*, and whispered "Good-bye."
And I'll *do* it, God helping! Your smile I let pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

Ah! I reeled home last night—it was not very late,
For I'd spent my last sixpence, and landlords won't wait
On a poor feller who's left every cent in their till
And has pawned his last bed, their coffers to fill.
Oh! the torments I felt, and the pangs I endured!
And I begged for *one* glass—just *one* would have cured;
But they kicked me out doors!—I let that too pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

At home, my pet Susie, with her soft golden hair,
I saw, thro' the window, just kneeling in prayer,
From her pale, bony hands, her torn sleeves were strung down,
While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath her scant gown;
And she prayed—prayed for *bread*, just a poor crust
For one crust—on her knees, my pet darling plead;
And *I heard*, with no penny to buy one, alas!
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year-old,
Tho' fainting with hunger and shivering with cold,
There, on the bare floor, asked God to bless *me*.
And she said, 'Don't cry, mamma! He will! for you see,
I *believe* what I ask for!' Then, sobered, I crept
Away from the house; and that night, when I slept,
Next my heart lay the PLEDGE—You smile! Let it pass,
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

My darling child saved me! Her faith and her love
Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above!
I will make her words *true*, or I'll die in the race,
And *sober* I'll go to my last resting place;
And *she* shall kneel there, and weeping, thank God
No *drunkard* lies under that daisy-strewn sod!
Not a drop more of poison my lips shall e'er pass
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

## WILD FLOWERS.

RICHARD TRENCH.

(*See Frontispiece*).

How thick the wild flowers blow about our feet,
Thick strewn and unregarded, which, if rare,
We should take note how beautiful they were,
How delicately wrought, of scent how sweet.
And mercies which on every path we meet,
Whose very commonness should win more praise,
Do for that very cause less wonder raise,
And these with slighter thankfulness we greet.
Yet pause *thou* often on life's onward way,
Pause time enough to stoop and gather one
Of these sweet wild flowers—time enough to tell
Its beauty over; this when thou hast done,
And marked it duly, then if thou canst lay
It wet with thankful tears into thy bosom, well!

## NANNIE'S ADVENTURES AMONG THE HEATHEN.

SARAH R. ADAMS.

A June sun was pouring its rays upon Hong Kong harbor. It brightened the gay colors of flags that streamed from the mast-heads of vessels from many nations. The scene was made lively by the constant passing to and fro of Chinese sampans, great junks with creaking sails, and smaller craft of all description.

To anyone lately arrived in this Eastern port, such a panorama is most interesting. From the deck of one stately ship, a pair of childish eyes watched curiously the moving life on the bright water, all around. This was the little daughter of the captain, who had taken his motherless Nannie away from her city home and school to roam over the wide seas with him. She was gaining more definite lessons in geography than books could teach her. Nannie had not the least objection to learn geography in this practical way. The wild, free life on ship-board agreed with her health rather better than with her manners, for she had not the best of moral training on the "Albatross," where she had reigned like a little queen over sailors, officers, and even the grave captain himself, ever since the day they sailed out of New York harbor.

On this June day Nannie's face was cloudy, as she leaned on the vessel's rail and gazed longingly across the narrow space between herself and the strange, foreign city at the foot of the high hills. She was very anxious to go on shore and ride in one of the sedan chairs that are borne by long poles upon the shoulders of Chinamen. She had asked her father every day since the ship was anchored, to take her, but he had a great deal of business in the city to attend to, and always told her to wait a day or two. On this account, Nannie was in rather an unpleasant frame of mind, but soon she consoled herself by going to sit on one of the lower gangway steps, where she floated a slipper loaded with orange peel, and pretended that it was a lighter, almost forgetting her disappointment. Soon one of the numerous fruit-boats drew near; Nannie looked so admiringly at the red persimmons and plump bananas with which it was laden, that its Chinese owner, with two or three swift strokes of his oar, brought it close to the gangway to see if "little missy" wished to buy any of his wares. She shook her head, but still looked wistfully at the boat. Then the Chinaman, with his small stock of broken English, aided by gestures, invited her to step in and go ashore with him. What a chance for fun! Naughty Nannie thought a minute. This temptation was too great to

be resisted, and, feeling confident that the man would bring her back again in an hour, she let him help her into his tiny boat, where, enthroned among great bunches of bananas, she clapped her hands with delight as they glided over the smooth water toward the city.

Instead of stopping at one of the landing-steps, as she had expected, the boat shot past the crowded street at the water's edge, and went up a narrow canal in a retired region just beyond the city. Landing there with her conductor, who left his wares in charge of another yellow-skinned individual, she ran along by his side, asking, in some dismay, where he was taking her, and insisting that it was the city and the sedan chairs she came on shore to see—not a lonely country road. No response did John Chinaman make but, "My no savee. My wanchee you walkee chop-chop:" (I don't understand. I want you to come along quickly,) and gave her no further information till they came to a wretched little hut which he motioned her to enter, and Nannie's bold spirit being somewhat quelled, she dared not refuse.

There were two or three women there, and while the little adventurer took a seat on a heap of straw and gazed about her in half-frightened wonder, the Chinaman proceeded to tell them, in his own language, that he was going to keep the white-faced child till her father, who was captain of a grand ship, should advertise her loss, and offer money to anyone who could find her; when he would let his friend, Yan Tah, produce her, with the tale that he had found her, lost and wandering about the streets, and then they would share the reward. The women approved of the plan, and one of them came to Nannie and gave her to understand, by threatening gestures, that she was to sit still on the heap of straw; so through the long, weary afternoon the little runaway sat there, imagining all sorts of horrible things that the yellow people might do to her, and deeply repenting coming ashore without leave.

At night, the inmates of the hut sat on the floor around a bowl of smoking rice, and invited her to eat with them. Then they lighted two little sticks, that were placed before a hideous wooden idol standing on a table, and put some rice on a small platter between them, and one of the women knelt before the idol, muttering, and bowing her head till it touched the floor. Nannie was watching all the time, curiously and pityingly; she remembered that there was a Friend above of whom *she* was not ignorant like the poor creatures in that room. With bowed head she prayed to be forgiven for her disobedience, and brought safely back to her dear father. That night she slept as peacefully on her heap of straw in that heathen dwelling, as if she were in her pink-curtained berth on the "Albatross."

The Chinaman was right when he supposed that Captain Ellsley would lose no time in advertising the loss of his daughter. The next day, in the afternoon, he returned from the city with the information that placards were put up all along Queen's Road, offering a large reward to anyone who could find a lost child, of about ten years, with short, curly hair, and brown eyes. But his joy was turned to wrath when his wife tremblingly confessed that their little captive, whom she had guarded most carefully all the morning, had taken advantage of her conversation with a neighbor at the door, to climb out of the window and run away. What was to be done? All the risk of concealing her go for nothing! The reward lost! And who could tell where the foreign imp had gone?

John Chinaman could not stop to beat his wife just then, but hurried up the road he thought Nannie would be likely to take, hoping to find some trace of her. Nannie would probably have gone that way, had she not espied two fearful looking creatures with red caps and faces blacker than Africans. They were Sepoys, and more terrible in her eyes than even Chinamen. So she ran as fast as she could in an opposite direction, and when obliged to stop and take breath, she found herself in a lonely place, surrounded by hills. Where could the harbor be? There was no glimpse of sparkling waters and tall masts anywhere, and night was coming on. In the distance she saw two men coming toward her. "Those awful black creatures coming after me," Nannie thought, and she rushed up the first turning, a rough, hilly path, every step leading her further on into the dark woods. When at last she stood still, the shadows were deeper around her; no footsteps sounded from behind; the sharp note of a bird flying past her to its nest made her start and tremble. "I must go on now at any rate," Nannie said to herself, "for perhaps this path leads to some house where I can stay till morning." So she toiled up the

hill with a sinking heart, and soon she saw a house before her almost hidden by trees. It was surrounded by a stone-paved courtyard, and in the silence of the place the sound of her feet on the stones almost startled herself, and aroused a sleeping dog, which began to bark furiously, pulling at his chain as if he wanted to fly at her. She crouched in terror behind a clump of bamboos. Through the branches she saw an old man with gray hair and a haggard face, looking out of one of the windows. Not seeing the object of the dog's excitement, he turned away, and then a woman appeared at the door, to whom Nannie rushed, and, with a flood of tears, begged her to take care of her, for she was lost, and tired, and hungry. The woman was Chinese, and very old; about as ugly, moreover, as it is possible for a human being to be; but she looked kindly at the sobbing child, pointed to her own ears and mouth, and shook her head to signify that she was deaf and dumb, (which did not matter much, for if she had not been, it is not likely that she and Nannie could have understood each other's conversation,) and then patting her shoulder soothingly, she led her into the house.

A gloomy old place it was; the plastering had fallen from the ceiling in many places. White ants had damaged the stairs. Everything looked desolate. Nannie felt that the place was worthy of its owner, if the grim old man she had seen was he. She looked around in terror of meeting him, as the servant led her through several dark, silent rooms and passages, but he did not appear, and after she had eaten some rice and bread, the little wanderer slept soundly upon the soft cushions piled up for her in a corner, forgetting the loneliness excited by the mouldy old house, and the wind that sighed and rustled in the bamboos outside.

Nannie's plan, the next day, was to reach the top of the great mountain that towers above Hong Kong; for then she could see in what direction the harbor lay, and the man who lived in the little house by the flagpole, could tell her how to get to it; so she made her kind old friend understand that she was bound for "Victoria Peak," by pointing up the hilly path. With a little basket of cake and fruit she commenced her upward journey. After a wearisome climb the cooler air assured her that she was nearing the summit. At noon she found herself standing there—the fresh sea wind tossing her curls. Such a scene of glory blazed around her that it seemed as if she must have been taken suddenly into another world. On one side was the blue ocean glittering in the summer sun, dotted with islands; on the other, far below, the city and the longed-for harbor with its fleet of vessels, and beyond, the many colored hills of the Chinese coast reaching off into the hazy distance.

"Where did you come from, child?" said a voice, and Nannie, turning her head, saw the man who has his solitary dwelling on the top of the Peak, and hoists the signal flags when steamers enter or leave the harbor. She told him all the history of the past two days, while the man's amazement expressed itself in various exclamations of wonder.

"Well! I never heard of anything so queer;" said he at last, "but you are a brave little thing, that's certain, and I'll find some way of sending you back to your father. There are people from the city up here almost every afternoon, and if any come to-day, they will take you down with them."

There was nothing for her to do but wait patiently and rest, and soon she fell asleep on the grass. The kind-hearted man spread a huge British flag over her as a protection from the breeze, and there lay tired Nannie, much nearer the sky than she had ever been before, with the soft folds of red and blue bunting covering every bit of her except the top of her curly head.

"Why! this must be the lost child whom every one was talking about yesterday," were the words that aroused her. Nannie's brown eyes, looking up wonderingly, saw a pair of blue eyes of a young lady who was kneeling beside her. There were several gentlemen and ladies with her, and that afternoon they brought her down the mountain with them in a sedan chair, with two coolies to carry it; so she had her ride after all.

The good news came to Capt. Ellsley as swiftly as messengers could bring it, and very soon her father's arms were around Nannie, while she, her face half smothered in his great, rough beard, (of which she had used to say, playfully, that it was "more scratchy than any blackberry vine), with tears and smiles asked forgiveness for her disobedience, and did not mind the scratching in the least, she was so glad.

A few weeks passed, and then the "Albatross" spread her white wings and moved quietly out of Hong Kong harbor, and as the rugged outlines of the harbor grew softer in the widening distance, Nannie watched them lovingly, for she felt that under their shadows she had been taught a lesson not to be forgotten, of trust and love toward Him who had been her "very present help in trouble," and had kept her in safety among all the dangers of a heathen land.

## JIM AND CARLO

My horse and my dog are nearly of the same age. They have been brought up together. They always had a great liking for each other. They often eat out of the same dish, sleep together in the same barn, and play together in the same yard. I have known them chase each other for hours, leaping, skipping, and dodging, like boys playing tag. Then they will rub their heads together, kiss and fondle each other, like two loving children, or a mother with her darling in her arms.

Sometimes Carlo goes to the pasture and stays all day close at the side of Jim, following him about the field where he is feeding, wagging his tail, looking so loving and kind, that he seems to say, I am happy to be with you. I won't leave you.

If Jim is hitched to the carriage, Carlo always leaps for joy; but if he is compelled to stay at home when Jim goes away, he cries hard, and feels very bad. And finally, he has learned to ride on horseback, taking the reins in his mouth.

I could tell you a great many other things about these two friends, how they love each other, and never quarrel or hurt each other. But I must tell you of two little brothers who live not far away. They, too, are nearly of the same age, have been brought up together, sleep, and eat, and play together. But it sometimes happens that they do not perfectly agree. Sometimes they do not seem to prefer each other's society to that of all other boys; and I have known them hurt each other at play, or in a quarrel.

Now what shall we think of this? Are *horses* and *dogs* better than *children?* Yes, sometimes. Though children know the most, can talk and learn to read, and know they have souls, and must give account to God, still they are sometimes less loving and kind to each other than horses and dogs.

## THREE LITTLE GIRLS.

One, two, three!
Don't you see?
All little girlies belonging to me.
There's Katie so busy, and mischievous Lou,
And Elsie, who nothing as yet can do
But eat, and sleep, and kick out her feet,
And make believe angry and look very sweet;
"A terrible trouble"—some folks say;
Their father and I think another way.

Like a miser his store,
We count o'er and o'er
Our treasures, though well we knew them before,
And number them out like houses and lands;
Six little feet and six little hands,
Two that are gray and four blue eyes,
Three little heads we think wondrous wise,
Three rosy faces with each a small nose,
Thirty fat fingers and thirty fat toes.

They look very quiet,
But, I'll not deny it,
They're capable, sometimes, of making a riot.
There's Katie, my eldest daughter,
She likes to dabble her hands in the water.
Lulu has found out a beautiful play,
Scattering the ashes every way;
While baby Elsie, the sly little minx!
Can spill her milk and look wise as a sphinx.

One, two, three!
As you may see,
There's work enough in the world for me.
So many little wants to supply,
So many times to sing lullaby,
So many little garments to sew—
And the faces are always dirty you know—
So busy the days, so wearied the nights,
No time to worry for woman's rights.

As you may guess,
And I confess,
There are anxious thoughts that at times oppress;
Hopes, plans, and fears for a future day;
But all the mother can do is to pray,
"Father, watch them with thy sleepless eyes,
And out of thy wisdom make me wise."
There comes a sweet voice, as pleading as may be,
Down goes the pen, and up comes—a baby
—*Frances Eastwood, in Advocate and Guardian.*

# MADGE AND MILLY.

BONNIE.

Madge and Milly Hamilton were sisters, but so unlike every way, no stranger would have dreamed of their relationship. Madge was a dark-eyed, dark-complexioned girl, with an ungovernable temper, and was Milly's senior by two years. Madge was thought to be very wonderful, and very superior to every child that had ever existed, until Milly came into the world, and then the little fair-haired, blue-eyed creature, with her pretty, amiable manners, so won the hearts of every one, that Madge was put entirely in the shade. Milly Hamilton! her name was in every one's mouth! "See if you cannot be as good as Milly Hamilton," or "Milly Hamilton never frowns in that manner!" or "Milly Hamilton always does just as her mamma wants her to," were remarks with which children in that neighborhood were very familiar. But the children didn't mind hearing Milly praised. They all loved her so! They all wanted to sit by her at school, to play with her at recess, and all the little boys at school declared, "Milly is my beau," and if they couldn't have her, they wouldn't have anybody. But Madge! no one courted that scornful little girl! No one wanted to play with her, and I don't think any boy was ever gallant enough to draw her on his sled to school. Even Madge's father and mother sighed and shook their heads when they glanced at this wayward child. Madge did not notice this difference until she was about eight years old, and then it made her very unhappy. Day after day, month after month passed, but Madge didn't improve. She grew sullen and bitter, and a little scowl alley ploughed its way over her forehead. But Milly grew more beautiful day by day, and the "angel of the household" was the pet name its inmates gave her. Madge and Milly had a big brother who was an artist. When he wanted a good little girl, Milly sat for her picture; when he wanted a bad one, he sketched Madge. One day, Madge and Milly Hamilton were visited by Flora and Lizzie Johnson. As usual, these children amused themselves with that original pastime, "Playing House." Big umbrellas were brought out, tea-sets dumped, dolls forwarded to their favorite spot on the lawn, under the beautiful shady trees. Milly and Flora were "father and mother," under one umbrella, Madge and Lizzie, ditto, under the other. For a week past Madge had been trying real hard to be *most* as good as Milly, but no one noticed it. It wasn't the first or second time she had tried, either, But she had so much to contend with, and so little encouragement. For some little time housekeeping in both mansions went on finely. At last, however, the row in Madge's domicile began, and was only one of a series of rows that succeeded at intervals during the entire afternoon. On arriving at the house for tea, the little girls were greeted by Richard, who insisted that he had been drawing their pictures!

"As true as you live and breve?" asked Flora J—.

"Just certain sure," said Richard; "come to my studio, and you shall see!"

True enough, there they were—Milly and Flora, Lizzie and Madge, umbrellas, dolls and all.

But what is the matter with Madge? she doesn't stamp her foot as usual, but she has turned away from the drawing, and is sobbing and crying bitterly.

"Oh, Richard, you always make me when I'm worst," she exclaimed, as her brother sought a reason for her grief. "Its no use trying. People always happen by when I'm bad, but never when I'm good! No one ever knows when I'm trying, 'cause my *best* is everybody's else worst."

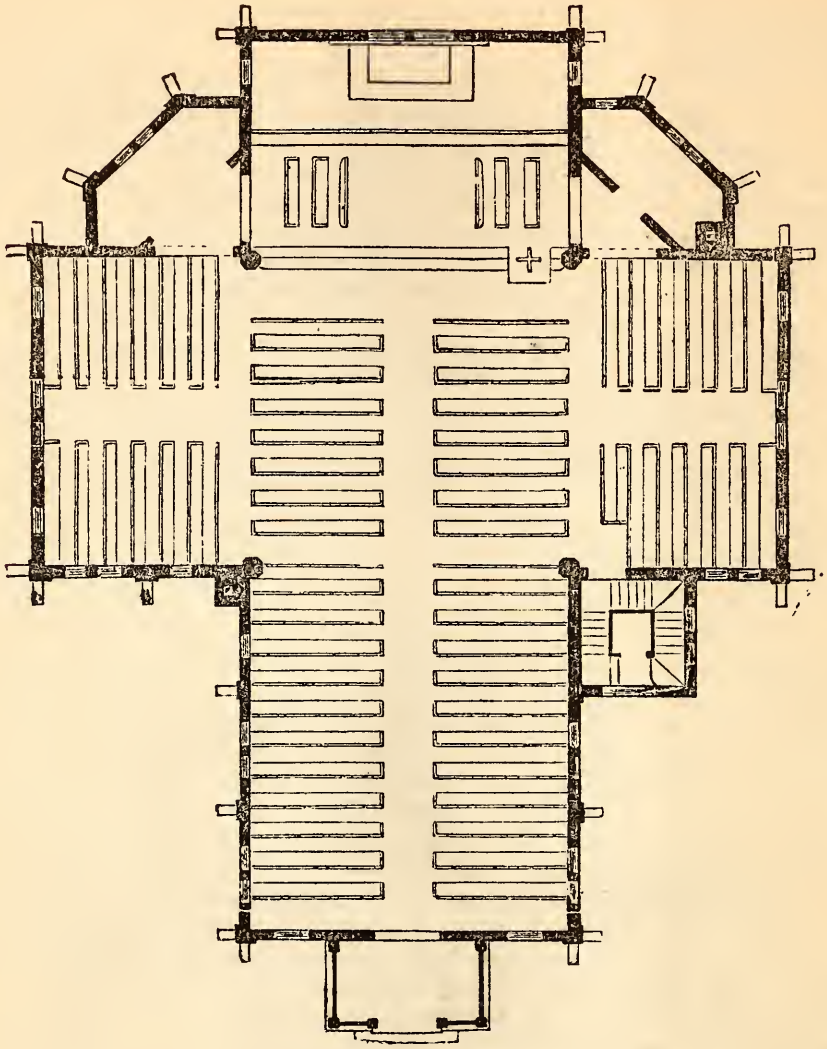
I think Richard was very sorry after that. It was the first real glimpse he had ever had into his little sister's heart. And bending down, he whispered in her ear that he would draw her again some time, when she had learned to conquer.

If *I* had been there, I would have told her that I had rather a thousand times have a Madge, who struggled to overcome, than a Milly, who was good simply because she couldn't help it.

Madge has a hard tug of it. At times she is victorious, at times she is defeated; but "Heaven helps those who help themselves," you know, and Richard says that in a very few days he is going to fulfill his promise, and make a new drawing, for Madge has become such a general favorite, that *every one* is asking for her picture.

TWO SISTERS.

DESIGN FOR A CHURCH.



PLAN.

This church is to be erected on a stone or pile foundation, and is to be framed with sills, posts and plates, varying from 4 by 10 to 4 by 6 inches. The roof to have double rafters in cold climates, and single rafters in warmer positions. The exterior to be covered with weather boarding, and battened with two inch plank, chamfered. The interior to be lathed and plastered, and all the roof timbers planed and chamfered, and the roofs covered with plank and tarred paper, and shingled or slated. The thrust of the rafters is taken by exterior sloping braces, which are planed and chamfered, and serve for the same purpose as the stone buttresses of a church with walls of masonry. The tower is framed, sided and battened in the same manner as the church, and has a staircase leading to two rooms in the transept, which are intended for the use of the pastor. The windows are glazed with stained glass borders, and figured enamelled glass in the centre, in lead sash, with wrought iron ventilators. The number of sittings is 460. The church is in the Gothic style, and could be built for from $13,000 to $15,000, according to the location, and price of labor and materials, and is well adapted for a small outlying congregation. The book from which this cut is taken is called *The House of God*, and is for sale by A. J. Bicknell & Co., 27 Warren street, New York City.

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

H. V. OSBORNE, Editor.

## THE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

One of the most marvelous movements ever inaugurated in this country, is that which had its origin among the women of Ohio, and has been so successfully carried out by them, and those of other states—the Women's Crusade against Whiskey. No movement ever made has so awakened public attention and enlisted public sympathy. It is true that at first it was regarded as simply spasmodic, and the means used looked upon by friends and foes as ineffective to accomplish even a temporary reform; but a sober consideration of the method of warfare, as well as the grand results at once achieved, have led people to remember and acknowledge that our God is a God of Power, and that the prayers of His people avail in cases where the strong arm of the law is utterly paralyzed and incompetent. Again and again have temperance movements been instituted, only to be repulsed and defeated. Mass meetings have been called, enthusiasm created, but obstacles declared to be insurmountable have soon routed the foes to intemperance—and the rum-seller has gone on his way rejoicing. In open court, temperance legislation has been fought down repeatedly with success, but now the friends of whiskey, formerly so brave, stand trembling and appalled before this band of praying women, and the dealers of all classes, who have hitherto snapped their fingers in the very face of proposed reform, recognize in this movement more harm to their cause, if followed out, than there has ever existed in all the attempts of city and state officers to enforce the dreaded prohibitory law. In spite of the good which this women's raid has already accomplished, and the favor with which it has been generally received, in spite of the additions daily added to their forces, and the enthusiasm which it is spreading from state to state, there are a few who honestly wish good to the temperance cause, yet object to the *extreme measures* adopted by these ladies. To these we would say, the time has come which calls for extreme measures, when these, and these only can be of any effect. Let there be no dissensions among ourselves; let us rise up as one person, and endorse this crusade, not only with our words and our prayers, but with our pocket-books. Our country is in danger, the enemy is everywhere insinuating himself, and the ladies—God bless them—have risen up en masse to fight the foe. What is that? "Unladylike," "disgraceful," "brazen-faced?" Who drove them into this work? Did *you*, by your indifference to your country's ruin? Then hold your peace! Extreme measures? Yes, thank the Lord. If the men *won't* act, and they have had years and years of opportunity afforded them, why, our only hope is in the ladies, and for our part, we wish them God speed in their brave and noble undertaking. Temperance lectures are good as far as they go, but they reach such a little way. Who attend? The Sons of Temperance, Bands of Hope, Good Templars, etc., friends of the prosecution generally, but few, very few rum-sellers; few, very few inebriates. The would-be annihilators are stirred up for the time being, but their enthusiasm seldom lasts over night. "After all, what can you do about it?" being the discouraging question they propound in the morning, to which they readily admit, with lengthened faces, "Why, nothing, really nothing can be done!" "Of course," continue they, "if every one would take hold and cry, 'No quarter to alcohol,' the cause could be benefitted, but—" and here they solemnly shake their heads, and end the sentence in that way, implying "it can't be done, though much we regret it." You see, man shrinks from doing anything the entire world doesn't support—man hates to be unpopular. "Here is Mr. X—," says the Mr. Would-be-Reformer, "he is a member of the church, but if he cannot rent his stores to whiskey venders, he won't rent them to any one, for the former pay him double profit. Think *he* is going to put his soul into this work? Not a bit of it! There's Judge G—, oh, how *his* influence would tell, but the truth of it is, the Judge's private wine cellar is supplied by the dealer of the ardent—he isn't going to pray for his extermination, though he does wish young men would exercise a little control, and not make fools of themselves. And there is Dr. L—, his eyes fill with tears at the sad stories the lecturer recounts, but he will cheer himself with the usual glass when he shall arrive at home. And there are Messrs. A—, B—, and C—, who declare this liquor traffic must be stopped at once, yet, even for example's sake, they will not 'sign away our liberty,' as they express it. They are no drinkers, to be sure, but pass the pledge to them, and laughing at the 'joke,' they will pass the paper to others, and winking, declare, 'not any for me, if you please.' So, after all, what can we do?"

Well, it seems, *nothing!* At least, it has amounted to about that in all the years that you have had the chance. Yes, we admit the good these societies do, the influence they exert over the youth of the land, and the benefit resulting from their efforts to reclaim those already fallen, but they do not strike at the *root* of the evil, and never have; and at last it has come to be an understood thing that rum-sellers

shall not only exist, but shall prosper, if a flourishing trade and dead-letter-laws are any help. The tears of the worse than widowed wife have been used for lecturer's stock so long, they fail to melt our hearts. The crouching, frightened, starving children have been dramatized until they create no sensation of pity. The "Father-Dear-Father-Come-Home-songs" have been sung and tableaued to death, and apathy has settled over the land, and the anti-liquor men, discouraged, but faintly resist it. But hark! Not to the tramp, tramp, tramp of boys marching, but to the light foot-fall of thousands of women, whom God has raised up to fight this deadly foe. They enter the grog shops fearlessly; their only weapons—prayers, songs, and the blessed Bible. "Extreme measures!" Yes! We agree with you, *very* extreme; no others would fill the bill. The rum-sellers have been preached *at* long enough, with about as much sense as a minister uses in denouncing his small audience on a rainy Sunday. Realizing this, the ladies march to the dens of these dealers, and down on sanded floors they kneel and offer up their prayers. The rooms, so accustomed to curses, so ignorant of praise, are made to resound with the soul-inspiring songs of these earnest Christians, who straightway proceed to the rum-seller, and plead in their own winning way the cause they have at heart, urging him in words of the kindest entreaty to forsake forever his accursed trade, ruining, as it does, not only the bodies, but the souls of his victims. It is needless to recount their victories; shop after shop has been closed, distilleries abandoned, and venders converted to temperance. Who are these bold and fearless ladies? Look for yourself, you will see. The wife of Mr. X—, of Judge G—, of Dr. L—, the wives of Messrs. A—, B—, and C—; ah, they are all here, and at their homes, as well as abroad, will these women, through God, achieve victories. Superficial measures have had their day. Extreme measures are called for, and the apathetic men must step aside and give place to their wives, their daughters, their sisters, their mothers—the noble, enthusiastic *radicals* of the land, who, seeing their country's need, heedless of comment, have, like Jeanne d'Arc, rushed to her aid, and are leading on to victory. Let these heroic women have not our sneers, but our heartiest support. And if a blush mantle your cheek, as you contemplate this "unladylike" crusade, let it be because you, through your indifference or incapacity, failed to do this work, and forced these extreme measures upon them.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

GAINSVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 18th, 1874.

DEAR EDITOR:—In looking over the department of your excellent magazine given to Correspondence, my attention was arrested by the question: which is harder to bear, physical or mental pain? Human beings dread any form of suffering. We shrink from sickness because it is attended with weariness and pain. We tremble at thoughts of dentist's instruments and surgeon's knives, because their use occasions pain. Some forms of physical suffering are far more intense than others, and some persons manifest far more fortitude when called to endure such suffering than others.

It is not pleasant to go out unsheltered to meet the scorching rays of the sun in a hot summer's day, but how little would the heat and inconvenience compare with the anguish that would be endured by death at the stake, where the cruel flames would scorch and shrivel the tender flesh.

It seems to me this may afford a faint illustration of the difference in physical and mental pain, and any who think bodily suffering harder to be borne than mental distress, can have had but slight experience in the latter. We have seen the body and mind at once diseased and suffering, but the mental woe so far exceeded the physical, that the latter seemed scarcely regarded. The anguished cry of our Saviour upon the cross: "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me!" was not caused by the dreadful physical torture He must have endured nailed to the cross, but by mental distress at the hiding of the Father's face in his extremity. And as far as it is possible for the finite nature to partake of the infinite, in all experiences, so far shall we find that the most intense pain we can endure, is not when this physical being suffers, but when the spirit within is filled with pain and anguish.

L. E. H. C.

FORT STEPHENS, Miss., Feb 6, 1874.

DEAR EDITOR:—Being a reader of your magazine, I will enter my humble opinion against the belief of your New Orleans subscriber, that physical pain is harder to bear than mental pain. If physical pain be the harder to bear, why is it that we see and hear of so many suicides, a goodly number of which take place among our most noted men? Why do tears fall so fast and freely around the bedside of dying friends and kindred, while the sufferer rejoices in the hope that the fetters which have long bound him or her to a world of sin and sorrow, are only being loosed? Why is it that the timid female, will, regardless of her own physical pain, rush heroically into the very jaws of death to rescue her sweet babe from impending danger? If physical pain be harder to bear, how was it that Jerome, Huss, Latimer, Ridley, and multiplied thousands of others shouted the praises of God while the consuming element devoured their mortal bodies?

Yours, etc., Mc. M. Hudson.

MIRA.—The "Ladies Own Paper" gives the following remarks upon the complexion, and knowing the advice to be most excellent, we give you the benefit of it.

Beauty of complexion depends on the free passage of the perspiration. All kinds of paint spread upon the skin, it is obvious, must interfere with the perspiration. How much more completely must the mode used by some ladies of covering the face with a cold cream before laying on the powder! Another injurious action of paint is caused by the power which the skin possesses to absorb any matter which comes in contact with it. There is but one wash of beauty in the world, and that the Almighty has bestowed upon us; I mean cold water. Let every lady who values the beauty of her complexion bathe her face full five or ten minutes every morning, no matter what the temperature is, with cold water. I have found that to be the great secret of a clear complexion. In the country the cold water alone will suffice, but in many times warm water and soap are necessary to remove the accumulated dust. In that case wash with soap of the best quality, use a soft washing glove, lather the face, do not rub it harder than need be to clean it, and as quickly as possible after washing off the soap in warm water, bathe it with cold as above stated. If soap and cold water is used, throw away the soapy water and take fresh to rinse the skin well. A very soft towel should be used to dry the face, the softer the better; the skin should be thoroughly dried and treated gently, not rubbed. Those who are liable to spots or pimples will find hot water tends to foster them, the hotter the more so. Anything dirty will cause pimples on the surfaces of some susceptible skins by touching them; handkerchiefs, towels, chamber linen, and, above all, bonnet veils, should never be in use too long. Oatmeal frequently disorders the complexion, and causes the very spots it is supposed to heal; it is of a heating nature.

A daily bath is an adjunct to the beauty of the skin, and so is everything that conduces to health, such as early hours, avoidance of close, crowded rooms, a daily walk, pure air, and suitable diet. Too poor and too rich diet injure the skin equally. Care should be taken not to tan or freckle the skin. A black veil should not be worn in sunny weather. It is well not to wash the face too frequently; it should be made clean before retiring to rest at night, that nothing may obstruct the free action of the perspiration, and that, with the morning ablutions, should suffice. Of one thing be very careful: never wash the face when heated, or soon after walking or dancing, especially in cold water. Drinking cold water, also, at such times, is greatly injurious. Doing either is well known to cause a permanent discoloration of a frightful description. Tight lacing and tight boots are also sometimes the cause of a red nose or a skin disease.

Rose water is harmless to the skin, and sulpher is frequently beneficial. A wash of rose-water and flowers of sulphur may be used when there is any disfigurement of the skin, such as we have just indicated. First wash the face clean, shake the bottle, and bathe the face at night for ten minutes. Let it dry unwiped. But unless there is any cause do not use any preparation; let well alone. It is pleasant after all to think that the finest beautifiers are within the reach of every one, and are such simple cosmetics as cold water, fresh air, good temper, and temperate habits."

## LITERARY NOTICES.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MARY SOMERVILLE, by her daughter, *Martha Somerville.* Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

This book is not a dry biography, but an entertaining narrative, told in such a simple, unaffected manner, it fascinates the reader at once; and we think young, as well as old, will read this book with great interest. And the pure influence which everywhere pervades the story is calculated to powerfully affect the reader, and create in him noble aims, and worthy ambition. Mrs. Somerville, who was a distinguished British authoress and physicist, was born in Scotland, in 1780. Her thirst for information displayed itself in her earliest years, but her longing for knowledge was not encouraged, and every means were taken to prevent her from improving her mind. She had few books to read, and devoted most of her time to Shakespeare. To prevent this, she was sent to a sewing school; for in those days, if *girls* were able to read the Bible, their education was considered finished, and writing was seldom taught them. Yet her will found a way which, though full of obstacles, perseverance helped her surmount them, and in a visit to her uncle, she received great encouragement, her desire for knowledge was commended, and under his instruction she commenced the study of Latin. About this time she became interested in the stars, and studied them by the aid of a celestial globe. "My uncle and aunt Charters," says Mrs. Somerville, "took a house at Burntisland for the summer, and a Miss Melville came to pay them a visit. She painted miniatures, and, from seeing her at work, I took a fancy to learn to draw, and actually wasted time in copying prints; but this circumstance enabled me to get elementary books on algebra and astronomy without asking questions of anyone, as will be explained after-

wards. The rest of the summer I spent in playing on the piano and learning Greek enough to read Xenophon and part of Herodotus; then we prepared to go to Edinburgh.

"On returning to Burntisland, in 1795, I played on the piano as diligently as ever, and painted several hours every day. At this time, however, a Mr. Craw came to live with us as tutor to my youngest brother, Henry. He had been educated for the kirk, was a fair Greek and Latin scholar, but, unfortunately for me, was no mathematician. He was a simple, good-natured kind of man, and I ventured to ask him about algebra and geometry, and begged him, the first time he went to Edinburgh, to buy me something elementary on these subjects, so he soon brought me Euclid and Bonnycastle's Algebra, which were the books used in the schools at that time. Now I had got what I so long and earnestly desired. I asked Mr. Craw to hear me demonstrate a few problems in the first book of 'Euclid' and then I continued the study alone with courage and assiduity, knowing I was on the right road. Before I began to read algebra, I found it necessary to study arithmetic again, having forgotten much of it. I never was expert at addition, for, in summing up a long column of pounds, shillings and pence, in the family account book, it seldom came out twice the same way. In after life, I of course used logarithms for the higher branches of science. I had to take part in the household affairs, and to make and mend my own clothes. I rose early, played on the piano, and painted during the time I could spare in the daylight hours, but I sat up very late reading 'Euclid.' The servants, however, told my mother 'it was no wonder the stock of candles was soon exhausted, for Miss Mary sat up reading till a very late hour;' whereupon an order was given to take away my candle as soon as I was in bed. I had, however, already gone through the first six books of 'Euclid,' and now I was thrown on my memory, which I exercised by beginning at the first book, and demonstrating in my mind a certain number of problems every night, till I could nearly go through the whole. My father came home for a short time and, somehow or other, finding out what I was about, said to my mother, 'Peg, we must put a stop to this, or we shall have Mary in a strait-jacket one of these days. There was X., who went raving mad about the longitude!'"

In 1804 Mrs. Somerville, then Mary Fairfax, married Samuel Greig, who, though he did not prevent her studying, gave her no sympathy, and took but little stock in woman's capacity—believing it to be of a very low order. In three years he died. By this time the ambitious woman had made great progress in her studies, and had mastered some of the most difficult scientific works. In 1812 she was married to Mr. Somerville, who, unlike her former husband, appreciated her most thoroughly, and gave her his heartiest encouragement. In 1827 Lord Brougham proposed she should write an account of La Place's "Mécanique Celeste;" she finally consented, and the great success of the book changed the entire future course of her life. In 1834 "The Connection of Physical Sciences" was given to the public, which in time passed through nine editions. In 1848 her treatise on *Physical Geography* appeared, and in 1869 her work on *Molecular and Microscopic Science.* Mrs. Somerville died in Italy in 1872—and was able to pursue her intricate calculations, and comprehend extremely difficult formulas in her ninety-first year. Extended as this notice is, it is to us unsatisfactorily short and incomplete, considering the rare and gifted woman who forms the subject, and of whom all praise is only her just due. We wish we could persuade every one of our readers to obtain these Personal Recollections and read the life of this charming, accomplished, talented and honored woman.

THE PERFECT HORSE, by *W. H. H. Murray*, author of "Adirondack Adventures," etc., etc. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass.

This book is, beyond comparison, the best and most thoroughly practical work upon the Horse ever produced in America, and is far better adapted to improve the methods of horse-culture in this country than any other work ever published. The author says in his preface: "I desire to put into a small compass and cheap form, the result of many years of reading and observation, that every farmer's boy in New England may have in his possession a book which shall contain within its covers enough of instruction to qualify him to breed, train and drive, buy and sell horses intelligently and profitably. This is my hope. I purpose also, to lay before him the true principles of animal propagation, following which the breeding of fast and valuable horses shall be in no sense the result of chance or "good luck," as the phrase is, but of causes clearly understood and arranged from the start. I shall show him how to raise a vicious or amiable colt, a slow or fast one; what to discard and what to include in his selection of dam and sire, and how when the perfect animal is produced, to educate him properly, and bring him forward in intelligence and docility until he is able to contribute most directly to his owner's profit or pleasure. While I shall advance and strive to sustain my own views, I shall, in all cases, give my reasons therefor. I lay no claim to originality. I have no hobby to advance, or pet theory to advertise to the public. If success attend my efforts it will be due to the patience with which I have studied the subject and the entire absence of passion and prejudice in writing out views thus obtained. I wish to give in a condensed form the aggregated wisdom of all authors on this

subject, to the end that whoever may purchase this work shall have the sum and substance of what is known concerning the horse."

Mr. Murray's aims have been most ably carried out, and this elegant book has met with the unbounded success it so fully deserves. No lover of the horse should be without this book —and possessing it he need not make farther research, for what it doesn't contain on horses isn't worth knowing.

Henry Ward Beecher contributes an interesting introduction, and Hon. Geo. B. Loring a most valuable treatise on "Agriculture and the Horse." The book contains fourteen engravings of celebrated horses, with their pedigrees, records, and full descriptions. It is a large-sized book, printed on tinted paper, in large, beautiful type, and is handsomely bound in cloth with gilt ornamentation. Price only four dollars.

How To Teach; published by J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., New York City.

This little book is a manual of methods for a graded course of instruction, embracing subjects usually pursued in primary, intermediate, grammar and high schools. It is designed expressly for the use of teachers, and contains valuable suggestions relative to discipline and school management. Henry Kiddle, A. M., City Superintendent of public instruction, New York City, Thomas F. Harrison, First Ass't Sup't of Grammar Schools, New York City, and N. A. Calkins, First Ass't Sup't of Primary Schools, New York City, are the authors of the book, and their names, and the high and important positions they hold, are sufficient guarantee of its worth, and that the ideas and suggestions contained therein are not merely theoretical but practical. The book is neatly bound in cloth, and nicely printed.

The Oriental; published by J. W. Schermerhorn, New York City.

We were most agreeably surprised in opening this book to find it contained music, as the title had given us not the slightest idea of what was to be found within. The very word *music* causes us to prick up our ears and give our closest attention, and we almost hugged the book to our heart when we found it contained Eastern Melodies, ancient and traditional, arranged for the first time for Christian Service, by Dr. William J. Wetmore. Most of the pieces here presented have been preserved and handed down to us through the Jewish priesthood, divested of the Hebrew text and arranged for church choirs and religious meetings in general. The chants, of which there are several, are models of classic beauty, the authorship ungiven, because lost in the centuries gone forever. The introduction declares them to be the very same that were chanted by the ancient Hebrews in the Temple of Jerusalem. Music was considered by the ancient Jews as the greatest auxiliary to prayer, it called together the multitudes, it disposed to holy fervor, touched the heart and rendered it accessible to religious sentiment, it added new joy to times of feasting, and to the mourner it gave a sweet sadness, making affliction less bitter. One peculiar and striking feature in the music here presented, is in the pieces commencing with three soli voices, followed by a full chorus, the effect of which is not only pleasing, but adds a devotional charm which is often wanting in the present monotonous style of this part of Divine worship. A few modern, metrical hyms and short pieces have been added to this collection, making it more complete for the use designed. The book is beautifully bound, and its outside appearance causes it to look more like an ornamental book of poems than a "tune-book," we would give the price if we knew it, but it can be obtained of the publisher.

Menuetto, by *Franz Schubert.* Published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, New York.

This morceau is taken from that beautiful Fantasia Sonata of Schubert's—and cannot fail to delight the true musician. The opening pages are written in a grand, majestic style, which with fine effect changes on page five (the trio) to a light tripping movement, returning (Da Capo) at the end to the splendid chords and march-like movement of the introduction. The Sonata from which this Menuetto is taken, is probably one of the most *popular* Schubert ever wrote, though not nearly as difficult as many of his that supersede it as favorites in the repertoires of the most scientific and cultured musicians. Price of Menuetto, 30 cents.

## OUR HOUSEKEEPER.

Soft Gingerbread.—1 cup butter; 1 cup molasses; 1 cup sugar; 1 cup sour or buttermilk; 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in boiling water; 1 tablespoonful ginger; 1 teaspoonful cinamon; 2 eggs. *About* five cups of flour—enough to make it thick as cup-cake batter, perhaps a trifle thicker. Work in four cups first, and add very cautiously.

Stir butter, sugar, molasses, and spice together to a light cream, set them on the range until slightly warm; beat the eggs light; add the milk to the warmed mixture, then the eggs, the soda, and lastly the flour. Beat very hard ten minutes, and bake at once in a loaf, or in small tins. Half a pound raisins, seeded and cut in half, will improve this excellent gingerbread. Dredge them well before putting them in. Add them at the last.

Sponge Gingerbread (*eggless*).—5 cups flour; 1 heaping tablespoonful butter; 1 cup molasses; 1 cup sugar; 1 cup milk (sour is best); 2 teaspoonfuls saleratus, *not* soda, dissolved in hot

water; 2 teaspoonfuls ginger; 1 teaspoonful cinamon.

Mix the molasses, sugar, butter, and spice together, warm them slightly, and beat until they are lighter in color by many degrees than when you began. Add the milk, then the soda, and having mixed all well, put in the flour. Beat very hard five minutes, and bake in a broad, shallow pan, or in *pâté*-tins. Half a pound of seeded raisins cut in pieces will be a pleasant addition.

Try this gingerbread for tea or luncheon, with a cup of hot chocolate to accompany it, and you will soon repeat the experiment.

Plain Gingerbread.—2 cups molasses; ½ cup lard; ½ cup butter; 2 teaspoonfuls soda dissolved in hot water; 2 tablespoonfuls ginger; 1 cup sour milk. Thicken with flour to a soft dough.

Warm the molasses, lard, butter, and ginger, and beat them ten minutes before adding the milk, soda, and flour. Roll out, cut into shapes, and bake in a quick, but not too hot oven. Keep in a tight tin box. Brush over with white of egg while hot.

Loaf Gingerbread.—1 cup butter; 2 cups molasses; 1 tablespoonful ginger; 2 eggs, very well beaten; 1 teaspoonful saleratus; 1 cup milk, sweet or sour. If sour, heap your spoon with saleratus.

Flour to the consistency of pound-cake.

Spiced Gingerbread.—1 lb. flour; 1 lb. sugar; ½ pound butter; 5 eggs; ½ teaspoonful soda dissolved in hot water; 1 teaspoonful cream-tartar; 3 tablespoonfuls sweet milk; 1 large tablespoonful ginger; 1 teaspoonful cloves; 1 teaspoonful nutmeg; 1 teaspoonful cinnamon.

Cream the sugar and butter, stir in the beaten yolks, the milk and spice, the soda, and when these are well mixed, the flour. Bake in two square or round loaves.

Sugar Gingerbread.—1 cup butter; 2 cups sugar; 1 cup sour cream or milk; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in hot water; 2 tablespoonfuls ginger; 1 teaspoonful cinnamon; 5½ cups of flour, or enough to roll out *soft*. Cut in shapes, brush over with white of egg while hot, and bake.

Fruit Gingerbread.—2 lbs. flour; 3-4 lb. butter; 1 lb. sugar; 1 lb. raisins, seeded and chopped; 1 lb. currants, well washed; 2 cups molasses; ½ cup sour cream; 6 eggs; 1 heaping teaspoonful soda dissolved in hot water; 2 tablespoonfuls ginger; 1 teaspoonful cinnamon; 1 teaspoonful cloves.

Cream the butter and sugar, warm the molasses slightly, and beat these together; then the beaten yolks, next the milk and spice, the soda, the flour and whites, well whipped; lastly the fruit, which must be thickly dredged. Beat well before baking.

A little citron, shred fine, is an improvement. Bake in two broad pans, in a moderate oven. This cake will keep a long time.

Sweet Wafers.—6 eggs; I pint flour; 2 oz. melted butter; 1½ cup powdered sugar; 1 cup milk; 1 teaspoonful nutmeg.

Beat whites and yolks separately and very stiff, rub the sugar and butter together, and work in first the yolks, then the milk, then the flour and whites. Bake in well-buttered wafer or waffle irons, very quickly, browning as little as possible. Roll them while hot upon a smooth, round stick, not larger than your little finger, slipping it out carefully when the cake takes the right shape.

These little cakes are an acceptable addition to any tea or supper table, and look well among fancy cakes in a basket.

Boston Cream Cakes.—½ lb. butter; 3-4 lb. flour; 8 eggs; 1 pint water;

Stir the butter into the water, which should be warm, set it on the fire in a saucepan, and slowly bring to a boil, stirring it often. When it boils, put in the flour, boil one minute, stirring all the while; take from the fire, turn into a deep dish, and let it cool. Beat the eggs very light, and whip into this cooled paste, first the yolks, then the whites.

Drop, in great spoonfuls, upon buttered paper, taking care not to let them touch or run into each other, and bake ten minutes.

Cream for filling.—1 quart milk; 4 tablespoonfuls corn-starch; 2 eggs; 2 cups sugar.

Wet the corn-starch with enough milk to work it into a smooth paste. Boil the rest of the milk. Beat the eggs, add the sugar and corn-starch to these, and so soon as the milk boils pour in the mixture gradually, stirring all the time until smooth and thick. Drop in a teaspoonful of butter, and when this is mixed in, set the custard aside to cool. Then add vanilla or lemon seasoning; pass a sharp knife lightly around the puffs, split them, and fill with the mixture.

The best cream cakes I have ever tasted were made by this somewhat odd receipt.

Nougat.—I lb. sweet almonds; 3-4 lb. white sugar; 1 tablespoonful rose-water.

Blanch the almonds in boiling water. When stripped of their skins, throw them into ice-water for five minutes. Take them out and dry between two cloths. Shave with a small knife into thin slips. Put them into a slow oven until they are *very* slightly colored. Meanwhile, melt the sugar—*without adding water*—in a porcelain kettle over the fire, stirring it all the while to keep it from burning. When it bubbles up and is quite melted take off the kettle and instantly stir in the hot almonds. Have ready a tin pan or mould, well buttered and slightly warmed. Pour in the nougat; press it thin and flat to the bottom of the pan if you mean to cut it into strips; to all sides of the mould if you intend to fill it with syllabub or macaroons. Let it cool in the mould, for the latter purpose, withdrawing it carefully when you want it. If you cut it up, do it while it is still warm—not hot.

The syrup should be a bright yellow before putting in the almonds.

# LAUGHING STOCK.

It was only two days ago Jones was injudiciously full. Being painfully aware of his inebriety, he endeavored to conceal it from the public by buttoning his coat up very closely, imparting an abnormal stiffness to his knees, and tripping over his own heels. He stalked up to a street car, walked briskly in just as the horse started forward—and instantly tumbled out again backward without unbending a muscle. Straightway he covered the upright, splashed with mud, and reentered, seating himself beside an acquaintance, making no sign of his mishap. Presently he turned to this individual and querried:

"Klizslin?"

"No."

He considered a moment; and then again asked:

"Off the track?"

"No."

More reflection—sleepily, then:

"Runoveraprespice?"

"No."

"Splozhn?"

"No."

Somnolent cogitation.

"Any acc'dnt?"

"Not any at all."

He took this piece of information into his intellectual maw, and, digesting it, concluded that he must be very drunk indeed. Anxious to cover up the disgraceful fact and turn the matter off respectably, he shortly turned again with the bland observation:

"Well, if I'd anone that, I woodena got out."

An Iowa farmer who had been married only seven weeks, and has had to buy a wig, offers to bet that his wife can whip a panther.

At a very successful *seance* in Cincinnati the other night, a man burst into tears when the medium described very accurately a tall blue-eyed spirit standing by him, with right side whiskers, and his hair parted in the middle. "Do you know him!" inquired a man at his side, in a sympathetic whisper. "Know him? I guess I do," replied the unhappy man, wiping his eyes. "He was engaged to my wife. If he hadn't died he would have been her husband instead of me. Oh George! George!" he murmured, in a voice choked with emotion, "why did you peg out?"

"Margery, what did you do with the tallow that Mr. Jones greased his boots with to-day?"

"Please marm, I fried the griddle cakes with it,"

"Lucky for you,—I thought you had wasted it."

A doctor called on a cholera patient and prescribed. Next day found patient well. "Well," said Dr, "the medicine brought you out."

"No, sir. I didn't take it."

"What did you take?"

"I ate saur-kraut and turnip sauce."

So the Doctor wrote in his memorandum: "Saur-kraut and turnip sauce good for cholera."

Next week another call. Irishman this time. Prescribed saur-kraut and turnips. Next day called—found the Irishman dead. So he wrote opposite the old memorandum:

"Saur-kraut and turnips good for a Dutchman, but death to an Irishman."

It is an old story, but a good one, which tells of a very negligent man who was going on a visit to some friends. His wife extorted from him a solemn promise that he would abandon his usual custom, and put on a clean shirt every day. So he packed a dozen in his trunk. When he came home again his wife was glad to perceive that he had grown more fleshy; but she was alarmed when upon examining his trunk she found there was not a single shirt in it. He had kept his promise to mount a clean one every day, but he always put it on over the others; and now he was sporting around with the whole dozen on his back. Some men will never let women have their own way.

A few days since a needy person applied to a wealthy citizen for help and received the small sum of five cents. The giver remarked as he handed over the pittance, "Take it you are welcome, our ears are always open to the calls of the distressed." "That may be," replied the recipient, "but never before in my life have I seen so small an opening for such large ears."

The precious lad who invented the following conundrum has had ice on his head for some days, and it is thought he will recover if kept quiet a week or so.

"Why is an elephant unlike a tree?

"Because a tree leaves in the spring, and the elephant leaves when the menagerie does."

A little boy carrying some eggs home from the grocery, dropped them. "Did you break any?" asked his mother, when he told her of it. "No," said the little fellow, "but the shells came off some of 'em."

An old chap, whose wife is as ugly as sin, was recently reading an elopement case which seemed to affect him. Said he: "I should be tempted to shoot a man if he was after my wife." "Well," said a hearer, "a man ought to be shot if he ran off with your wife." Verdict for the hearer.

# NEW YORK FASHIONS.

The spring goods already described from preliminary glances at wholesale houses are now exhibited at the retail stores with prices attached. Camel's hair, the most stylish fabric for over dresses, is shown in various degrees of thickness, some of which are light enough for midsummer wear. Very handsome qualities of this goods woven in basket figures and in wide "diagonals" are sold for $2 a yard, and measure fifty inches in width; some very rough yet light camel's hair is a trifle more expensive; a novelty for $3 a yard is untwilled camel's hair of light loosely woven threads; while the very lightest quality, with scarcely more weight than sheer muslin, is sold for midsummer use at $4 a yard; the new camel's-hair chalé, exceeding all others in softness and fineness, is two yards wide, and $8 a yard. The colors that prevail among such goods are natural shades, écru, cream-color, darker brown, and various beautiful hues of silvery gray. From four and a half to five yards is the quantity sold for a polonaise. Casimir chevron is a quaint fabric said to be of camel's-hair, but far more stiff and wiry; it comes in gray shades with reversed stripes, and costs $3 a yard.

In lower-priced goods there are pretty all-wool basket serges worth from 90 cents to $1.35 a yard in charming soft gray and brown hues, with fewer mixed colors than have been worn lately. Wool Siciliennes, new this season, are firmly woven fabrics that will make serviceable and graceful suits for the first warm days, and for country use all summer. Price 85 cents a yard, single fold. Tamise cloth at 70 cents is a familiar material that still remains popular. De bège, called now camel's-hair de bège, is the flexible all-wool goods worn last year for traveling, and liked because it does not rumple or shrink, and is so light that dust sifts from it by shaking; this, in natural wool browns and grays three-quarters of a yard wide, is 65 cents a yard, and is taking the place of the stiff mohairs and poplins formerly sold at this price. At the popular price of 50 cents a yard are the various *granites*, of softer fabric than when first introduced, and showing in each piece all the grains and shades of the stone for which it is named.

For both spring and summer use are beautiful foulard silks with grounds of delicate shade, in which are dots or blocks of darker shades of the same color; those of navy blue, drab, and slate-color are most stylish. The plain grenadines are $1 a yard, while more substantial fabrics, both finely twilled and double twilled, are $1.50, at the latter price are also armure pongees in all écru shades; plain pongee is $1.

Black alpacas will always be worn as the most serviceable of dresses. They vary in quality and degrees, from the coarse, frowzy fabric that quickly turns rusty to the rich, lustrous brilliantine that retains its color until the last shred is worn out, and sheds the dust from its glossy surface as a duck shakes the water from its plumage. This year a beautiful new alapaca, with silk warp, is seen in market, that closely resembles silk, at $1.50 a yard. The favorite brands of alapaca for beauty and durability are the buffalo, otter, beaver, and sable. The choicest of these is the sable brilliantine, which is made of the fine hair of the Turkish goat, and possesses a brilliancy of lustre almost equal to silk. Of this beautiful fabric there are five grades, ranging in price from $1 to $1.60 a yard. The beaver mohair is a soft, lustrous, silk-finished fabric, little inferior to the last, but lighter, and therefore better adapted to summer wear. There are seven grades of this, ranging in price from 75 cents to $1.50 a yard. The best standard alapaca is the buffalo, which is of a glossy jet black, double faced, and wears well. Of this there are eleven varieties, ranging in price from 50 cents to $1.10 a yard. A cheaper but also durable kind is the otter alpaca, of which there are eleven grades, from 45 cents to $1 a yard. Other excellent brands are also in market, but these are always sure, like the New York Mills and Wamsutta muslins.

The newest crêpe lisse pleatings for neck and wrist are laid in fine pleats almost as small as if they were crimped. A popular pattern for ruffs is three graduated lisse ruffles with hemmed edges: price $1.75 a yard. Those with two ruffles of crimped pleating are $1.50; while a French model is a single row of the fine pleats, given the requisite fullness by being laid over in large pleats at intervals of an inch: the latter is $2.50 a yard. Cheaper lisse ruffs have a group of narrow pleats and a wide one between for $1.25, and at the same price are tucked frills. The fuller the ruff, the more stylish it is considered; hence many of the crimped pleats are formed in double and triple box-pleats, and cost from $2 to $3 a yard. "White jet" beads and pearl edging are also admired on crêpe lisse frills, and add something to the price, making them $3.50 a yard. For mourning, a pleating of black lisse is placed between two white pleatings, and the price is $1.75. For all the ruffs described there are wider pleatings to match for sleeves, and these cost from $3 to $5 a yard.

Mechlin lace in old-fashioned thread patterns is used for trimming neck-ties of China crape of most delicate tints. The tie widens in points at the end, and is finished with insertion and a frill. Price from $3 to $7.50. White China crape ties trimmed with black thread lace and insertion are very handsome. Charming little jabots have crêpe lisse centres, with shells of lace on each side, and cunning rosettes or pompon bows for the hair are made to correspond. "White jet" is also used to ornament these.

# Publisher's Department.

**The Things that are Useful** have come to the knowledge of men by the application of *thought* to them, as is illustrated by the New Elastic Truss which at once relieves all suffering from Rupture. It is worn night and day with comfort, retaining the Hernia securely during the short time necessary for a cure. Sold at a moderate price and quite durable. It is sent by mail everywhere by The Elastic Truss Co., No. 683 Broadway, N. Y. City, who send their circulars free on application.

INVALIDS are now often cured by electricity, when all other remedial agents have failed. *The Improved Electro-Medical Apparatus*, having different qualities of Electricity, invented by Dr. Jerome Kidder, has greatly advanced the cause of *Electro-Medication*. The genuine are perfect in their operation, and may be known by obtaining from Dr. Kidder, *No. 50 Union Place, New York*, an illustrated description of his apparatuses, with testimonials of their superiority by Dr. Doremus, Prof. Silliman, Dr. Mott, and many other physicians and patients, showing what difficult cases have been cured by their use; free by mail.

Marvelous Phenomena.—The construction of an artificial nerve, and its excitation by touching it with a piece of cold iron so as to cause the arms to bend, the eyes to see light when closed, and also to discharge a cannon, was effected by Dr. Jerome Kidder at the last fair of the American Institute. Dr. Kidder sends free from his office, 50 Union Place, New York, a catalogue which shows his genuine improved Electro-Medical Apparatus. It has varied qualities of electricity, now creating a deep interest from their surpassing utility in curing many forms of nervous, acute, and chronic disorders.

"Will it Pay?"—We should say it would, most emphatically. Nothing we could name appears to us more desirable, or more likely to prove a constant source of amusement and instruction, than one of the Globe or Gem Microscopes. Mr. L. G. Abbott, 103 Beekman St., New York, the manufacturer, is a reliable and trustworthy gentleman. Orders for either kind of microscope may be sent to him direct, or to this office. Wood's Household Magazine and the Gem Microscope are both offered together for $1.50, the price of the microscope alone. Persons who have already subscribed for our magazine will receive the microscope by sending seventy-five cents to the manufacturer. Mr. Abbott's advertisement appears in another page.

Our lady friends will doubtless appreciate the "New Dress Elevator," patented and offered to the public by M. Dewey, Chicago, Ill., for $1.50 —retail price.

This Elevator is for raising a dress with long or short train and holding it to any desired height. It is so arranged that when going upon the street the dress may be instantly raised, and held out of snow, mud, or dust, and when entering church, store, or house may be quickly dropped to full length by touching a spring. It relieves the wearer from any care of the dress when on the street, and does away with the tedious effort of holding up the long trains, or dragging them. It is entirely invisible, does not raise the dress in festoons, but leaves it perfectly even in length all around.

We have caused it to be thoroughly tested, and, having *proven* its worth, we have decided to offer this useful article as a premium, and, on receipt of four subscribers, we will mail one to the person sending us the order.

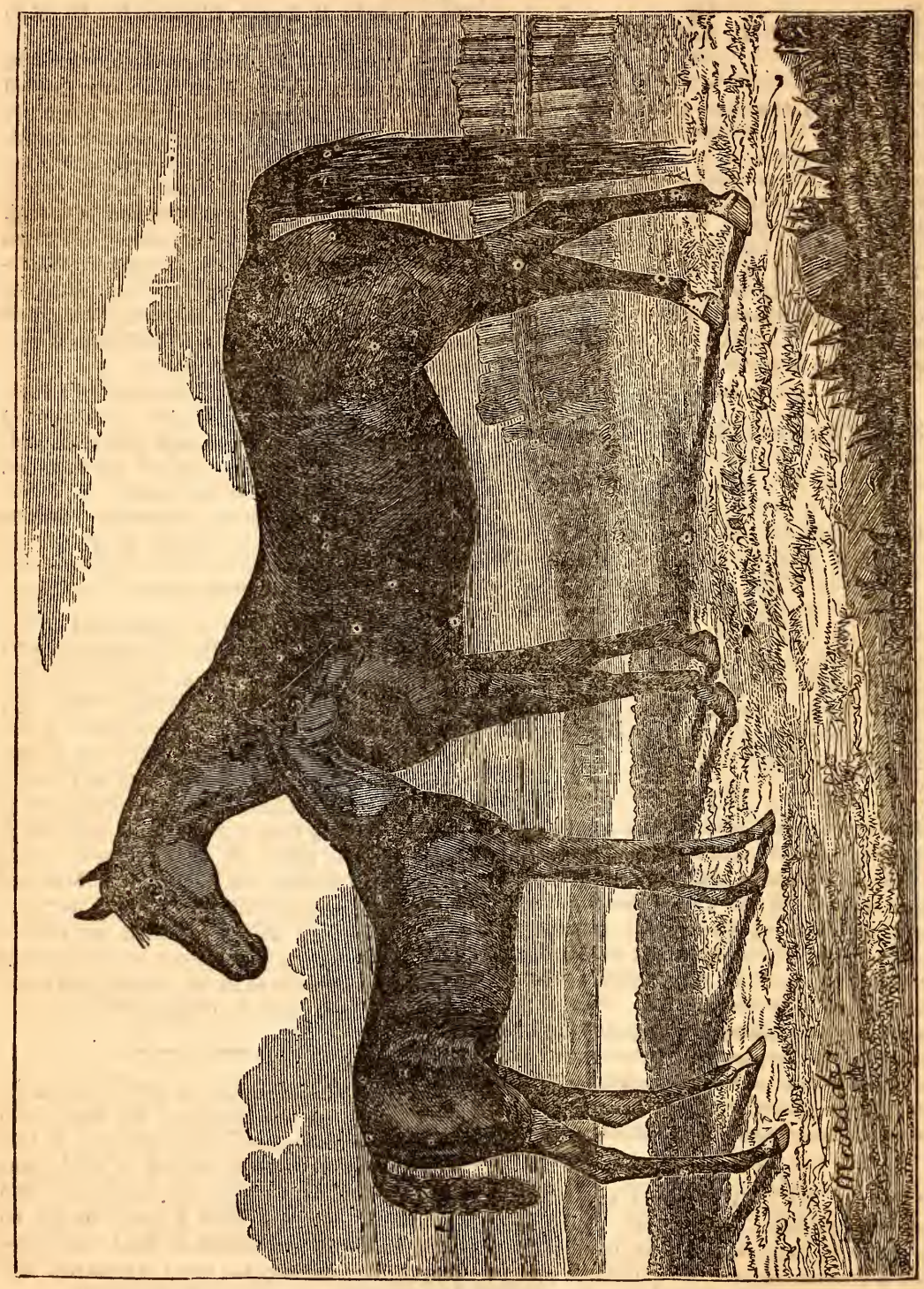
Address, S. E. Shutes, Publisher Wood's Household Magazine, Newburgh, N. Y.

Some six months ago we purchased of the Arion Piano-Forte Co., one of their beautiful pianos. It was brought from New York City to Newburgh, arrived in first-rate order, and, much to our surprise, in perfect tune. Since that time, it has been in constant use in our home, and is to-day in as good tune and condition as the day it came. We have compared it with Chickering pianos and others, and give it the preference above all we have seen. It is brilliant yet durable, its treble notes clear and sweet, its bass notes full and round. The "Co." has not solicited this testimonial, we give it freely and heartily, because our appreciation of their instruments is so great, we are glad to recommend them to all who may read this note.

The demand for the Nos. of 1874 being greatly in excess of our estimate, we have been obliged to have reprints of all of them, and in consequence have been obliged to hold some orders several days before the magazines could be mailed. We now have a good supply on hand, and hope hereafter to forward the magazine on the same day the order is received. Address plainly, S. E. Shutes,
Newburgh, N. Y.
*Pub. Wood's Household Magazine.*

Persons ordering the chromo Yo-Semite, should state particularly how it is to be sent. If unmounted, we mail it postpaid; if mounted, we require 30 cts. extra for postage. If by express, state which line is preferred.

Address S. E. Shutes, Publisher,
*Wood's Household Magazine*, Newburgh, N. Y.



LOLA AND FOAL. (See Murray's Book on "The Perfect Horse.")

THIS beautiful animal, the property of PETER B. BRADLEY, Esq., Boston, Mass., was raised by Mr. W. L. BRADLEY, of the same city. She is a creature of great endurance, and although never trained for the race course, is always *sure* for a less than three minute gait on the road.

She was sired by *Long Island Flying Cloud;* dam, a thoroughbred mare, formerly owned by Mr. C. JUDSON, of New York. Her mother is said never to have been beaten on the road with two men in the wagon. LOLA is full sister to *Leviathan*, and he has a record of 2:26. Her foal is by *Thomas Jefferson.*

QUEEN OF MAY.

WOOD'S

# HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.

VOL. 14. MAY, 1874. NO. 5.

## THE CHILD IN THE CHURCH

MARY HARTWELL.

St. Mary's Church rose fair and stately from the middle of the town. It was built of rough-hewn stone, brightened here and there by patches of ivy, and capped by many towers. Religion went in "silver slippers" up its broad steps to worship in the dim interior.

The chimes of St. Mary's belfries struck up at ten o'clock one April morning, reminding those languid ladies and tired business men who knelt under them of Sabbath mornings, that the hour for kneeling was near. Before they had begun, one earnest little pilgrim was making the best of her way from suburbs towards the church.

She lifted her face as the chimes struck up, and a sweeter flush broke through it than exercise or the April air could bring out. The face, reduced to first principles, was not pretty. It was intensely dark and pinched, while the eyes lighting it were intensely blue. This face produced the same impression on you as a bit of firmament reflected in a muddy pool. It was incongruous. Clusters of hair topped it and curled about its ears, and over these clusters was pressed a hat which Mrs. Shem may have worn in the notable rain of yore: it was such an old hat: the straw so frayed: the black ribbon binding it, so pale, as if the same had made many salty voyages. For aught Affery knew to the contrary, it had been Mrs. Shem's hat originally. The mistress of the poor-house doled it out to her, and she wore it till her head grew big enough to fill it, and anticipated wearing it indefinitely. How many had sported it before her succession she reckoned no more than she could predict how many more paupers would thatch themselves therewith after she was gone. The old relic was peculiarly her own in respect, however. Her hand, swift to bring about daintiness, had made it very clean, and lined it with some stuff which had drifted her way. Affery thought little about her hat. Indeed, what business have paupers to think on millinery? They sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns: the town feedeth them: therefore let them not expect to be arrayed like Solomon. Affery's garb was dark-blue homespun, coarse as sackcloth: it hung lank around her, but she wist not how unlovely it was. Her one thought was to mount the church steps before the crowd gathered. Her progress was slower than yours would have been, for Affery walked with her arms! There may have been feet below the lank blue gown—I believe there were—but they were deformed, helpless, minute, saddening to the sight. She leant on wooden crutches, and slid along. The crutches were unpadded: they pushed her shoulders up and galled the arms reliant on them. But she was used to all such hurts: she didn't mind, and hurried forward.

Before the chimes had rung through its changes, Affery begun to climb the steps. She put one crutch-stick on an upper step, the other on a lower, and, steadying herself, slid her helpless feet to the higher level. Thus she climbed the many, many terraces of the church. It was hard work. She often stopped to pant: to rest on the tops of her staves, and to gaze round at the doors opening in different directions through the basement, giving glimpses of parlors or library, or vast furnace-rooms; or she stood in

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by SAMUEL E. SHUTES, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

higher regions, read texts on the walls, and estimated the strength of those heavy pillars which supported the arched joists in St. Mary's great assembly room.

Before the second call sounded from the belfries, she climbed to the organ-loft, and found her nest. Affery never dreamed of seeking place among the people down below. Had she done so, those polished Christians would have stared at her, to say the least; and even paupers may have sensibility. Here was her cubby, near the big organ. Nobody ever disturbed her in it. The old sexton smiled at her pilgrimages. The choir were so accustomed to her, that they scarcely noticed the little creature curled on the floor at their left, where she could command the whole scene below.

She settled herself and crossed her crutches. While the chimes filled her ears, she leaned forward to fill her eyes with the beauty of the place.

It was Easter morning: the chancel looked powdered with rose-snow: white lilies dripped from the font; greenness, and sweetness, and whiteness were festooned everywhere.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" murmured Affery. "Oh, everything looks so glad!"

Below, people were floating to place. The "pomps and vanities of this wicked world" broken suddenly through Lent, as crocuses break through the sod, flaunted gorgeously. Money, position, beauty, happiness, gentle-breeding, passed under Affery's eye. She watched all, but the still gladness never faded out of her face. She partook of such things through her eyes.

Presently a robed Bishop stood spreading his hands over his people, and Affery bowed herself with the hushed multitude.

The sudden gush of the organ startled her. She had forgotten the choir. There they all were, however: Miss Leonore, the soprano; the two tenor men; that heavy brace of Germans who shook the pillars with their bass; and the altos, always late and stiffly rustling. While the organ uttered its thunders, Affery turned about to watch Mr. Dusseldorf. She loved his playing. She wondered how he *could* make that many-piped pile whisper one instant like a soothing mother, and burst out the next like an army of angels in chorus. He played on her as well as his organ. Her pulses changed with the stops: her sensitive soul rejoiced or shivered under its breath.

Now Miss Leonore began to send an Easter anthem among the arches. Her voice, proceeding clear and bell-like through a beautiful face, filled without any effort, the great hollow of the church. While she sung, she lived in the singing, but after she had sung, the lifted discontent settled back upon her face. She was young; perhaps not more than twenty-two. Her dress was inexpensive, but its drapery and expression pleased an artistic eye. She was full of sudden motions: had Creole-like contour and coloring. The fire in her dark eyes belied some of the tender tones of her lips during the service. When the worshipers were settled to the Bishop's short discourse, Miss Leonore plowed furrows of heads, and gloomed or flushed with her own thoughts. One pew far up the central aisle claimed her eyes resistlessly. Its only occupant was a bald-headed man, apparently intent on the Bishop's words: natty and correct in every particular, from the glove resting on his pew-door, to the cravat under his chin: though they were out of her line of vision, Leonore knew his wrinkled face and red-brown eyes had on that air of settled composure which only four hundred thousand dollars can give.

"That man's at my feet!" exclaimed this tigerish girl within herself, "and I despise him! He's hard, and sensual, and selfish! He wants my beauty and talent to brighten his house for his old age—I *am* handsome, and I've got a voice, too! Ah! if I had money, I'd spurn him one side and bring the multitude to my feet! But the question of this world is: 'Hast thou cash or hast thou none?' I have none! I wish I had! *Then* I'd soar and sing and never turn an eye toward yonder old fetter! Why are people born poor who could make life magnificent with money, and why is money heaped on the commonplace?

"He'd take me abroad and cultivate my voice. He'd give me diamonds, too, and everything elegant. I'd help father, and educate the children:—*nine* would never be crowded upon two little narrow salaries any more! Is it worse to marry that man for wings and polish, than to drag on singing in this paid choir, teaching stupid girls the piano, and aching—oh, aching bitterly for the life of song I *could* reach?

"No! it isn't! it isn't so bad!" While deciding this, Leonore turned an eye back stealthily to where the organist leaned against his instrument. She merely caught his outline, but she well knew how to fill

that outline with a blonde, well-knit young man, serious around the partially covered mouth, but smiling around the eyes: a sensitive, but most manly man, loving the same art which she loved, with a culture in it greatly superior to hers: a man rich in gifts but poor in goods. He knew her mental struggle that moment, and watched her with dissecting but self-contained eyes, and meant thus to watch her without lifting a finger to sway her decision till that decision was made.

"It isn't so bad!" repeated Leonore, sending a slender thread of lightning from the corner of her eye, at him who would watch her so. ("Let me alone, sir! this isn't *your* affair!) 'Tis just as I stated: the question of this world is a question of money. If I don't get money, I may just stay in the mire. Four hundred thousand dollars—*with* Judge Style! Love him! Love! I wonder how many people are paired by love down there! There's Mrs. Stocks, elegant and beautiful, and as young as I: and that's her husband beside her:—that elderly mountain of flesh, with a face like a cheese and a nose like a goblet!

"And if I say 'yes' to you, Judge Style, instead of being caged up here to sing, I shall be down there among '*us*,' I'll be coming back from old world cities, with the polish of travel, and the costumes I would wear with better grace than half those women! They 'don't know' me now—oh no! —I'm only 'the soprano!' But they'll crowd to honor themselves with my acquaintance, if I should deign to take up you and your four hundred thousand, Judge Style—oh!" panted this bitter girl, "FOR a pop-gun to shoot him right on his bald head—I hate him so!"

Thus she writhed in the coils of her temptation, and the sweet Easter service could find no crevice through which to enter her thoughts.

It ended: people went out under organ thunder; and Affery breathed a long sigh of satisfaction, lifted her cheek from the railing, and fitted the crutches to her arms. It was her custom to wait till the music ceased, however: so she hung upon it, not taking her eyes off Mr. Dusseldorf till he closed the organ and started below.

Leonore had dropped and absently let lie a glove, which she missed as she descended: so she came back for it, and, just as it again touched her hand, she heard a voice down the steps pleading:

"Oh, give it to me! please give it to me!"

"Shan't, nuther!" replied the youth who pumped the organ, and who was now pumping amusement for himself by means of one of Affery's crutches.

"Limpety-clink! limpety-clink! limpety-clink—clink—clink! That's the way you go! Sort of a anvil chorus like they had at a 'norgan concert one night."

"Oh please—"

"Shan't nuther! I need this here to get down stairs with myself. Blowin' has crippled me. And the sexton he's goin' to take it for furnace wood when I git through with it!"

Miss Leonore appeared upon the scene this instant as resistless as Boreas. Affery, sitting helpless a few steps below, looked from the capering boy to Miss Leonore with apprehension.

"You contemptible little coward!" burst out this decided young woman, breathing a blast upon the blower, "give that crutch back this moment, or I'll call a policeman!"

"I was just a teasin'!" remonstrated Pumps, as he sheepishly obeyed her.

Leonore granted him no more words, but kept him under her thunder-cloud eyes, till he sought with much alacrity another horizon.

"Thank you!" piped Affery, turning up a timid, smiling look as she fitted her shoulders once more to their braces.

"What's your name, child?" asked Miss Leonore kindly, "I see you here nearly every Sunday."

"Affery Gregg."

The young woman looked at her attentively. There was no need asking whence she came, for her pauper dress proclaimed her residence.

"It must be hard for you to come so far. A mile, isn't it?"

"Two mile," replied Affery simply, "I always start early."

"And you come that distance on crutches! You must be fond of church-going!" said Miss Leonore, bending a quietly derisive eye upon her.

"Its nice here," explained Affery, throwing the glance of a satisfied possessor over arch and pillar. "It suits me. Then I love the singing so, and all the music, and some of the words the man says, though I don't git a holt on the most."

"You like the singing, do you?" asked Leonore, settling down in rustling folds near the child.

Affery was abashed to find herself in conversation with this beautiful woman, who seemed to shake tropical odors around her, and had the manner of commanding the whole world.

"Oh, yes," constrainedly, "I like it all. Seems like these things was made for me. They fit me. This is so different from *out there;*" referring to the poor-house as delicately as possible in the presence of such a young lady. "*Out there* is a kind of awful place. But I hope I shan't stay there always," she added, with a shy burst of confidence.

"You have friends who will take you away from there? Ah! I'm glad of that."

Affery fixed her gaze upon a pillar. Miss Leonore, still occupied with the train of thought she had carried on during service, sat bending her dark, shaft-like eyebrows, and letting the lame girl slip from her interest, till Affery turned and imparted to her with tender vagueness:

"There's some'un some'her's!"

Leonore with one of her swift movements transfixed the girl.

"What do you mean? Do you mean to say you have friends who are letting you stay in the poor-house because they don't choose to take the trouble to hunt you up? That's shameful! How long have you been there?"

"Nine year, I guess."

"Nine years! Why, child, how old are you?"

"I'm eighteen," replied Affery.

"Eighteen years old!" cried Leonore in a low, shocked voice. "Only four years my junior, and half your life in a pauper-house!" She stared down the steps, realizing deeper depths than those engulfing her. "And you look as if you were intended for something better." Her critical eye took note of Affery's delicately cut lips, neat hands, exquisite cleanness and air of latent refinement. "Half a life-time among paupers! And yet you say you have friends. Who are they?"

The lame girl examined Miss Leonore's countenance with much the same scrutiny which a bird bestows upon a tree wherein she would build her nest. Being unused to companionship, its influence over her was powerful, and drew out the hidden things of her heart.

"I guess I'll tell you. It wasn't much. But it set me a thinking so. Mother died long go. I scarcely remember her. There wasn't anybody to look after me. They put me in the poor-house when I was little, you know. But I got a letter onc't!" She thrust a hand into her bosom, and looked up with eager, lambent face. "Her 't is!"

Miss Leonore's hand received a worn yellow envelope, and Miss Leonore's eyes, to gratify the child, examined its contents. There proved to be a half-sheet of letter-cap, bearing the following scroll:

Before Vicksburgh, July 1st, 1863.

AFFERY GREGG: You do not know me. You have in all probability never heard of me. But I was your mother's friend and mean to be yours. I only lately learned your whereabouts. Be assured, little girl, if I survive this struggle, you will soon see me, until then it is not necessary to make myself known;—I have no time for explanations. This is written only to cheer you and to let you know you have a friend.

H. V—.

Cap't. com'd—Co—Reg't.

"Before Vicksburgh, July 1st, 1863," remarked Leonore: "the letter was written six years ago. Did he ever come?"

"N—o," replied Affery, slowly, "do—you—think—he was killed?"

"Its very likely he was. All the people who ought to live are sure to die, and those who ought to be hung live on triumphantly. Or perhaps someone was making game of you. It seems written in good faith, however. So he must have been killed. Is this the friend you meant, child?"

"Yes," whispered Affery, dropping her eyes: the light faded out of her face till it looked wan.

Miss Leonore watched her compassionately. Immediately, however, the wan face filled with returning warmth, like a relighted transparency.

"But it must be true!" she cried with a plunge. "I've thought it all out many and many's the time. "Oh, I KNOW it! There IS some'un some'her's. Maybe the man what wrote this letter is dead, but it set me a thinkin'. Oh, Miss, I *have* got a friend some'her'. I feel it, sure. And p'r'aps he's lookin' for me now, and's on the road. I can just think and wait. Over and over and over its come to me, sittin' here in church, or watchin' the stars through she shingle cracks *out there.* There's some'un some'her's, that loves me, and looks for me, and is comin' after me. Why, it wouldn't stand to reason, otherwise! Do you s'pose I was put *out there* to stay always! I don't b'long *out there.* And I'm so sure there's some'un, and

oh! I keep a gittin' ready; I don't take none o' their hard ways, and I keep learnin' all the things I can. And, Miss," said Affery, showing her secret heart with hesitation and trembling, "while I'm lovin' some-'un that's some'her's, it sort o' makes me gentle to them out there—makes me love the children and the poor old folks, and watch out for 'em, as some'un would watch out for me! Oh, its so beautiful! I'm sure of it all. You see, I've thought it out many and many's the time!" clinched Affery, sitting like one who has grounded her faith upon a rock.

("I've heard," thought Leonore, dropping her lashes to conceal the smile in her eyes, "that we have only to *believe* we possess things, and we *do* possess them. Here's an example of it! Poor little soul!")

"I teach 'em what I know—the children," added Affery, "and make up stories for 'em."

"You seem to have a vivid imagination," said Miss Leonore, smoothing a crutch-top with her ungloved hand, "suppose you make up a little story for me."

The lame girl keenly studied this fair woman sitting just above her and her simple faith.

"I don't know what to tell you," she said slowly, "What must it be about?" throwing a careful feeler into the life of her listener.

"Well, I'll give you a subject," burst out Leonore, with one of her sudden, tropical emotions. "You deal in imagination, but I deal in facts. Let it be about a girl. We'll call her Leonore. Leonore is just as good a name as any. There was a girl named Leonore, and from her birth she loved music. It was her chief thought from the time she could, by standing on tip-toe, touch the keys of a piano. Her father was a salesman in a dry-goods store, and had much ado to make his salary meet around the year—the darling old fellow!—and her mother stood day and night (so to speak) buttering bread for nine children, to say nothing of keeping their toes and elbows in! They couldn't give their eldest daughter many advantages, you may suppose, but they *did* manage to give her music lessons at the hands of various indifferent and half-competent persons. She grew up and taught music herself, and her voice commanded a salary in—we'll say, the first choir of this city. But she always chafed after a wider range than her humdrum life afforded.

"One day while she was giving lessons in a certain house, a gentleman met her, who followed her beauty from that time forward—for she wasn't *quite* a fright. He wanted to marry her. He was old, and almost repulsive to her—but he was rich and in high standing. We'll say the young woman I *called* Leonore has made up her mind to say 'Yes' to this man, for various patent reasons. There! That's your preamble—or 'argument,' as some of those old fellows who ground poetry, would call it. Make a story out of *that!*"

Affery had assimilated all the circumstances as they dropped from her impulsive acquaintance's lips. She now buried her face in the coarse lap of her gown a few minutes, and was profoundly silent.

In the stillness, Leonore thought she heard an early fly buzz. Then a basement door slammed, sending echoes from arch to arch. The heavy breath of dying tube-roses clogged the air so that she watched with relief, through a tilted window,, a square of blue sky with April vapor scudding across it.

"I've thought it all out," announced Affery, lifting her head like an enlightened seer. "I think quick 'cause I'm used to thinkin'.

"Once there was a pine tree which grew in the woods down on the flats. That wasn't the natural place for it, but it grew tall and beautiful, and sung just as pine trees do sing—oh, the sweetest sounds of all that gits into the wind! (I know the nature of trees—I've hopped round the woods lots.) It fretted: the oaks crowded ag'in it, and the beeches tried to overtop it, and there wasn't any tree round that was company for it at all. And it knowed there was other places—seemed like it had a sort of memory of growin' long time before on big rocks nigh to the sea, where it chorded with the sea's sounds; (murmurin' low when they was low, and singin' up splendid when the sea tramped with storms). It never had grown there, but the trees which it sprung from had, and 'twas the nature of it to hate the flats and want to git up.

"By and by there came a man with a gold pick, and set his eyes on this tree and his pick to the roots of it. This man had beautiful grounds in a big city, and he meant to put that pine in the centre of his plot, and trim it up stylish, and set in its shade and hear it sing. The pine laughed: for though its heart still ached for the mountains and the sea's song, it calculated

that a terrace and a city full of people might take the place of them.

But the one who planted that pine there knowed what he was about: it wasn't done on accident: it was done a purpose. So it shrunk in'ardly ag'inst goin' with the man that had the gold pick, and held on to the low soil rather.

"Then the one who planted it come along to look at it, and seein' 'twas ready to be transplanted, and had got lots of juice out of the flats and pebbly stream beds, and was full of music what it hadn't room to sing, he took it up, and it followed his hand easy: and he sat it among rocks, right beside a taller pine tree, with lots of other pine trees round it. There 'twas at home: the place was hard, but it was high, and in the clear air: and a blue, heavin' world was down below, fillin' its heart everlastin'ly with song. And there that pine tree rocked and sung, forgettin' all about the lowlands and the man with the gold pick. With them that was of its kind, and livin' out its nature, it rocked and sung: liftin' its head and swellin' its heart bigger, and happy as it could git—there it rocked and sung!—That's the story," concluded Affery, bending herself to her crutches.

"That's the story, is it?" repeated Miss Leonore slowly. "The story of a pine tree. Well, let me kiss you for it." She gathered the lame girl's face between her hands and touched her forehead.

"Thank you," piped Affery, flushing with pleasure.

"And you're sure there's someone somewhere who cares for you?"

"Yes."

"And you think the pine tree must find its natural level?"

"Oh, yes. That stands to reason," said Affery eagerly. "I've thought a heap of things out, and it seems to me the comin'-round-right of things in this world is only a question of time."

"A question of time!" laughed the young woman. "I've always learned that it was entirely a question of money! You're an odd little thing! (Wonder if this is one of those wise babes and sucklings the Bible tells of?) Well, thank you, dear, I've eased my mind in this little talk with you."

"Goodbye," replied Affery, bashfully, as she poised her crutches.

"Can't I help you?" suggested Leonore, shuddering as she looked down the stairs and realized what a plunge one slip of the crutches would occasion.

"Oh, no. Go on," replied Affery, perceiving her companion's sensations. "Don't wait to walk by me. I come very slow. Goodbye."

"Goodbye," returned Leonore softly, from the bottom of the flight.

Next Sabbath morning, straining through St. Mary's windows, saw the crossed crutches and little blue figure crouched in place, as usual. She was earlier than her wont, for the first chime had not yet struck, and she trembled, anticipating the organ boy's advent, as she heard footsteps coming up the stairs, and remembered there was no protector within call.

But the comer proved to be Dusseldorf. He always used the eastern stairway. He nodded to the little creature as he opened his organ, and presently came to drop a paper bag in her lap. Affery's keen appetite scented oranges. But even paupers may have their spice of pride and dignity. She lifted it back to his hand, declining the donation with a stiff little bow.

"What, now!" exclaimed Dusseldorf, "aren't you going to eat an orange with me this morning? I bought them for you, thinking what pleasure it would give me to peel one for you," suiting the action to the word, "and another for myself, and how we should eat them here before the chimes brought the people—while you tell me something about yourself. I came early because I wanted to sort my music and select an opening offertoire."

He came early because he wanted to befriend the lame girl; feeling that from her remote influence, as from under a tiny stone up a mountain, had sprung the river of happiness on which his hopes sailed that morning.

Affery was shy of the great man who played the organ. But he talked so kindly that she felt free to answer his questions and enjoy his serving fruit to her.

"How strangely hot the air in here is this morning!" he exclaimed by and by, looking round.

Just then the chimes struck up, and immediately after they ceased the church began to fill. Bestowing a parting look of good will on Affery, Dusseldorf went back to his instrument and settled his notes and his blower.

Leonore was first of the choir to arrive. As she entered her place, Dusseldorf turned

and met her eye: a quick intelligence passed between them, and their hands involuntarily touched. Affery saw this, as well the deep and tender coloring dying each face: and intuition told her how Leonore had, during the week, renounced her pride and found her lover. Affery saw these tokens with innocent, glad eyes. When Leonore came over and dropped a bunch of sweet violets, and the peculiar, triumphant look of a woman beloved, upon the lame girl's face, that face reflected her joy without one tarnish of envy. Love's lighting near her was to Affery a proof that their was "some'un some'her'."

The worshiper's in St. Mary's were unusually disposed to sleep that morning. The air was hot and dry: and as service progressed a strange crackling and roaring grew upon even the drowsiest ear.

Suddenly from the street rose a cry which has always been the signal for panic "*Fire!*"

As if rebelling against some terrible response in their litany, the congregation stood up, echoing "*Fire!*"

"FIRE!"

"FIRE!"

"FIRE!"

The cry rang everywhere. And at once these Christians, forgetting they were aught but animals whose flesh could be consumed, began each to rush, and clamber, and shriek for the first escape! Many were trodden down in the crush: all were compressed into a gasping, terrified mass by the doors—wide enough for the entrance of the rich, but alas! in more than one sense, too narrow for the passage of wretches flying from death.

Fire engines were promptly on the spot, deluging roof, towers and chimneys. Leonore found herself in the open air supported by one who thought of her before he thought of himself. How she came there she was too dazed to recollect, excepting that she had been brought out quickly. By the time she recovered her senses, the panic had nearly subsided: the crowd was rubbing its bruises and telling its neighbors that the mischief started in the flues: but the danger was now over: engines got the fire under immediate control, and put it out.

"Where's Affery?" asked Leonore, clinging to Dusseldorf's arm and looking anxiously about her:—"our little lame girl, you know! Oh, perhaps she has fallen and been crushed to death under their feet!"

Not crushed to death, but hurt, sorely hurt by a fall down a long staircase on which those crutch-sticks never slipped before: thus Dusseldorf found the little homespun heap, and very tenderly he gathered her up in his arms.

It seemed that she would never open her blue eyes again. She lay long hours in Leonore's home, under the touch of a medical man, and the chafing hands of Leonore, and also under the compassionate, distant gaze of the eight, whose mother for the time ceased spreading bread and butter, for them to spread bandages for the hurt stranger.

"It is likely she will die in this stupor," murmured the medical man when he left Leonore in charge of his patient for the night. "Continue this treatment. It is all we can do."

Far into the night, Leonore sat like a marble statue at her post; and shaded gas just revealed the white ridge in the bed.

—Affery started, and reached from her pillow.

"There" she piped in faint, clear tones, "there! there! there! I knowed it!"

"What do you know, dear?" murmured her watcher, stooping, "Do you know me?"

The little thing stared some moments, recovering her identity.

"Oh, yes," with a sigh of satisfaction, "Yes: its Miss Leonore. I've been some place, I guess, and forgot. I've been shook all to pieces, and made up new, and now I see so clear!"

She dragged herself on one side and touched Leonore's chin with a fondling hand, all the time turning glittering eyes as if in search of someone.

"Do you feel better, dear?"

Affery turned to Leonore with a look like the sudden outflash of a dark lantern.

"I told you I knowed it, didn't I? And its so! There *was* a friend that knowed it all—that was closer'n common 'cause my heart ached more'n hearts ache common: a friend that was a comin' to me! We humans sees so crooked and queer! But now I know who 'tis!" her voice died in murmurs often; and as often took up again the thread of her thoughts. "Kept a thinkin' all the time that God was God, high up and far, and him that was to come to me, lived on the earth and found out hard things by experiencin' them, and so grew tenderer like than the most. Well, so He *did* live on the earth, and he's *humaner* than *all of 'em.*

"To think how He minded me, and took care o' my thoughts, givin' me happy ones,

and sort of *toted* me along till I was ready to be picked up in arms! He's made life beautiful for me, and oh! now it widens so —wider—wider—wider'n I ever thought it would! When I was sittin' by my crutches in church, or watchin' the stars through the roof *out there*, achin' for the happiness that was bein' put up for me some'her by some-'un, I didn't think it 'ud be as much as this! Its deeper'n mother love: it ain't selfish and changeable like our poor ways:—its better'n *mothering* and all o' the warm good things I missed! He ain't far off. He's my Own—right close to! Oh, I love Him so! I just love Him! My heart's runnin' like a swift river full up to its banks with love for Him! Better—" her voice dying in low cadence, "He's—better'n—any—human!"

Not many days after, Affery came for the last time into the church. Not on her crutches this time, nor in the dark-blue home-spun frock. She was carried in arms, and tucked up in whiteness like a snow-drop. Dusseldorf and Leonore were all who followed her little casket. This was not a pauper pine-box—Dusseldorf saw to that—but a dark, glass-covered frame, the fitting enclosure for the picture she made, lying draped in white, and set about with flowers and sweet ferns.

A ripple of a laugh was left on the face, like the ripple left in sand by retreating waters.

Leonore, standing beside her own warm, human lover, felt a sudden insufficiency in her happiness. It was not equal to that of the little girl now so perfectly loved, so thoroughly understood, so everlastingly sheltered and gathered close.

"Better'n any human!" seemed to linger on the lips of the child lying in the church!

## LOVE.

S. D.

Love is not made of kisses, or of sighs,
Of clinging hands, or of the sorceries
And subtle witchcrafts of alluring eyes.

Love is not made of broken whispers; no!
Nor of the blushing cheek, whose answering glow
Tells that the ear has heard the accents low.

Love is not made of tears, nor yet of smiles;
Of quivering lips, or enticing wiles:
Love is not tempted; he himself beguiles.

This is Love's language, but this is not Love.

If we know aught of Love, how shall we dare
To say that this is Love, when well aware
That these are common things, and Love is rare?

As separate streams may, blending, ever roll
In course united, so, of soul to soul,
Love is the union into one sweet whole.

As molten metals mingle; as a chord
Swells sweet in harmony; when Love is lord,
Two hearts are one, as letters form a word.

One heart, one mind, one soul, and one desire,
A kindred fancy, and a sister fire
Of thought and passion; these can Love inspire.

This makes a heaven of earth; for this is Love.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

FROM DR. CHAMBERS'S SCRAP-BOOK.

Mental Excitement. — Active physical exertion—such as rapid walking, riding on horseback, working at any rough occupation in which the hands are busily employed, even the simple matter of cutting up the leaves of a book—produces a certain healthful mental excitement, that may be made useful for literary composition. About the worst of all things for the mind is idleness. There can be no doubt that the reason why many shoemakers have risen to distinction is the constant beating of leather; blacksmiths, too, by their incessant hammering of iron, are similarly benefitted. Burns would probably never have attained eminence as a poet, had he not diligently worked at the plow, or labored in the harvest-field. In conversing with his surviving sister, Mrs. Begg (1848), she reports strongly about his composing much while ploughing, also when binding sheaves behind the reapers in the harvest-field. She and others reaping would hear him muttering his poetry while at work —heard well enough that it was rhyme.

The exercise was obviously favorable to the working of his mind. (A publisher in London, now deceased, always took to folding the sheets of a book, when he wanted to strike out some new idea in his profession. He said it stirred him up).

A Strange Story.—We sometimes hear of strange articles being found in the stomach of a cod, but never till now (1850) in the stomach of a horse. In a copy of *Galignani*, I find the following. The contractor for slaughtering horses at Montfaucon purchased, a short time ago, a lot of old worn-out animals, including several which had belonged to the army. In cutting up one of the aged military horses, a man named Matelot was astonished to find a small silver box, in which were a cross of the Legion of Honor, and a paper, in a perfect state of preservation, containing the following lines —"As I cannot survive the defeat of my Emperor, and as I have neither wife, nor child, nor cousins, I am about to get myself killed in a last charge against the English, and as I will not let them have my cross, I will make my faithful horse, Château Margot, swallow it. He will give it up when he can. — Pierre Dardenne, Sergeant in the 2d squadron of Red Lancers." Matelot took the things to the commissary of police of the district, and that functionary allowed him to keep the silver-box. As for the cross, it was sent to the Grande Chancellerie of the Legion of Honor. From documents published by the professors of the Ecole d'Alfort, it appears that certain horses have lived to the age of forty-five; that which Charles XII rode at the battle of Pultowa attained that age. The white charger of Napoleon lived twenty-nine years. Château Margot is supposed to have been about forty. He had been made to swallow the box at the battle of Waterloo, in which his master wilfully perished. The box had accordingly been in his stomach five-and-thirty years.

The Food of a Lifetime. — M. Soyer, cook of the Reform Club, is a person of considerable genius, a good deal above ordinary artists in his peculiar line. In one of his books, the *Modern Housewife*, he enters into a calculation as to how much food an epicure of seventy years of age has consumed. This imaginary epicure, who is supposed to be a wealthy personage, is placed by him on Primrose Hill at ten years old, and told to look around him at the vast assemblage of animals and other objects he will in the course of a lifetime send down his throat—the sight of which is, of course, described as appalling. Among other things, he is to devour 30 oxen, 200 sheep, 100 calves, 200 lambs, 50 pigs, 1200 fowls, 300 turkeys, 263 pigeons, 120 turbot, 140 salmon, 30.000 oysters, 5475 pounds-weight of vegetables, 243¾ pounds of butter, 24,000 eggs, and 4½ tons of bread, besides fruits, sweetmeats, &c. and 49 hogsheads of wine, 584 gallons of spirits, and about 3000 gallons of tea and coffee. This is a mere outline of what we are told destined to be consumed. To shew there is no exaggeration, Soyer assures us that he has from experience made up a scale of food for the day for a period of sixty years, and it amounts to 33¾ tons-weight of meat, farinaceous food, and vegetables, &c. One is not prepared to dispute the calculations of so clever an expert. All we can say is, that the picture he presents is very suggestive. That he has not exaggerated in at least one particular, I am prepared to verify. A gentleman of my acquaintance has for the last fifty years eaten every morning two eggs at breakfast—making 730 per annum, or a total for the whole period 36,500 eggs. This goes considerable beyond Soyer!

A Hint from Thomas Carlyle.—In March 1851, Mr Carlyle, being invited to attend a soiree of the Mechanics' Institution of Annan (a town in his native county, where he had been at school), sent to the secretary the following characteristic reply, which is too good to be lost. 'Sir—Will you be so kind as to express to the gentlemen of your committee my thanks for the honour done me, and my regret to answer, as I now do, that there is not the least possibility of my attending the soiree you are about to hold? You judge rightly that Annan has such a hold of my memory as few other places in the world have. There can nothing useful or notable go on there that does not peculiarly interest me; no attempt toward being useful but has my heartiest good wishes, as this soiree among others. May it really prosper and be of benefit to you all. May no unwise word be spoken in it; and, what is perhaps even more important, and still rarer in these times, may the good words spoken begin straightway, silently, on all hands, to get themselves prepared for being *done* into facts, and so the pleasant eloquence convert itself into valiant human practice, *without* which latter results the eloquence itself is worth little, nay, nothing, or even, if we

count well, a frightful *minus* quantity, fatally less than nothing.—In great haste, with many wishes and regards, I have the honour to be your obedient servant, T. CARLYLE.' This hint is worth keeping in mind by speakers at commemorative meetings in other towns besides Annan. The business of life is not to talk, but to do, and do valiantly!

FORCE OF GRAVITY.—It is not usually considered how animal and vegetable life on our planet is adapted in exact relation to force of gravity. Had the earth been a little larger or smaller, things would have been somewhat different. As regards the vegetable world, this is interestingly put by Whewell: "As an instance of the adaptation between the force of gravity and forces which exist in the vegetable world, we may take the positions of flowers. Some flowers grow with the hollow of their cups upwards; others 'hang the pensive head,' and turn the opening downwards. The positions, in these cases, depend upon the length and flexibility of the stalk which supports the flower, or, in the case of the *euphorbia*, the germen. It is clear that a very slight alteration in the force of gravity, or in the stiffness of the stalk, would entirely alter the position of the flower-cups, and thus make the continuation of the species impossible. We have, therefore, here a little mechanical contrivance, which would have been frustrated, if the proper intensity of gravity had not been assumed in the reckoning. An earth, greater or smaller, denser or rarer, than the one on which we live, would require a change in the structure and strength of the foot-stalks of all the little flowers that hang their heads under our hedges. There is something curious in thus considering the whole mass of the earth, from pole to pole, and from circumference to centre, as employed in keeping a snowdrop in the position most suited to the promotion of its vegetable health."

AFFECTIVE FACULTIES.—Having much of one of the affective faculties, we do not like to be exposed to the acute exercise of the same faculty in others. A person with large veneration shrinks from being an object of veneration to others. (To one with large self-esteem, the veneration of others is, on the contrary, agreeable). One with large acquisitiveness detests being subjected to the action of powerful acquisitiveness in his neighbors. It has often been observed that individuals who are much given to jesting at the expense of their fellow-creatures, cannot endure to be the subject of other people's jokes, and that great censurers and reprovers hate to be in the least rebuked or found fault with.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.—In one of his poems, Burns ventilates a wholesome wish:

> Oh, wad some Power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursel's as ithers see us.

The difficulty is, how the thing is to be done. Seeing ourselves as others see us is no easy matter. In the first place, owing to the complaisance and timidity of mankind, there is usually a great difficulty in knowing what others really think of us. The rules of good breeding are completely antagonistic to it. The world wears a mask—not from bad motives, but to make things pleasant. How to see behind the mask is the point for consideration. Great acuteness and vigilance, also great candor towards one's self, are indispensable in acquiring self-knowledge by such means. Then, we are beset by no end of notions of our own sufficiency. How, except by some tremendously severe self-searching and consciousness of human infirmity, can we get at the truth regarding ourselves. There is a possibility of our going on in great errors almost to the end of life, where not roused to a sense of them by some inlet of criticism from others. Obviously, there are large numbers who go on recklessly in the commission of criminal actions, who never seriously think what they are about, and are only for the first time brought to their senses in humiliating penal solitude. It is there they see themselves as others see them, though it may be rather late in the day. In ordinary affairs, one might be the better of even knowing whether any of his personal manners are disagreeable, whether he speaks too much or too loudly, whether he is thought to be too silent or too communicative; or, if a lady, whether she is not dressing too gaily for her years, and so forth.

# THE DOOMED SHIP.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

"Seen a deal of rough weather in my time, sir? Yes, that I have; what with being cast away twice, and burnt out off the Cape, I've had my share of it, sir. But there's worse than either storm or fire, ay, a deal worse."

"What's that?" I asked of my bronzed, weather-beaten friend, a boatman at a favourite bathing place.

"Being speculated on, sir! That's the word for it. It's a long one; but it's the right word for all that; sold for money, as if we were sheep or oxen." Something moved the old man deeply as he uttered the last few words; his bony fist came down on the thwart of the boat as if it would smash the frail timbers.

"You may well look surprised, sir," added he, recovering his usual placid look; "I ain't myself when I talk of it. I feel a kind of murderous hatred of the villains when it all comes afore my mind. Maybe you'd like to hear the yarn, sir?"

"Very much indeed," I replied, my curiosity excited by the vehemence of the old tar.

Having turned his quid of tobacco over in his capacious mouth, he began as follows:

"It's some years ago now since I was looking out for a ship up in the north; freights were very low, and shipping business dull, so that there was a number of hands about the port, and do what I might, I could not get a berth. My money was pretty nigh all gone, for I'd been ashore a month, and Jack and his money soon part, what with land-sharks of one sort and another, male and female—I don't know which is the worse of the two—anyhow, I must go to sea again, or sell my kit, and tramp off to London. Well, I was down upon my luck in this way when one morning, as I was sauntering down to the docks, to have a look round the shipping, a man, who had been walking behind me for some little time, edged up alongside.

"Looking out for a ship, my lad?" says he, in a bluff, hearty kind of way.

"Yes, sir," says I.

"I thought you might be!" says he, casting a side-glance at me with his small gray eyes.

"Yes, I am," says I.

"Well, I can put you in the way of a nice snug berth, my lad. I suppose you wouldn't object to a trip to South America?"

"It didn't much matter to me where I was bound, but somehow the fellow's figurehead didn't please me, so I answered rather short: 'If you mean the *James Wilson*, she's filled up.'

'You're wrong, my lad: the vessel I am speaking of is at Cardiff; and if you'd like a berth in her, perhaps I could manage it. However, there's no harm done; you don't seem to care about it, so there's an end of it.' So saying, he wished me good-morning, and dropped astern.

"Well, thinks I to myself, if this chap meant mischief, he would not be so ready to sheer off: one place is as good as another to me, and maybe I'm losing a chance that won't come again in a hurry. So I turned round as he was crossing the road, and calls out to him: 'Hollo there, mister!'

"The man took no notice; so I ran after him till I came alongside.

'Well, my lad,' says he sharply, 'what's in the wind?'

'I was thinking about what you said just now; and if so be all's square'——

'All square! What do you mean? Confound it, man, do you take me for a crimp?' says he.

'No, sir,' says I, taken quite aback.

'Well, then, what do you mean by all square? Come, out with it? I've no time to waste with you. There's plenty of hands up yonder that will jump at such an offer.'

'Well, sir,' says I, recovering myself a bit. 'What's the name of the craft?'

'The *Maid of Orleans*. But what does it matter to you? It ain't all square, you know!'

"So saying, he made as if he'd sheer off, and I wish I'd let him go! But I felt vexed with myself for having doubted the man; my money would not last much longer; I was tired of a shore-life, and what a fool I must be, I thought, to throw away such a berth as he had offered.

'Come, sir,' says I, following him up, 'you needn't take offence at what I said. If you want a man, I'm willing.'

"He did not seem best pleased, though, for he stood hesitating a minute before he answered. However, at length he says:

'You'll have to go down by to-night's train. Perhaps your kit isn't ready?'

'Never fear, sir; it does'nt matter to me whether I start to-night or wait a week.'

'Well and good. Then you'd better be off, and get your kit in order, and I'll meet you at the station at six o'clock. Mind you're there sharp!'

'Never fear, sir,' says I; and so we parted.

"Well, sir, somehow or other, though the fellow was civil enough, I did'nt feel altogether easy in my mind; but there was nothing left for it now but to go through with it; so I packed up my kit, bought a few odds and ends, and, towards dusk, made my way down to the station. There was an hour to spare before the train started; so I crossed the road to a public-house, to have a glass of grog, and sat myself down in a snug corner, whilst I sipped my rum-and-water. The room was partitioned off with bulkheads, and there was not a soul there when I entered. By-and-by two men came in, and sat themselves down in the next partition to mine, and I heard them talking together for some time without taking any particular notice. Presently, I thought I heard the name of the craft I'd shipped in, *Maid of Orleans*, and I pricked up my ears, you may be sure. I'd kept so quiet, that the fellows, I suppose, fancied they had the room to themselves.

'Bless your soul, man,' says one of them, 'it's a safe venture; never fear. Eight thousand pounds; that's the amount!'

'You're a smart fellow, and no mistake. Poor beggars!'

'Hold your tongue! I hate such cant. Who goes halves, eh! tell me that?'

'Well, don't fire up so, man; surely there's no harm in pitying them, if we are obliged to give them a dose of salt-water. Ha, ha!'

'That's talking like a man of sense. Eight thousand pounds clear profit! I tell you, Harry, it's as safe as the Bank of England. She'll never do it!'

'Light airs and calms, you know Johnny, eh! How about our venture, then?'

'Confound it, man, you're a regular killjoy. A capful of wind is more than enough! She's like a sieve; once out to sea, she'll sop up water like a sponge.'

'Suppose they take to the boats; what then?'

'Well, what if they do? They weren't built yesterday. The old *Reindeer's* children are as old as herself, ay, and as rotten!'

"He laughed a low mocking laugh, as he spoke that sent a chill through my very marrow. I had heard of ships being sent to sea to be lost; but hitherto it had been my good luck to sail in first-class craft, and I used to put down such tales as forecastle yarns, invented by Jack out of spite to his owners. I was off the scent, however, and must have been mistaken in my fancy that I had heard them mention the *Maid of Orleans*, though I had some dim notion that I ought to collar the two ruffians and call the police; but then, perhaps, I had not understood the nature of the business, though it seemed plain enough too; and whilst I was debating in my mind how to act, the fellows got up, and walked out of the place. I started up, so as to get a look at them; but it was too dark to make them out; so I went back to finish my grog, and to turn over in my mind what I'd heard. One thing was clear enough, and that was, that the doomed ship was the *Reindeer;* and a thought struck me that I might get something about her out of the *Shipping Gazette.* There she was, sure enough; a large clipper ship, advertised to sail in a week's time, class Al at Lloyd's, owners Huidley & Company. I'm rather out of my reckoning here, says I to myself. That's a firm that never sent an unseaworthy ship to sea, and never will. Maybe, after all, those fellows were making game of me, saw poor Jack sitting there, and took a rise out of him. The clock struck the quarter, so I paid my score, and made all sail for the station. The man was there, looking so cheery and jolly that I scarcely knew him again.

'I was afraid you were going to give me the slip my hearty,' says he, laughing. 'Here's your ticket. I'm sorry I can't go with you; but I've telegraphed for some one to meet you at the station, so you'll be well looked after!'

"I liked his jokes less than his sneers, so I didn't say anything, but bundled into the train.

'Good-bye, my hearty,' says he, shaking me by the hand. 'A pleasant voyage, and a quick return!'

"If ever I took a dislike against any one, I did then. The man's face haunted me long after the train had left the station; but being given to brooding, and having no cause to doubt his good faith, I got rid of his evil eyes, and lay back dreaming of a certain brown-eyed Polly who had promised to wait for poor Jack Robins till something turned up.

"Arrived at Cardiff, I found the mate on the lookout for me; and after signing artic-

les, we went aboard the *Maid of Orleans*. The vessel was lying in the harbour with the blue-peter flying, and everything ready for sea. She was a long low craft, deep in the water—rather too deep, to please my fancy —fresh painted, and looking fine enough; masts and spars a trifle heavy; but, on the whole, I could find nothing particular to find fault with about her. As we pulled alongside, I noticed a woman on the poop. Hearing the sound of oars, she looked over the side, and I thought I'd never seen a sweeter face in my life."

'Old man got his wife aboard?' says I to the mate.

'Yes, and she's a regular good un!' says he. 'You'll find yourself as comfortable aboard as if you was passenger in a liner.'

,'The skipper was coming up from the cuddy as we got on deck—a fine sailor-like young fellow, about thirty years of age, with an affable, pleasant way with him, that took my fancy."

'I hope you'll be comfortable aboard, my man,' says he: 'live and let live, that's my motto. You do your duty by me, and never fear but that I'll do mine by you.'

'All right, sir,' says I, touching my cap; and then I went forward and made acquaintance with my shipmates. Well, sir, to make a long story short, we got under-weigh that afternoon, and stood out to sea, working down Channel with a light southwest breeze. The crew consisted of the captain, chief and second mates, boatswain, and fourteen men and a boy; captain's wife, cook, and steward: twenty-two all told; and things went on smoothly enough for some days after we sailed. My mess-mates told me that this was the skipper's first voyage as master, and that he had been married about three weeks; and a happier couple there couldn't be anywhere. The young girl—for she was but a child after all—used to come on deck of a morning often when I was at the wheel; and she had always a kind word and a smile, that lighted up her pretty face, for the hands. She was as full of fun and frolic as a kitten, it being, I suppose, such a new kind of life to her; always joking and teasing the skipper, and plaguing him out of his life, what with saying she must try and be a sailor, and learn to knot, and splice, and steer, and handling the marlinespike and a bit of rope, daubing her pretty fingers with tar, running to the taffrail to look at the fish, or hoisting signals to passing vessels, using the wrong flags, and laughing merrily when the old man would try and be dignified. But 'twas no manner of use; her saucy laugh, rippling out like the little waves breaking against the ship's side, would change his frown into a smlle in spite of himself; and often he'd cast a sheep's-eye at me, as much as to say: 'You see, Robins! What can a fellow do with a craft like this in tow!'

"Sometimes she'd declare she must learn to steer, and come and put her little white hands on the spokes of the wheel, making believe that she was watching the compass in the binnacle, whilst I was afraid of crushing her tiny fingers with my great knotty fists; and so the ship would come up in the wind, setting all the sails a-shaking, and then she would clap her hands together, and call Harry, that was her husband, to see the mischief she'd done, her blue eyes kindling with delight, and her long golden hair floating over her shoulders lik a mermaid's. I believe I was a bit of a favorite with her, as I always took care to keep myself clean and tidy, and to have a civil tongue in my head. There was something so innocent and winning about the girl, too, always ready to do a good turn, or to put in a kind word for any one, that we got to look upon her as a sort of angel or fairy. Anyhow, this much I'll say—I've sailed in scores of ships in my time, but I never heard less swearing on board any ship before or since than aboard of the *Maid of Orleans*. Well, sir, we'd been out about three weeks, the weather fine, with light breezes; and though we pumped rather more water out of the ship than we liked to see, there was nothing particular to growl about. I was so comfortable, and things went on so smoothly, that I'd well nigh forgotten all about the talk I'd overheard at the public-house, when one evening it all came back upon me on a sudden. For the last few hours the clouds had been gathering heavy from the north'ard; the wind shifted and jibed round; the skipper looked anxious, and I heard him tell the mate that the barometer was falling, and that we should have dirty weather before night. The watch were employed in odd jobs about the decks; and being in want of a coil of spun yarn, the boatswain sent me down into the storeroom to fetch it. The place was pitch dark, so I was obliged to take a lantern with me; and after groping about for some time, I found what I was in search of, close to the foremast, that ran through the storeroom. I was picking it up, when the light of the

lantern fell upon some letters roughly cut into the mast, as if some idle young scamp had amused himself by carving his name with his jack-knife. Thinks I to myself, let's see what mark the fellow has left. I raised the lantern, and as I made out the letters, a shiver ran through my very bones. There, as sure as death itself was the word *Reindeer* cut out clear and distinct upon the timber! You could have knocked me down with a feather; my knees trembled under me; a sort of dumbness came over my mind as I read again and again, scarce knowing what I did that fatal word. The horrible talk I had overheard in the public-house seemed dinned into my ears, mingled with the hoarse rush of the mocking waters, that seethed and foamed round the ship, as if reminding me that they were only biding their time to swallow us up in a living tomb. As I sat, dazed and frightened—it was the wickedness that frightened me, more than all the rest—on a coil of hawser, with a sort of horror in my heart, I heard the boatswain's voice shouting for the hands to shorten sail, and I sprang up the ladder to the deck. There was no time to be lost; a squall had struck us, the topsail halyards had been let go by the run, the sails were flapping about like thunder, and all hands shortening sail for dear life.

"We soon got the ship under double-reefed top-sails, with a stiff gale blowing, the sky black and ugly, and the sea getting up, promising tough work before the night was out; but if it hadn't been for what I'd seen below, the gale might have blowed itself blue in the face without my troubling myself about it. Well, as the dog-watch from six to eight was well nigh over, I thought I wouldn't say anything to the skipper afore morning; but somehow my mind couldn't rest easy; it was no use frightening my shipmates; so, after a deal of tacking about in my mind, I determined to make a clean breast of it; for, thinks I, if he knows anything, there's no harm done; and if he doesn't, he'll be warned in time. Well, sir, I hung about the quarter-deck waiting till the skipper came below, and then I sent the steward in to say I wanted to speak a word with him.

'Well, my man,' says he, 'what do you want?'

'Excuse me, sir,' I says, 'but I've got a queer yarn to tell you.' So I up and told him from beginning to end. As I finished, his face was ghastly pale; his eyes wandered to the door of the cabin, where his beautiful young wife was lying, and his hands were clenched convulsively together. He didn't utter a sound, but seemed as if he was awaking out of a dream, putting things together bit by bit, till it was all clear to him as the noon-day sun. Presently, he lifted up his eyes, and clasped his hands, saying: 'Oh God, help my poor wife!' and though he was a strong, hearty young fellow, there was a tear trickling down his cheek as if he'd been a woman. I don't think he was conscious of my presence just then; the shock had dazed him, like; he knew better than I thought how he'd been caught in a trap; how he'd been betrayed by a villain, a false, black-hearted villain; and the hopelessness of escape paralyzed him. For my part, I'd expected nothing of this kind; I was not behind the scenes so much as he; so, though I'd felt it my duty to make a report, yet I hoped the skipper would only laugh at me, and call me a fool for my pains. Leastways, I'd said to myself, most likely, after all, he'll be able to explain the affair, and set my mind easy. When I saw him like this, my heart failed me. I had a poor girl, too, that was as precious to me as his wife to him. So I says: 'I suppose there's no doubt, sir, of this ship being the old *Reindeer?*'

"He looked up at me with such a face of horror and despair as I hope never to see again on mortal man. It moved me so, rough fellow though I was, and not much given to feeling, that I could have cried like a child. It was his wife, his bride, the cheery, loving, laughing girl yonder, that was tearing his heart, to think he had dragged her to a floating tomb, and become a murderer, like, of the creature he'd have died for!

'It is true, Robins! Heaven have mercy upon us! My wife! my poor wife!'

"Just then the door of the cabin opened, and the beautiful face of his wife, with a bonny smile lighting on it up, peeped into the cuddy, thinking her husband was alone, no doubt, for her hair was falling loosely over her shoulders, and she was partly undressed.

'Harry, dear,' she says in a cheerful voice, for his back was toward her, and I was standing well back in the shade, 'when are you coming?'

"Her voice seemed to electrify the skipper; his face became livid with passion; but he answered quietly enough: 'I am engaged for a few minutes, Lillie; I will be with you presently.'"

*To be Concluded.*

# ROUTE SALVAN.

PROF. SELAH HOWELL.

"Route Salvan! take the route by Salvan," said the old English bachelor. It is not an easy one, and few dare undertake it; but if you do not fear loneliness of the deepest, and a walk that tests good walkers, you will make friends who will visit you, asleep and awake, as long as you live."

There was a noticeable enthusiasm on the face of this weary old man, who had been lonely in every city of southern Europe. "I know the route," said he, "know it well; for winter and summer find me often repeating this incomparable walk. Ah! there is no route like that by Salvan."

For many days previous to this burst of feeling, the old man, grown tremulous with age and weary wandering, had excited in me only compassion. He had seemed but another instance of the shrunken manhood one finds in the scions of impoverished lords. But the blood of the bold Briton was again enriching his face, as he lived over again the experiences of Route Salvan. He continued to urge me. "Come to my room," said he, forgetting, in his eagerness, the bachelor poverty to which he had invited me. Hardly a fit place for a son of the Family Dixon to spend his old age in. But he was thinking then only of Pass Salvan. "No baggage, no scrip, but plenty in your purse; a stout cane, courage, faith in yourself, and go alone, or with the one of all the earth best loved." So the old man would have spoken had his halting, choking speech permitted. It was chiefly, though, the enkindled face, a hint half suggested, and the dreamy look, flitting ere it came, which told the whole story.

It would have been unwise to resist such advice. Making, therefore, the slight preparation necessary, and receiving from the old gentleman—who, meanwhile, had been taking a careful scrutiny of our physical capabilities—his gentlest good bye, we looked toward Route Salvan.

Twelve o'clock and five minutes! Friend Tischendorf said he would go with me to the boat-landing. My baggage, consisting of a shawl, collar, tooth-brush, and guide-book, firmly secured by a strap of leather, gave me little concern. It was neither heavy nor valuable.

Soon the wheezy little steamer came in sight, insignificant from her surroundings as the flies humming in the summer air. The English lady thought our route badly chosen; felt sure nobody ever went that way. The route was by so and so. Could then ride the whole distance.

The day was warm, but on the lake the cool wind from our neighbors, the mountains, made the journey in its beginnings delightful. It was a powerful picture which the sun and the earth combined to paint that June afternoon. The sleepy old French town resting quietly on the hillside; vineyards creeping to the crowns of the distant hills; handsome villas, out of place with their sturdy English expression, nevertheless adding contrast to the picture; town and village succeeding, some asleep, others awake and busy. How softly beautiful in the sunshine and shadow! There was not wanting, however, the energy of the railroad engine. Indeed, the excited, worldly nineteenth century was everywhere visible, and yet on every commanding berg stood a castle watching you with dignity and sublimity of fifteen hundred years of hoary age. Far off to the left, the long blue wave of the Jura added solemnity to the scene. Absorbed by the view, the journey across the lake was near its completion, when our attention was suddenly called to the background of the picture. Surely, no pen can describe those wonderful mountains, lifting their noble heads, crowned with the snows of centuries, above the clouds. It was the touch of the Master hand which they added.

We seldom comprehend fully the significance of contrast. Under the shadow of *Le Dent du Midi* we discerned the true position of individual man, a petty force working at random. The steamer and all on board had ceased to be conspicuous. A cur snarling at the Atlantic not more impotent. No egotism here. Telegraph, railroad, steamship, the weight of city, army, education—such little things as these faded from the memory.

The railroad train, which carried us two hours on our journey, crept along subdued, as became its littleness. We were in company of those whose dignity was unmoved by the turmoil and greed of the age.

Within two hours we had come upon a different civilization, an entire change in

language, customs, and habits. German and English acquirements were not able to read the book now before us. The vigorous German had been displaced by the nasal grunt of the French.

In many places the river and railroad seemed as if compressed within the narrowest limits; and above us mountains, which reached upward five thousand, six thousand, ten thousand feet. In the clear, brilliant sun of the June day, their edges cut the air clean as a knife.

Absorbed and overpowered by the grandeur of the scene, we came near being carried by the station. It was only a half understood word, caught by chance, that induced me to ask a garrulous French woman, who sat opposite, if this be Vernayaz. Vernayaz it was; though our undignified tumble from the cars added little to the beauty of the place, and was rather more interesting to the bystander than to the traveller. Twenty minutes past four, the afternoon bright and beautiful, and Route Salvan nowhere in sight. There was the narrow valley whence we came, and the opposite, revealing the grandest perspective; but above me, and hemming me in, peaks which kissed the clouds.

Two Englishmen were dickering for a ride, while a guide pestered me with questions as to my present intentions; whether I knew where I was going, and if I didn't want somebody to help me make up my mind. Frankly confessing that I did not know anything in particular, save that I wished to begin very speedily a walk of thirty miles, and that walk to be by Salvan, he kindly pointed to the side of a mountain, the top of which was obscured by the clouds. We had not completed many steps of the journey before the noise as of hundreds of people talking and laughing was apparent. For a few moments their locality was uncertain, but looking upward, we saw a long line of moving objects climbing the mountain. The path was very narrow, and as if a stairway three or four thousand feet long, winding upwards, had been fastened to the mountain's side.

There was no lack of company, for hundreds of poor, yet hardy and patient appearing people were wending their weary way homeward. It was a sight more than usually picturesque as I looked upward two or three thousand feet, and saw crowds of people, line upon line, slowly plodding towards rest and protection. Very polite, yet a little sad was their oft repeated, *Bon jour, Monsieur, Je suis fatigué.* The women were, many of them, beautiful. Such uncommonly large and mellow black eyes. Their voices, too, were soft, and their manners pleasant and patient. Curious bundles these men and women were carrying on their backs. All the necessities of life must be transported in this way, for not even a mule could climb the narrow and tortuous path by which we reached the summit. Bags of provisions, garden tools, barrels, kegs, baskets of bread and wine—all these and more they were staggering under. One old man had on his back a bag of meal, on the bag a large basket, and in the basket reposed in solemn, open-eyed dignity, a calf. While we were subdued to silence, deep and prolonged, this grave calf often expressed his astonishment and profound appreciation of the scenery by a long-drawn-out ba—a—h. Own cousin to the Yankee, who, when asked if he had crossed the Alps, replied that he guessed he had come over some "risin' ground," the calf was ba—ah—ahing at *Le Dent du Midi* and all his fellows.

Amused, profited, dreamily conscious of the power of the mountains, we walked now slowly, now rapidly, stopping anon for a moment's rest, or to grow sad over the many, alas! must we confess it, drunken men we saw struggling homeward among the crowd of weary peasants.

How many times must the experiment be repeated before the fact shall be established that a glass of whiskey produces certain results, as dreadful on the Rhone or Rhine as in America.

The common remark, that where wine is cheap and abundant, cases of intoxication are unusual, is false. The briefest observation shows it to be so. The statement is an invention of the interested.

Among these toiling mountaineers, drinking wine as freely as they would water, there were many who could scarcely walk with safety the steep path. One man who had a heavy load on his back, and his little girl a heavier burden than the poor thing could carry without tottering, was so intoxicated that it was difficult for him to keep from falling. Several times, had he missed his footing, it would have been almost certain death. The anxious face of the little girl, full of grief over the deplorable condition of her father, was a very sad, but alas! not an unusual sight.

We walked rapidly, for it was growing late, and the peasants were repeatedly cautioning me, *Il est tard, Monsieur, il est tard.* Still it was a halting haste, a few quick, vigorous strides, then a long pause, crowded with emotions that find no expression in speech. I was never before so lonely, yet never had I had such company. The society was thrilling. The path led me through the wildest and grandest scenery of Switzerland. Often it was merely a shelf, three feet wide, fastened to the side of the mountain. Below me, a roaring stream, fresh from the glaciers; above, several thousand feet, snow-capped peaks. Often one could see far up on the side of a mountain, but few feet removed from snow, which never melts, a house, clinging as the huge rocks that kept it company. Smiling fields in the valleys; overhead, snow, white and glistening. But the effect of scenery is due generally to such transitory and seemingly unworthy causes that my pen lingers in its efforts to picture the scene. Once or twice, while sitting on a projecting crag, listening to the roar of the water two thousand feet below me, some lonely bird would utter a single note of praise, in wonderful harmony with the solemnity of the Alpine peaks. Again, as I watched the play of shadows on the mountains, a stray sunbeam would strike the glistening head of a distant peak, and for a moment burnish it with gold. A falling leaf, or the rustle of a bug lent a charm and a thrill of no ordinary character. Already years, weary years have passed since the summer day when alone we trod Pass Salvan; yet the picture is as vivid as if now before our eyes.

As I walked, many old sorrows came back to me. Often I saw with other eyes than my own. Old songs were recalled. Many times I found myself singing the wild, melancholy air of Mendelssohn's *Hochzeit Marsch;* and again, ere I was aware, I would be crying like a child.

The old English bachelor was right, and my pen lingers lovingly over the memory of Route Salvan.

I spent the night in a little town which hung upon the crags that jutted from the mountain's side. Awakened at half past five by the shepherds' horns, I was ready in an hour to begin again my journey. Twenty minutes before twelve I came in sight of the range of Mont Blanc. Toward the close of the journey I was pestered by a guide, who insisted on my riding his mule. He kept continually repeating, *Monsieur, à la Mont Blanc, voulez-vous à la Mont Blanc, Monsieur.* Believing that it was possible to outwalk his lazy beast, I added six inches to my legs, and soon had the satisfaction to discover that my tormentor was losing ground. But ever and anon I heard the thumping of his heavy boots against the sides of the miserable beast, and *voulez-vous à la Mont Blanc, Monsieur?*

I saw Mont Blanc in all his glory; watched the setting sun wrapping with a mantle of gold that wonderful dome of glistening snow, "shining white as silver." And as I stood, lost in the profoundest melancholy, the glorious stars shone out, and Mont Blanc, alone in solemn grandeur, was monarch of them all.

## SUNSET THOUGHTS.

When we were at school together, Jack,
  There was down on neither's cheek!
Now!—if we look back along our track—
  Which has gained what he would seek?
For the woman you loved is lying
  In a churchyard far away,
And the sunset, so swiftly dying,
  Seems to you the best of the day.

My picture is in the Academy, Jack,
  And they've hung it on the line;
And critics, good lack, discern a knack
  Sublime in this daub of mine.
But the eyes I dreamed should see it,
  And the lips, whose praise I'd prize,
Have passed from the world. So be it.
  But I live when the daylight dies.

For I see over roof and chimney, Jack,
  The gold in the western sky.
Though the present's black as the stormy wrack,
  The hour of release draws nigh.
For peace will be won when life is done,—
  Beyond the gloom lies the gold.
Oh! the sunset hour has for us a power
  And a charm it lacked of old!

—*London Society.*

# DUMB DAYS.

CAROLINE B. LE ROW.

That was what she called them—Margaret Christopher. Her story is a simple one, so simple that it would not be worth the telling, were it not that in its very commonness lies its resemblance to many other stories and many other lives, that count their passing days as dreary and "dumb."

For that was her expression, not mine, you understand. It grew out of a great longing for something, she could not tell what; and because she could not define it or satisfy it, she was tired of it, and a negative discontent gradually settled down upon her life.

It ought to have been a happy life, judged according to the appearances, which we are slow in learning are deceitful. She had passed several years at boarding-school, had been educated in accordance with the usual acceptance of the term, and possessed a fair share of accomplishments. She had graduated with distinction, carrying away with her a comfortable sense of duties faithfully discharged, vows of eternal friendship from her companions, promises of unlimited correspondence and a large collection of photographs.

The home which she had left was an old white story-and-a-half cottage, three miles from the city. She returned to her father's new brown stone mansion in Warren Avenue, inwardly blessing the skill with which he had handled stocks on State Street. The love of money might be the root of all evil, but its possession seemed to be the root of all good, and such she expected to find it.

She adapted herself easily to her new life. Such adaptation seldom proves difficult when one's surroundings are elegant and luxurious. To be sure she missed the regular round of useful occupations to which she had been accustomed. But it was certainly easier to rise in the morning when inclination prompted, than to be beaten out of bed by the clanging blows of the school-bell. She could divide her days as she pleased, and in the division she was conscientious enough to arrange for regular hours of practice and reading. She was not a representative of that class described in popular novels, who dance till morning, breakfast at noon, and yawn over French novels till night. She patronized Loring's, as all right-minded Boston girls do. It cannot be denied that she preferred light literature to its opposite, whatever that may be, and unconsciously dropped into the habit of selecting books because they were new.

At the end of a few months she began to grow conscious of ennui. There were not always new books to be had. It was easier to practice when she felt like it, than to adhere to regular hours. About the time she made that discovery she made another; that she really had not much taste for music, and perhaps her time could be more profitably employed, though she could hardly see how. Though her mother was an invalid, she had never resigned her household cares to other hands. Mary and Bess were at the Kindergarten, Frank at the Institute of Technology, and Leonard reading law with a private tutor. There was clearly no chance for missionary work in her own family.

As an amateur cake-maker, she achieved a fair success, but the cook resented any encroachment upon her domain, and the family appetite for pastry seemed to diminish in inverse ratio to the supply. Plain sewing was her aversion, but she regularly attended the Dorcas society of the Church of the Chosen. Worsted work afforded positive delight for a time, but there is a limit to the necessity for tidies, pin-cushions and lamp-mats, and she found that she had weakened her eyes in their construction. She disliked the making of calls. The hearty sincerity of her nature did not approve of the small hypocrisies of social life, and the few friendships she had formed were with those whose lives ran parallel with her own, and not on higher planes.

So it came about that sitting at the window one bright day, waiting for the carriage to be brought round for the customary drive, she fell into a little reverie concerning the past, present and future. It was broken in upon by her mother.

"Are you ready, Margaret?"

"Oh, mother," she cried out impatiently, "I am all ready, but I don't know for what. I wish something besides the carriage was waiting for me. I wish something would happen, I am so tired of these dumb days!"

Mrs. Christopher looked her disapproval. She knew nothing of the unspeakable long-

ings of life, and had little sympathy with its sentiment or romance. She loved her husband, brought up her children in the way they should go, and looked well to the ways of her household. These things kept her busy and contented. She did not realize the difference between her own and her daughter's position. It is not only a lover's love that is blind.

That night Margaret went in search of her father. In the little story-and-a-half house he was always to be found in the sitting-room, which was small enough to bring all the members of the family together; but now he had his "study" at the top of the great house, for he was busy during the evening, spending hours over plans of his operations in real estate and building.

She crept up to him and sat down upon the floor, laying her head upon his knee. It was a former fashion of hers, somewhat out of use of late. Instead of the old, hearty, "Well, my dear little girl, what can father do for you?" it was now quite impatiently, "Do you want anything, Margaret?" and the hand once laid lovingly upon her head was now merely suspended, as it held the great gold pen.

She was chilled and homesick in a moment, but she had a purpose in coming, and carried it out, notwithstanding.

"Father, did you ever know what it was to be tired of living? I am—just—and I want something to do." There was desperation in her tone.

"Whew, Margaret, nonsense! What ideas have you got into your head now?"

"Couldn't I help you, father? Couldn't I copy for you—or—or—something?"

"Why no, child, I don't see how you could. You'd bother me more than you'd help. I always thought that women had enough to do. Your mother is always busy. Don't, for pity's sake, grow strong-minded, and all that sort of thing. One of these days you will have a home of your own; that will make you contented, I hope. If it don't, nothing will."

It was a longer remark than her father often volunteered during the busy days on which he had fallen, but it did not satisfy her. "All that sort of thing" meant the general usefulness and independence of those whom he called "strong-minded." She did not herself quite like the word, but she was not conscious of a desire to lecture, to vote, to do anything, in short, to attract public notice, or render her disagreeable to society. She knew what she did not want. It was not so easy to tell what she did. She only knew that the days were passing, and that they were dumb. "A home of your own." The words haunted her. Her father agreed with the majority on the question of woman's sphere; but she wondered within herself how and when, if ever, she was to come into possession of such a home. She had not lived through her twenty-one years without some dreams of the possibilities of her woman's life. She had never dared to ask herself whether she loved Russell Endicott. Perhaps it was only the tender, half-pathetic memory of their past friendship which kept its hold upon her. His mother's cottage joined the little garden which belonged to her old home. They had learned b-a, ba, k-e-r, ker, baker, from the same spelling-book; had comforted and sustained each other through the manifold miseries of seven times six and nine times seven, the conjugation of irregular verbs, and the parsing of Milton's Epic. The shiny dimes and half-dimes which exist but as a tradition among children of our day, were never exchanged for the grocer's and confectioner's commodities without long consultations on the relative merits of peanuts and peppermints, apples and almonds, cake and candy. They had lovingly snow-balled each other, played "tag," and coasted down hill. He had always sharpened her pencils, and covered her books until their paths diverged, and she was sent away to be "finished" at boarding-school, while he remained at home, preparing for Harvard.

But their acquaintance seemed to have died a natural death. They had never corresponded, and in the vacation visits which Margaret had made at home, she found her play-fellow growing into a bearded man, while he looked with awe and reserve upon the young lady who had been so speedily evolved from the little girl. Since her graduation, she had seen him seldom. He was absorbed in the study of medicine, his chosen profession, and had apparently little time for social calls. There was a sense of strangeness between them, the result of strange and new surroundings. On the little piazza of the old cottage, in the fragrant garden-walks, in the cozy sitting-room, or beside the easily-swinging gate, which separated their former homes, there was more freedom of speech than under the magnificent chandelier, on the sofa of the Warren Avenue drawing-room.

They talked of school and college experiences, of books, poets and painters, of the great radical movements of church and state, but it was "you and I," no longer "we" between them, and a vague restraint kept both from any mention of personal aims and desires. Only once Russell Endicott showed a touch of the old boyish enthusiasm, as involuntarily stretching out his strong arms, he said with kindling eyes, "I am so glad to be alive—to be, to do, and to suffer, if suffering is necessary to development, as they tell us."

They were almost the last words that passed between. "Russell Endicott is off to Philadelphia," her brother Leonard said one evening; "he is going to study surgery —never came to say good-bye, either." So their lives separated, and nothing but an odd sense of loss and loneliness had hinted to her what that separation meant. It grew stronger as the months passed on. She found herself constantly wondering what he was doing — and suffering perhaps; above all, what he would be in the years to come, and then chided herself for her unreasonable interest in him. She was growing foolish and morbid, she said to herself. Yet her desire for a stronger and healthier life was met with the words, "You will have a home of your own some day. If that does not content you, nothing will."

Pondering them in a sad, hopeless way, she grew into a new comprehension of all that love, marriage and home meant, and then as sadly and hopelessly she set the thought aside. She would not try to deceive herself. "Like water spilt upon the ground that cannot be gathered up again," there was something lost from her life that the eternities could not restore. If nothing but love and home could make her contented, then was she of all women most miserable.

But life does not mean stagnation. The days hold mute counsel together, and we learn that other mills than those of the gods grind surely, though slowly. Margaret Christopher had longed for "something to happen." She had not learned how "God answers sharp and sudden on some prayers, and thrusts the thing we've prayed for in our face. Every wish is like a prayer with God." Even while she wished her smooth life was jarred out of its course by a calamity so sudden and shocking that she wondered why every day and hour that preceded it had not quivered with the terrible secret. John Christopher was stricken with paralysis, and carried from his dingy little office into his elegant home, to linger but a little while before leaving it for the house appointed for all the living. Then followed the inevitable disclosure of his affairs to his wife and daughter, who had hitherto been kept in ignorance of them, for John Christopher had a manly contempt for "business women," and had never considered it worth while to make other explanation of his prosperity than that afforded by lavish expenditure, and the luxury with which he surrounded his family. So, from comparative strangers, they learned of the ruinous speculations into which he had been drawn, the unsubstantial basis upon which was built their beautiful home, and the comparative destitution which awaited them in the future.

Ten days after the funeral, the house and most of the furniture were disposed of at auction. The family had rented the old cottage in Cambridge, Mrs. Christopher had been tenderly cared for by friends and neighbors, but Margaret had not yet left the house in town. There was much to do and to think about in the preparations for returning to the old home in which she had spent her happiest days.

She was tired and discouraged. The house had been filled all day with strangers critically examining its contents, and she had listened to the rough tones of the auctioneer and the beat of his hammer, until she felt that another blow would shatter her overstrung nerves. She had been packing crockery. Her hair was disarranged, her face flushed, and her head ached painfully. As the front door slammed for the last time during that noisy, wearing day, she sat down with a long sigh of relief, and looked around the large dismantled rooms which were to receive new tenants on the morrow.

A quick ring startled her, and she went to the front door to find one of her father's friends, Thomas Barrow, standing on the threshold. He came in hurriedly, and taking both her hands, drew her to the window, looking anxiously into her face.

"My poor child."

The tone and words together overcame her. She broke down utterly and turned from him, sinking into a large arm-chair which, with others, was huddled into a corner of the room, awaiting transportation.

She had found little time for tears, but

they flowed fast now, while her visitor waited till she grew calm.

"How did you hear of it?" she asked, looking up at last; "I thought you were in Europe."

"I reached home this morning, a month sooner than I expected, but business made it necessary. If I had only come before!" and his face expressed infinite sympathy and regret, for John Christopher and he had been firm friends from their boyhood, and this eldest daughter was very dear to him.

*How* dear Margaret had never dreamed till he spoke again. His voice was husky with deep feeling, and his hand trembled upon hers, which she had clasped upon her lap.

"Margaret, it will sound strange to you, I know, and perhaps I do wrong to speak at such a time, but I cannot bear to see you suffer. I love you, Margaret. Ah!" as she started and drew back, "it is not new to me, though I can guess how it surprises you. I had not meant to tell you this till I was sure you would not love a younger, worthier man; but I hoped—I have sometimes believed——oh, my dear child," using the manner of speech to which she had always been accustomed from him, "give me the precious right to comfort and care for you."

There was an awful stillness in the room. Outside in the twilight, a hand-organ played "Annie Laurie." She strained her ears to catch every note, and the melody was ever afterwards associated with that time and place.

"Won't you speak to me, Margaret?" he said at last. "No, no," he added hurriedly, as if the expression of the face she turned to him had answered him, "I will wait, my child. This is too sudden; I want to take you home. You are too tired for a jaunt in the horse-cars, and I must see your mother also. I know all about it," he continued, catching her surprised look, "I heard down town of all these changes. In fact, I hardly expected to find any one here."

A few minutes later and she sat beside him in the carriage which had waited at the door. If a thought of the luxury and wealth which might still be hers came in sharp contrast to the life of privation which she was anticipating, who could wonder at it? For the changes which had come to her were not such as she had vaguely longed for. She had not anticipated orphanage and poverty, hard, disagreeable labor, and anxiety of mind. She had cried out against dumb days, and they had replied in death and disaster.

She inwardly thanked Mr. Barrow for the patience with which he waited for her answer, while she struggled with herself daily. It was not only of her own future that she thought. Her mother made moan constantly over the loss of her husband and her household gods. These last might be restored to her, and her old age shielded from poverty and privation. For Margaret, applying her mathematical skill in a practical direction, found that the closest economy would be necessary, in the changed condition of the family, while Leonard and Frank would be compelled to assist in its support. Mary and Bess must be taken from school, and she herself become housekeeper, teacher, seamstress, and maid-of-all work. She found the prospect dismal and discouraging. Her old cry for something to do had acquired a vital and painful significance. She came home from her marketing one day to find her mother shut into her room, crying weakly, as she had fallen into the habit of doing.

"Mr. Barrow is waiting for you in the sitting-room," she said to Margaret. "I had to excuse myself, for I cannot see any of your father's friends, now that he has gone," and a fresh burst of weeping followed the words. "He has told me of his wish, Margaret; of course, I don't want to influence you, but he is so good, you have known him so long, and loved him next to your father, if you could see your way clear to—"

But Margaret did not wait to hear more, turning away towards the little sitting-room. "It is Fate," she said to herself. "I can make him happy; mother is so wretched, we are so poor—and then there are the children. There never lived a better man. I like him so—he will be satisfied, and it can't make much difference to me." These thoughts were surging through her mind as she went into Mr. Barrow's presence.

He seemed to read her decision. He seated her with that old-school courtesy which always formed so great a charm in her eyes, and bent over her. "Tell me, dear child, that you will give me my heart's desire."

Do not judge her harshly, those who have never been tempted. To many women comes the opportunity of marriage without love, when it offers them social advantages; to some it brings with it additional temptation, relief from actual want, and protection from actual trouble.

She looked up in his face, the noble, patient, refined face, with its crown of gray hair—into the kind eyes which told their own story. She was a woman, tired, faint-hearted, and a great longing to be comforted and cared for took possession of her. But another face seemed to look down upon her, and the memory of long-ago spoken words stirred her strangely. "I am glad to be alive, to be, to do and to suffer, if that is necessary to development." No more belief in a blind Fate or Destiny. Margaret Christopher's soul struggled up to the light, accepting the fact "'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus," and pledging itself to brave endurance of whatever the future might bring.

"Dear, kind friend," she said brokenly, "it can never be. I should have been honest in the beginning with myself and you, but I have been sorely tempted and almost overcome. I cannot take your love, for I have none to give you in return."

Though we never contradict the statement that it is better to do right than wrong, no one will deny that the results of right-doing are sometimes slow in making themselves manifest. Margaret had a comfortable sense of having done her duty to herself and Mr. Barrow, but the burdens of life grew no lighter, or easier to be borne. Those of her friends who knew of the circumstance (and Mr. Barrow had been too proud of his love to make any attempt at concealment), considered her unaccountably foolish. Her mother was deeply disappointed. Only Leonard had a word of approval. "I thought women always married for money if they could, Margaret; I had given up all idea of a wife and a home myself, but if there are more women like you, poor men need not feel discouraged. I believe you have actually increased not only my own hope, but my respect for your whole sex. We will manage to get along somehow, little sister."

His words proved a help and a strength to her many times after. She rejoiced in the thought that she had unconsciously given a new impulse and higher belief to her brother's young manhood. It helped her through many dark hours, when the rebellion of over-taxed nerves and wearied body might have tempted her to regret her decision.

In the new life which came to Margaret Christopher, day unto day uttered speech. There was no more of that idleness which is dumbness and despair. They preached a new gospel which she gradually learned to interpret. The hours came filled with care, hard work, and weary planning. The round of sewing and teaching, cooking, dish-washing and sweeping went on, and the days were filled so full that there was not a crevice left through which discontent or repining could creep in. Her mother, more than ever broken in health, gave up all household duties, but Mary and the small pet, Bess, helped with willing little feet and hands. As the months passed, they brought peace of spirit, and though the body was often weary, the sense of usefulness, a place in the world, and an ability to fill it, which time and experience had taught her, made her almost happy.

But clouds followed the sunshine. Mrs. Christopher failed rapidly, and for months lingered upon the borders of the valley of the shadow. Margaret watched over her with the devotion born of love. The labors of the kitchen were transferred to a servant, whom Mr. Barrow, still the unfailing friend of the family, sent from his own house, while Margaret lived in the hushed and darkened sick-room. When at last she left it, released by the death which brought eternal life to the sufferer, she proved the truth, that "souls, as well as cheeks, grow white in these holy duties; one who goes in a nurse may come out an angel."

Her mother's future was secured at last. Mr. Barrow came a month later to tell her of a fine position he had secured for Leonard in a large importing house, and ask that Frank should be allowed to go with him on a business trip to Europe, which would probably last a year.

Margaret had never found a fit way in which to express her gratitude for his unselfish services to those she loved, but the infinite pathos of the great sorrowful eyes, the delicate face quivering with the unspoken expression of her heart, answered him fully, and told a long, sacred story.

"Good bye, my dear child," he said tenderly. "I have understood you always. You have been a good, true woman, and my life is happier for the place you fill in it." And as he left her, he kissed her as her father might have done.

The year abroad extended to three, and Frank returned, to undertake the management of a large business for which Mr. Barrow had been especially fitting him, while Mr. Barrow himself went at once to Missou-

ri, where a mining company, of which he was President, needed his aid.

Margaret's life seemed to have settled itself for all time. There was no more vague longing for something to do. The little family of brothers and sisters, of which she was the loved, had given her at last that "home of her own," in which she had found "contentment." She had not forgotten Russell Endicott. That could never be. It was strange that nine years had not been sufficient to destroy the old memory. Wherever he was, she was sure it was well with him. "In his own home, no doubt," was her thought, "I hope he is happy and contented, and could only know how his words have helped me to become so. It *is* in doing and suffering that we find our true development."

Leonard came to her one night to tell her of a new joy that had crowned his life, the fruition of a long hope. "We are to be married in the fall," he said, with a happy ring in his voice. She thought, with a little pang, of the time when the rest would follow him, of the secondary place in their hearts which she would soon hold, and the lonelier home which must naturally be left to her.

But while she looked steadily towards the end of that path of duty upon which her feet had been so long set, the loving Providence which had marked out the way, gave her a great, new, unlooked-for happiness. Though it *did* "happen just as it does in novels," as Frank said, it was, after all, nothing but a natural course of events which led to it.

Leonard had left her alone on the old garden seat in the summer twilight. She fell into a reverie which was broken by his return.

"I have brought you a visitor, Margaret, can you tell who it is?"

"Mr. Endicott," she said, slowly rising, and extending her hand, I—" and then came a pause as the hands met and clasped. They returned to the house, and Margaret blessed her brother for the manner in which he drew their old friend to tell of the principal events in his past life.

The recital was short and simple. With a thorough medical education, he had left Philadelphia for the West, meeting with the usual number of "Fortune's buffets," with few of her "rewards," until he was led into the iron mines of Missouri, where a week previous he had accidentally met Mr. Barrow, and learned the facts concerning his former friends. He came again the next day, and most of the afternoon was spent in talking over all that had occurred since their lives separated.

"But you forgot to come and bid us good-bye, Russell," she said with a little smile.

"No, no, Margaret," he exclaimed hastily. Somehow, in the old house, they fell easily upon the old names. "I did not dare trust myself to do it—can you guess why? With news of your father's death came also that of Mr. Barrow's offer. I never doubted your acceptance of it. It seems strange to me now that I so firmly took it for granted. I only knew last week of my mistake. Margaret, I have come a thousand miles to tell you how I have loved you all these years. Will you send me back alone?"

He drew his breath hard as he waited for his answer. There was but an instant's hesitation, and then, with the unutterable love of her heart shining from happy eyes, she put both her hands in his.

"Why haven't you asked where I was going to take you, Margaret," he said later.

"'And o'er the hills and far away,
Through all the world she followed him,'"

she quoted with a merry laugh. "I guess the principal reason is because I don't care, so long as we go together."

"Poor child," he said fondly, "how little you realize what is before you. Why, Margaret, my office is in a log cabin, and it is quite aristocratic for that part of the country." And he told her of the rough miners' families among whom he was doing an immense work, not only as physician, but counsellor and friend, while Margaret's heart rejoiced that she could go so well prepared to her new field of labor.

"I would never have taken you to it from your former life," he added. "I despaired of ever being able to surround you with the luxury of your father's house," and Margaret, whose every loss in life had proved her greatest gain, looking back upon the path upon which she had walked through clouds and storm, into the sunshine of her perfect day, thanked God alike for all.

# THE FADED WRAPPER.

"Are you not sorry that father has gone away to stay over night, Alice?" said one of Mrs. Montgomery's children to his sister. "It rains so that no one will call; and now mother will wear that faded wrapper all day. I heard her tell Barbara she should have a good long day for sewing. She doesn't think it worth while to set even the dining-room table just for us."

"Don't you wish she would spill ink on that dress, Philip?" was the answer.—"Then she wouldn't wear it any more."

"No indeed, I don't want it any worse, for she would wear it just the same rainy days and when papa is away."

Now mamma in the next room, heard this discussion of the children, and arose to take a survey of herself in the looking-glass. It was not a very pleasing picture that the polished surface gave back to her view.

"Now Harry Warren's mother," said Philip, "is always dressed nicely, any time of day."

"She wears such pretty bows on her hair and neck," said Alice. "But she isn't half so pleasant as our mother," she added loyally, "if she does look prettier."

The mother's eyes glistened as she looked down on the old wrapper.

"To be compared to Aunt Warren," she thought, "and by my own children, too. Who would have thought they were such sharp little things? They notice every trifle."

Mrs. Montgomery's spirit was quite stirred. She would not allow such a rival, she said to herself, if she could eclipse her.

"You shall be disappointed about the old wrapper, for once, Mr. Philip," she added smiling, so she took a soft bright dress, just the thing to enliven a dull day. Then she puffed her hair in her prettiest style, and proceeded to dress herself with unusual care. The delicate lace collar was adorned with a bow of palest pink, and her hair was tied back with a ribbon to match.

It is wonderful how these simple additions to the toilet changed her whole appearance. A little taste does much for a woman's toilet, and yet how small, often is the cost. A simple knot of violet or crimson velvet will make a dull dress look bright and even elegant. As a great painter said, "trifles make perfection. but perfection is no trifle."

Mrs. Montgomery's face wore a brighter look than usual that day, as she entered the nursery. Her dress had actually raised her spirits; but she was hardly prepared for the burst of admiration that greeted her. It is not often that compliments are sincere and heart-felt as were those of her little ones that day. But her children's tones quickly changed to one of anxiety.

"Are you going away anywhere, mamma?" they asked directly.

"No, dears, I am going to sew on the machine all day; so we can have a nice time together."

Little Alice hung over her chair a minute, admiringly, and fingered her buttons, as she said, with a smile of deep content in her eye:

"You look nice, mamma."

Mrs. Montgomery smiled, as she threaded the needle of her machine, while Philip added proudly:

"She looks nicer than Harry's mother, even when she has her silk dress on."

That was reward enough; she had eclipsed her rival.

"I'll remember this day's lesson," said the mother, in her own heart; and she did remember it.

The rainy day dress was doomed, and they helped to rip it up with sincere pleasure. It made excellent linings for a new one, and it often preached its old sermon over, as it hung, wrong side out in the closet.

Mothers, when you allow yourselves slovenly ways among the little ones, in the seclusion of the nursery, remember there's a child there "a takin' notes." Those notes will be read even when your head lies low. Of all the bright pictures that hang on memory's wall, there is none to me so fair as a sweet loving mother, whose appearance was always neat and tasteful, even in working dress. Children may love an untidy mother, after a fashion, but they can never respect her. She cannot keep the hold on them in after years that one of the opposite habits possesses. Besides, if you are untidy yourself, they will probably grow up to imitate you. Don't neglect the details of dress, that add so much to appearance, because there will be "no one about but the children."—*Sd.*

# DECORATION DAY.

H. H.

The Eastern wizards do a wondrous thing,
Which travelers, having seen, scarce dare to tell;
Dropping a seed in earth, by subtle spell
Of hidden heat they force the germ to spring
To instant life and growth; no faltering
'Twixt leaf and flower and fruit; they rise and swell
To perfect shape and size, as if there fell
Upon them all which seasons hold and bring.
But Love far greater magic shows to-day:
Lifting its feeble hands, which can but reach
The hands-breadth up, it stretches all the way
From earth to heaven, and, triumphant, each
Sweet wilting blossom sets, before it dies,
Full in the sight of smiling angels' eyes.
But, ah! the graves which no man names or knows;
Uncounted graves, which never can be found;
Graves of the precious "missing," where no sound
Of tender weeping will be heard, where goes
No loving step of kindred. Oh, how flows
And yearns our thought to them! More holy ground
Of graves than this, we say, is that whose bound
Is secret till eternity disclose
Its sign.
But Nature knows her wilderness;
There are no "missing" in her numbered ways.
In her great heart is no forgetfulness.
Each grave she keeps she will adorn, caress.
We cannot lay such wreaths as Summer lays,
And all her days are Decoration Days!

THOUGHTS FOR DECORATION DAY.
WHAT FOR THE LIVING?

## THEY WON'T TROUBLE US LONG.

ETTA WARD PIERCE.

They won't trouble us long, these dear little girls
With noisy song, and rough tangled curls;
Nor these wild boys, who oft through the day,
Weary our souls with their boisterous play.

Soon, no breakfasts will have to wait
For the dull, sleepy eyes that are always late;
Our shoulders will bend, 'neath no weight of care,
When we move from our tables an empty chair.

After awhile, there'll be time, and to spend;
No little aprons to iron or to mend;
No weary bodies to dress or undress,
No cherub lips to claim kiss or caress.

No noisy feet to reprove or keep still,
No dinner basket to hunt up or fill;
No heedless hands to throw down their toys,
No merry voices to keep up a noise.

Life claims them so soon, and takes them away,
Nothing on earth goes so rapid as they;
Like stitches raveled, from knitted bands,
They glide unperceived from our clasping hands.

Only a day, and their play will all cease,
Then there will dawn for us reign of peace;
A reign so still, we fain would see,
Those oft-reproved children again by our knee.

Then there'll be leisure time, and to spare;
Too much rest, and too little care;
To much peace, and too little mirth,
Too much room at the table and hearth.

We'll wish to be worried, harassed and vexed,
Wish to be over, tried and perplexed;
And the tiresome frolic, we dreaded to hear
We'll long for as music most sweet to our ear.

But alas! never more can childhood return!
Youth's lamp is unlighted, or ceases to burn:
No more will it brighten our pathway so drear,
And fill our lone hearts with gladness and cheer.

A home without children! A starless night!
A brook without water, a lamp without light,
A verdant garden without fragrant flowers,
A barren spot in earth's fairest bowers.

## MISERY JIPPEAU.

H. V. OSBORNE.

### CHAPTER XIV.

"And so, to give me life, my mother died," murmured Misery Jippeau again and again that Saturday night, as he tossed about on his pillows. "And he called me Misery in token of the sorrow which I brought to him. And every time he looks at me, I am like the headstone of a grave, reminding him of what he has lost. Ah, it is worse than that; I brought this grief upon him, *I* did, I who would die for him now. No wonder he called me Misery, no wonder he regarded me with bitterness, living with the breath of which I had robbed his Bonnie. Ah, how often in looking at me, he has cried out for her. Oh God, if you would only let me give this breath back to her, and lie cold and still in her place, while she makes glad my father's life. It has been very dear, very precious to live, but I'm weary now, and would lay me down to rest. It is but right I should. I am hateful in his sight, I am his Misery; it were better to be buried. Oh, this weight, this burden—it is crushing me!" Out from his bed he crept, and dressing himself, slipped out through the halls into the lonely, dimly-lighted parlors. Up and down the rooms he dragged himself wearily, supporting his head with his hand, and moaning and crying softly. Had his trouble involved no one else, Misery Jippeau would have borne it bravely; but to know he was the direct cause of suffering to another, to know that in remembrance of this, a fitting name had been given, and that wherever he went, this mark was always upon him, filled his heart with anguish beyond the power of words to describe. No ray of comfort came to him, as the night wore slowly away; the morning found him faint and prostrate on the parlor floor. Hannah found him there, too, as she searched the house for him, and again declaring that "dat ar fun'ral hab been too much for ye," she helped him into an easy chair, and hastened to bring him his breakfast. But he left the meal untasted, and tottering to the library, he closed the door softly behind him, and threw himself upon the sofa. There he lay, staring vacantly at the elegant volumes before him, the rich paintings that

adorned the wall, whispering to himself, "I would bring him only joy, whereas I reflect only misery." The sunlight streamed in at the windows, but the boy saw it not; the birds sung outside in the trees, but he paid them no attention. Again and again he clenched his hands tightly, exclaiming: "Oh father, to think I should have brought this suffering upon you! Misery, Misery, it is a fitting name indeed, and one to which I can answer 'Here I am!' with all my heart. Misery—I am *all* that, and nothing more. It has been the joy of my life to see others happy—but an imp cannot reflect an angel's face, and henceforth I am Misery to myself, and Misery to others. Oh, my father, my father, my father!"

As the boy lay there murmuring and bemoaning his fate, the chimes of St. Peter's struck up a grand old hymn of praise, filling the air with music which reached even Misery's ears, for he started, sat up, pressed his hand to his forehead, as if trying to collect his thoughts, and finally exclaimed, "Is it possible! Sunday, and I had forgotten it! Oh God, I never forgot it before. Can I—yes, I *must* go to church; I must go somewhere, I cannot endure these thoughts. Simon shall drive me—he will be glad, and I'm too faint to walk." He arose, dragged his weary self into the hall, gave his orders, and crept feebly to his dressing-room. And the sun still shone, the birds sung, and the chimes continued to fill the air with their joyous sounds, but no gladness reached the heavy heart of little Jipp, and when he sought God in his morning prayer, he failed to recognize His presence because of the cloud which veiled Him from sight, the cloud with which He hid His nearness.

Moments later, proud horses, guided by a prouder coachman, bore along in a glistening carriage a wan, weary child, a sad, pale-faced boy, who looked neither to the right nor left, but with eyes closed, reclined among the cushions, indifferent to all around. Before the elegant church of St. Peter's the proud horses paused, and the prouder coachman, opening the carriage door, stepped aside for the weary boy to pass. But he merely opened his eyes, and glancing out, shuddered and drew back. "Not here to-day, Simon, most anywhere else. Simon," as the coachman resumed his seat, "drive me to the little gray church, corner of —Avenue and Fourth St. I wonder I did not think of it before," he added to himself, "Mr. Reid is such an earnest man."

Accordingly, as the organist of Christ's church stirred the souls of the congregation with a worshipful voluntary, the heir of the Jippeau estate entered the little sanctuary, and slowly followed the usher to a seat.

Christ's church was always crowded. People that shrunk from going elsewhere were glad to flock here for the welcome they received. People who stayed away from the grand churches of the city because they had no fine clothes to air, felt free to enter this humble house of God in just such apparel as they could afford. I have used the word humble—I do not mean by that that the church was a barn-like affair, a shelter, a mere roof for His followers! Such a structure one may expect to find among people unable to make their homes comfortable and beautiful, and therefore excuse it. But the members of Christ's church had all cozy homes of their own, and instructed by their pastor, would have considered themselves lacking the true spirit of Christians had they refused to render their Sunday parlor less charming than those in their own mansions. They regarded it not only as a duty, but a privilege, to make it an inviting place, and in the devotion of love, each contributed his share for that purpose, and the God who loves cheerful givers looked down upon all and blessed them. They called it their Sunday Home, and all through the week looked forward to it with eager longing, instead of with that undefined dread so familiar to many of His *professed* followers. When I consider the uncomfortable places in which Christians allow themselves to worship, Christians who are able to provide every luxury for their homes, I cease to wonder at their cheerless religion, and their funereal manner on entering the church of God. There are men who would be mortified indeed to be unable to re-furnish their parlors as often as *custom* (not necessity) demands, who scowl if a church needs re-painting once in a thousand years, who cannot understand or appreciate the word *improvement* in this connection. Disciples of Christ they maybe, but they have the spirit of those disciples who cried out, "To what purpose is this waste?" when the box of precious ointment was poured upon Jesus' head. They always think "the poor" should be taken care of first, and take special care to come in with that class themselves, at least one would judge so, seeing where the money goes.

There were a few such characters in

Christ's church when Mr. Reid was first settled there, but by the aid of God's spirit this worthy divine preached such soul-stirring sermons, the grace of God got into their hearts, and manifested itself in their lives, and they became so thoroughly Christianized, they ignored all gods but One. And so they laid their *money*-god upon the altar, vowing to never again worship any graven image, no matter how much it should add to the gold, silver, or paper on which it might be inscribed.

There was everything for comfort, but nothing for show in Christ's church. There was no frescoed recess-sham back of the speaker's desk for the eyes of the unbeliever to rest upon and contemplate, but, in fitting place, there stood the organ, remarkable for its sweet tones, and not for its rainbow paint. The organist was screened! Happy thought. There were baskets of flowers to refresh the sight of all, and texts in ornate, *readable* letters were *here* and *there* displayed, but not *everywhere*. The seats in this place were very unchurchly—were upholstered as luxuriously as Turkish lounges. Petrified cushions for petrified Christians (?), but *form* was sacrificed to comfort when it came to these Christians who *enjoyed* their religion, who believed in rendering their church attractive, not with pomp and vain glory, but in a *homelike* sense, to the non-professor as well as to themselves. Aiming to do this, it was the people that made the place humble; they banished formality, frigidity and sham-dignity, and treated all who chose to enter their "Home," as children of the same God, having with all an equal right to their Father's House.

Misery Jippeau had heard Mr. Reid preach elsewhere, but this was his first visit to Christ's church, and the spirit of the place greatly soothed his troubled heart. He was tired, and everything seemed to speak to him of rest—to bring it to him. The very quietness of taste in the church decorations had its effect upon him, and everyone entered with such gentleness and grace, with such a tender reverence and love for the place, it touched his heart, and he wished he might stay forever under the influence of the "Peace be unto you," which spoke to him from everywhere. Then the very confidence of God's presence in that sanctuary, which these people showed, so impressed the boy, that he began to reach out his hands to His Saviour, and to plead in a general way for help. This one cry was all his faint heart was able to utter; what he needed most he could not define. As he sat there, slowly coming to consciousness, the entire congregation arose, and sung as with one voice, "Home, Sweet Home." It wasn't Payne's poem, nor that doleful "I would-not-live-alway" hymn, where the poet describes the world as being such a miserable, uncomfortable place, a small portion of it is all he desires—oh no, it wasn't that! These Christians thought this world was pretty fair, and worth praising, and that is what they were doing, singing of the Home, Sweet Home God had given them here. They were Christians of *to-day!* To-morrow they left in God's hands. The By and Bye might be sweet, but it was the *Now* leading to it which they considered all-important.

Again Misery was touched with the grace with which these Christians wore their armor.

When the preliminary exercises were over, the pastor arose, and making a slight pause before announcing his text, looked into the faces of the throng before him, as if he would read the longing of every heart. Then, in a quiet, earnest, impressive manner, and in tones almost as soothing as those of the organ dying away on the air, exclaimed: "Ye have need of patience." Listening hearts in unison gave the echo, "Need of patience," though God alone heard the response they made. Such words of power as followed that text Misery Jippeau felt he had never heard until then. Through the most simple utterances, the man poured forth such eloquence, the boy trembled at times like a leaf, and again the orator brought him almost to his feet with courage and willingness to follow wherever the Lord might lead. Up to this hour the boy had been so overwhelmed with his great sorrow, he had not thought to seek relief. The waves had nearly drowned him before this man of God aroused him from his terror, and pointed to the Lord always with us in the ship, with us in all the storms of life, the Lord whom the winds and the sea obey. "Ah," said Mr. Reid as he concluded, looking around upon them all, "we pray when the sorrow first falls, in the very sprinkling of the storm, for God to let it pass; we scarcely wait to know what we can endure; we lift up imploring hands to Him, and beg that the sun may shine at once, and disperse the clouds straightway. And it is well that we have learned where to flee in

our distress, Whom to go to when dismayed, *but* we should learn one thing more—learn to pray as Christ prayed—as He prayed when He declared, 'My soul is sorrowful, even unto death.'

"'Oh, my Father, if—it—be *possible*, let this cup pass from me; NEVERTHELESS, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.' Ah, beloved, we are ever forgetting the *nevertheless!* We have need of patience.

"'A gentle Spirit walketh throughout this world of woe,
With messages of mercy to mourning hearts below;
His peaceful smile invites them to love and to confide,
Oh! follow in His footsteps, keep closely by His side!

So gently will He lead thee through all the cloudy day,
And whisper of glad tidings to cheer the pilgrim-way;
*His* courage never failing, when thine is almost gone,
He takes thy heavy burden, and helps to bear it on.

To soft and tearful sadness He changes dumb despair,
And soothes to deep submission the storm of grief and care;
Where midnight shades are brooding, He pours the light of noon,
And every grievous wound He heals, most surely, if not soon.

He will not blame thy sorrows, while He brings the healing balm;
He does not chide thy longings, while He soothes them into calm;
And when thy heart is murmuring, and wildly asking *why?*
He smiling beckons *forward*, points upward to the sky.

He will not always answer thy questions and thy fear,
His watchword is "Be *patient*, the journey's end is near!"
And ever through the toilsome way, He tells of joys to come,
And points the pilgrim to his rest, the wanderer to his home.'

"'For we have not a High-Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Seeing, then, that we have a great High-Priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession.'"

With these words the minister concluded his sermon, and when the doxology was sung, and the benediction pronounced, the people slowly dispersed. Not, however, to a waltz, for the organist himself was a Christian, and imbued with the spirit of the pastor's gentle words, he sent floating through the air in clear sweet tones the tune we all associate with: "Nearer my God to Thee," and out into the sunshine, down through the park the Christians went with this prayer upon their lips, and Misery, still sitting in the church, whispered softly to himself, "Yes, 'E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me.'" Had you been there, reader, and caught the triumphant glance on the sufferer's face, you would have needed no words to tell you that even in that little time, Misery Jippeau had learned to pray aright, and ever after would remember to add, "*nevertheless*, not as I will, but as Thou wilt," when God's hand was heavy upon him.

---

## CHAP. XV.

Daniel Jippeau had given to his boy the name of Misery, when his soul was bitter with the loss of his wife; given it to him against the most earnest remonstrances of friends: the child was hateful in his sight, and for months after the burial of the mother he had refused to look upon it, had left his home, and traveled from one place to another, scarcely conscious of what he was about.

One night as he lay in a tired, troubled sleep, at a strange hotel in a strange country town, there appeared to him the face of his Bonnie, his dear dead wife. Lovingly, but with so much of sadness, her dark beautiful eyes rested upon him. He extended his arms; the vision came nearer and nearer, her long white dress trailing over the floor, her eloquent eyes still fastened upon him. But when he drew her close to him, and his heart cried out to her of its desolation, he was suddenly silenced by her sobbing, and glancing up he found the long white dress was an infant's robe, and the eyes that had looked upon him so reproachfully were his Bonnie's surely, but embodied in the face of a child in no way resembling his wife. When Daniel Jippeau awakened from sleep, a great longing arose in his heart to see his little one — the fledgling he had scorned and forsaken. The little sad eyes he could not forget, so, following where they seemed to lead, he found himself going towards his dreary, desolate home.

It was a surprise to every one, Daniel Jippeau's home-coming; a surprise which was greatly increased when the sad-stricken man inquired with interest for his child.

"Baby," the proud man whispered when they left him alone with his own; "baby," he murmured, kneeling by the cradle and gently touching the little soft face. Then

baby's brown eyes turned and fastened upon him as those in the dream, and he cried out when he saw them, for they were indeed like his Bonnie's, like those of his dear dead wife. Falling tears rained down his face upon the baby blankets, but a little fat hand with clinging fingers clasped his own, and another one patted his face.

"Oh, baby, and you welcome your cruel father home," he murmured; "Oh, Bonnie, where are you? How *can* we exist without you!"

Again he thought he saw her beckoning to him, but when he wiped the tears from his eyes, he noticed it was only the restless little hands of the child in the cradle. Taking the baby up in his arms, drawing the precious burden close to himself, tangling the long white dress all about him, he softly descended the stairs to the servants' hall, and with traces of tears still upon his face, introduced to those gathered there the little master who soon would rule the house. Long ago they had welcomed him as such, had learned to love the deserted child, and had secretly condemned the parent who so neglected his offspring. Now, their faces lighted up at the change that had come to Daniel Jippeau, and, appreciating the remorse at his treatment which they knew he must feel, they sympathized with the sad, gray-haired man, and cried: "God bress ye, Mas'r Jippeau, welcome home! and God bress de baby."

The child's name, however, was allowed to remain. He had been christened that, and one name was as good as another, the father thought. "When he grows up, I may tell him of those days when my heart in its bitterness wronged him. Aye, I will tell the little fellow, and beg his pardon, too, for the months I left him fatherless. But Misery he has been christened, and the name shall remain as it is. It will make me more gentle to the boy, will remind me that a lifetime cannot atone for the neglect he has received at my hands. Bonnie's baby —to think I should turn from you in anger —child of my Bonnie Jippeau."

The name given in hours of bitterness, therefore, was not exchanged; in token of the father's new love it was suffered to remain. But when he came to dwell in R——, the people noticed that while the child was Misery Jippeau to every one else, he was simply "my boy" to the father. The people of R——, also took note of the father's wonderful love: "He cannot do enough for him," they said, "he is always to be seen with his boy."

Ah, Daniel Jippeau, would that you had never left your child! The few days absence of the present time has brought more sorrow to his heart, than all your neglect in his life's first year brought to you. Yet even as he welcomed you home years ago, with the same gentleness of spirit will he greet you now. Come home, Daniel Jippeau, come home.

(*To be Concluded.*)

# POOR JACK.

REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

The condition, comfort, character of American seamen are all running down. On account of the brutalities practiced on board ship, the increasing hazard of life, the small income which is the usual result of even the longest voyage, the herding with rag-a-muffins of all nations, only one quarter of the seamen on American ships are Americans. So says Consul Jewell in his new book, which makes a leading point of the cruelties practiced at sea, the necessary debasement of seamen and frequent loss of ships.

The wrong begins many times in smuggling an unconscious landsman aboard ship when there is difficulty in getting a crew, keeping him in irons till the ship sails, and then depending on the belaying-pin or capstan-bar to oblige this stolen man to do duty at a little more than half a dollar a day. Though the son of a sailor and frequently at sea, I was not aware that this process of "shanghaiing" was still kept up. February, 1872, a Williamsburg tinsmith went over to New York to do business on a vessel lying at the foot of Rutgers Street. How he became unconscious he does not know: it does not appear that he was a drinking man: when he came to himself he found there were three others entrapped in the same way, and all sailing away from home. He promised the captain not to prosecute the ship if he were

released—whereupon the officer generously set him adrift at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, to walk to Baltimore as well as he could. The American ship Bengal was a remarkable case as examined by this Consul at Singapore, for it had several kidnapped persons, who were regularly flogged with a stick of wood to get work out of them which they had never agreed to do. This case of Charles Baistone, a clerk in a commission-house in Baltimore, who was knocked down, gagged, and put aboard ship in a state of unconsciousness, it must be remembered is all on oath before an United States officer: and that the excuse was the impossibility of procuring sailors in any other way. It must necessarily be that many such cases fail to be brought to light, as being a poor class the victims are easily bought off from prosecuting their case at law, and not a few are lost at sea, sometimes from the fearful tyranny under which they suffer.

It appears that the United States Navy, which costs more than any other navy in proportion, has made some diabolical inventions. Several of our national ships coffin a man in a rough box closely fitting his person for the period of whole days, in which the men sometimes die, and much oftener go crazy. Commodore Semmes distinguished himself in such barbarities. Richard Matthews he nailed up in a box three feet long, eighteen inches wide, eighteen inches deep. Force was used to crush down the protruding head and knees. For one hundred and twenty hours this ingenious torture was inflicted, food being administered through a six-inch hole. Semmes, though convicted of the crime, was discharged from any punishment at the end of a single year, though not one murderer in a hundred is guilty of such intentional, persistent cruelty. Not even his pay was stopped for that period, though half a dozen of his crew had nearly lost their lives, and the man proved himself to be a perfect monster.

Many and many is the poor boy, deceived by the romance of the sea in Marryatt's novels, who finds himself horded with the vilest of the vile in a nasty forecastle, knocked down if through faintness he does not move quickly, sent aloft while his head swims with seasickness, fed worse than a dog, sported with and drenched for not being able to sit up, and made to feel in this coerced service that he has fallen into a living hell.

Phinsoll, M. P., for Derby, convinced the British public that many rotten ships are bought by unscrupulous merchants and sent to sea under heavy insurances in order to profit by their destruction. Of course the sailors are of no account in such transactions. Their murder does not deprive these Shylocks of their full night's rest.

Again, a vast amount of the increasing destruction of our ships is caused by the overloading which is prompted by the greed of gain. Where weak vessels carry even heavy loads on deck, and are almost unprovided with boats, it is not strange that (when they go down suddenly in a storm) they carry all on board. The "Maria Rickers" took an immense cargo at Singapore for New York, and after she had repaired from an injury by a rock near the harbor, it was found impossible to get the cargo back again. Even the mere landsman can see with half an eye, that, if the deck of a vessel is encumbered with boxes, bales, and barrels, it will be hard to work the ship: and if attacked by a sudden squall she may go down before her canvass can be taken off —besides the shifting of a cargo which often takes place in a heavy swell where much of it is improperly secured.

American commerce, it seems, requires half a million seamen for its 30.000 vessels: but until their condition is materially changed for the better, property and life will be hazarded by the employment of foreign trash, the sweepings of the streets, the refuse of every calling under heaven, and the more abandoned of the criminal class.

The demoralization of American commerce dates with the rush to California, when very swift voyages had to be made to meet the demand of the fever for gold.

As a sailor is nothing but a floating gypsey, the United States ought to make humane provision for his punishment. Discipline has to be maintained on board ship at any cost. Humane friends of mine have felt obliged sometimes to shoot a mutineer dead. Where so much is at stake, there can be but one supreme authority: and that requires instant obedience. A captain without any capacity of enforcing obedience should never be allowed aboard ship. But certainly it cannot promote a man's cheerful execution of orders to break down his nose with a wooden club on his first day "out." Neither will this humane age tolerate the hanging up a man by the wrists, or coffining him in Semmes' box, or shooting him dead because his hands are numb, and he does

not reef sail in ship-like fashion. Then, the abuse of the slop-chest ought to be put down by law. Very miserable underclothes are furnished to poor Jack by the steward at ten times their cost, and deducted from his miserable wages. This, of course, makes the poor fellow feel cheated: it indisposes him to cheerful obedience, and even prompts him to steal when there is opportunity. Were every ship compelled to carry two suits of extra clothing for every man, which should be furnished him at ten per cent advance on the retail price, all this bitterness of feeling, this rankling spite would be removed.

And still more ought to be done in the direction of sailors' boarding-houses, where they should be entirely safe from the temptations which used to be concentrated upon them in my boyhood, encouraged to lay up their hard earnings, nursed if sick, amused with pleasant games and the better class of novels, provided with employment under kind-hearted officers, and developed into a brave, generous, Christian humanity.

There is no nobler class of men, if they are only allowed a ghost of a chance: and none worse when they find themselves systematically outraged by fiends in human form.

## MY AIN DEAR MAY

(*See Frontispiece.*)

Oh, luve will venture in where it daurna weel be seen,
Oh, luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been!
But I will down yon river rove amang the woods sae green:
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May!

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer:
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For its like a balmy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue:
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air:
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o day;
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away:
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu', when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her eon sae clear;
The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear:
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove:
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

It is not much thought of, but it is certainly a very important lesson, to learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and to be able to relish your being, without the transport of some passion, or gratification of some appetite. For want of this capacity, the world is filled with whetters, tipplers, cutters, sippers, and all the numerous train of those who, for want of thinking, are forced to be ever exercising their feeling or tasting.—*Steele.*

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

This Institution, at Washington, District of Columbia, U. S., was organized by act of Congress in 1846, in accordance with the will of James Smithson, who bequeathed the reversion of an estate amounting to $515,169 to the United States of America, to be devoted to the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men. He was an Englishman, a natural son of Hugh, third Duke of Northumberland, and Mrs. Elizabeth Macie, a niece of Charles, Duke of Somerset. He devoted his life to scientific pursuits, especially to chemistry, and died in Genoa in 1829. The Smithsonian building is constructed of lilac-gray freestone, and is in the style of architecture belonging to the last half of the twelfth century; the semicircular arch, stilted, is employed throughout, in door, windows, and other openings. The main building is 205 feet long, 57 feet wide, and to the top of the corbel course 58 feet high. The east wing is 82 by 52 feet, and to the top of its battlement 42½ feet high. The west wing is 84 by 40 feet, and 38 feet high. Each of the wings is connected with the main building by a range which, including its cloisters, is 60 feet long by 49 feet wide; this makes the length of the entire building, from east to west, 447 feet. The north front of the main building has two central towers, the loftiest of which is 150 feet high. The south central tower is 37 feet square, 91 feet high; the double campanile tower, 17 feet square, 117 feet high; the south-west corner has an imposing octagonal tower. There are four other smaller towers, making nine in all, the effect of which is very beautiful. The building was much injured by fire in January, 1865, but the burned portions were at once rebuilt. The building contains museum, library, cabinets of natural history, lecture-

rooms, laboratory, &c. The museum occupies the ground floor, and is the principal attraction to a large portion of visitors. The institution is governed by regents, appointed by the federal government. It has long been a very valuable medium for exchanges with other countries, and its museum is enriched with the gatherings of national exploring expeditions. A portion of its funds is devoted to scientific researches and the publication of works too expensive for private enterprise. It procures and distributes to students throughout the world collections illustrative of all natural sciences, and when investigated, divides the collections with a long list of institutions. The Smithsonian contributions are the work of men residing in every part of the United States. Does an individual think he has the data upon which to base an important discovery, he communicates his plan to the Institution. His suggestions are referred to men in other places, who have made that branch an especial subject of study, and if they report favorably upon it, the author is furnished with facilities for pursuing and describing his investigations. Does he want some book, not to be found in the library nearest his home? The Institution purchases it and loans it to him, to be returned to the library. His work, when finished, may be invaluable to a scientific man, but is not in sufficient demand to warrant any publisher in issuing it. The Institution prints it, with the proper illustrations, and gives the author the privilege of using the plates in order to print a copyright for sale. Those published by the Institution are sent to every great library and every scientific body in the world, and these in return send back all their publications. Thus already a most valuable library has been collected, containing books hardly to be found collected together anywhere else in the United States. Under the management of its secretary have been organized departments of Astronomy, Ethnology, Meteorology, and Terrestrial Magnetism. The courses of public lectures by eminent scientific men are among the many attractions of the Capital.

THE RUM-SELLER'S TRADE-MARK.

## KIN AND KAD.

H. V. OSBORNE.

A forlorn-looking tenement-house, "Poverty Row" lifted itself up into hot air, and stood there, sun-burned and blistered, all the breathless Summer days. There were no green trees to stretch out their arms protectingly; no high hills to cast cool shadows around. Bare-headed, dirty and brown, it stood there, and lent its services unselfishly to those who sought its sheltering care.

Up over so many flights of stairs, with only the roof between them and the sun, lived Kin and Kad, two beggarly poor children, brother and sister, who, for a year, had called "Poverty Row" home, and, miserable place though it was, considered themselves extremely fortunate in being able to secure lodgings thus comfortable. Once upon a time, Kin and Kad owned a father and mother; but, being owned by them no longer, and being by them forsaken, they belonged to that class which the Lord especially claims, and for which he has especially promised to provide.

Kin and Kad were twins. Each gave the other all his stock of love, which made life very sweet to them. Kin, in feature, was beautiful; but he was blind. Kad was not as pretty; but her eyes were large and lustrous enough for two, so she shared them with Kin. The latter played the violin, the former sung charmingly; but they were uncultivated musicians, having never "taken lessons" from any one. Nevertheless, Kin-Kad music was the delight of the neighborhood, and brought the performers many a substantial compliment.

"Kad," said Kin, one dreary rainy day, "if ye could on'y read to us, it wouldn't seem so dark, would it? An' the time would git along quicker!" And for weeks after that, Kin summed up all his wants in, "Oh, if we could on'y read."

As the result of this, Kad, poor as she was, decided to go half-days to the public-school, and acquire the art, inasmuch as she was always to be eyes for both. But Kin wasn't to remain idle; while Kad, in a hot school-room, plodded away at her lessons, Kin sat in a shaded nook of the city's thoroughfare, and there, by his wondrous beauty and his sad sweet music, picked up a living for the two.

One night, as Kad led Kin homeward, he found difficulty in keeping step with her; she danced first on one foot, then on the other, occasionally pirouetting and pulling away, though evidently trying to restrain herself. Kin could not see her face as the brightness flashed across it; but her touch

thrilled him, for it told him Kad was very happy.

"Wot is it, sister?" he cried; "tell me right off. I can't wait. Have ye learned to read? Is that it?"

"Oh, land, no! Why, that takes forever, 'most," said Kad, "and this 'll take on'y jest six weeks! Oh, its awful good! *ever* so splendid!" and Kad hugged the boy and his violin both, and kissed his face and hair.

"It might n't be about me, sister, might it?" urged Kin. "Ye hain't found any one that—that could possibly do—as—Nan Krinkle said *He* did—the good Jesus-man? Oh, ye don't mean I'm agoin' to see—like other folks—ye don't mean that?" and Kin's face grew pale with the thought, and a little sweaty hand crept out to his sister's, in silent beseeching.

"Oh no; oh no;" and the girl walked more slowly. "I wish it *was* that; but it ain't. Its terrible good, though! Oh, Kin Kent, it *is* jest splendiferous! Wait till we git in the house. I can't think, my head's all goin' round so! That me—sech a poor brat as me—Kad Kent, of 'Poverty Row'—should ever git sech honors! Oh, it beats me! It beats every thing I *ever* heard of! Here we ain. You go up, Kin; I'll git a dipper o' water, an' foller."

Once together again, in their own little attic, Kad threw her arms around Kin, who was lying on the bed, and drew his face close to hers. Then, seizing him impetuously by the shoulders, she looked down into his expectant face, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Kin, I'm agoin' to be in a show! A real show! Not no 'Poverty Row' performance; but a show jest as good as a real-for-true circus! Its a exhibition, Kin, an' we're goin' to sing, me an' the rest; an' some 'll speak pieces—an' oh, I love it so! I never dreamed o' sech luck afore, Kin; an' I bet you never did, neither!"

"A real-for-true show," said Kin, dreamily—"beer an' dancin', an'—"

"Oh no," broke in Kad, "ye don't know at all! Its—its—more like a school—only it ain't a bit! But the singin' is. Oh, there'll be lots o' grand folks there, an' I shall see everythin', jest for once; and I'll see 'em for you, too, Kin, and come home an' tell ye jest beautiful things! Say *hooray*, Kin, with me—holler it—one, two, three—"

"Hooray!" they shouted, and then they both laughed until they nearly cried; and Kin kept saying, "Tell me more, Kad; tell me more!" So Kad drew upon her imagination, and was decidedly in earnest when she said:

"Perhaps there'll be a real king and queen there to see us, with gold dresses an' lots o' money, an' red an' blue feathers in their heads, an' ice-cream and frosty cake!"

Kin had once seen "ice-cream an' frosty cake" through mouth medium; so the very mention of them took his eye at once; though "red and blue feathers" possessed for him no charm.

"Oh, my goody!" said he, striking a few chords on his violin, "wouldn't *I* jest like to be in a for-true show like that; I'd find my way to the ice-cream, in a hurry! You sure about that, Kad?"

"Oh, for certain—it must be—yes, I'm sure," said Kad, rolling on the bed, her hot cheeks all splashed with red, and her eyes shining bright. "An' oranges, an' *candees*, an' lem'nade. But I'll on'y pick at 'em—I'll bring 'em all home to you, Kin. You ain't got no eyes to see with—an' I can look at the king an' queen. An' oh, mebbe there'll be a little baby elephant—p'r'aps!" and she sprang up, clapping her hands. "They *do* have 'em to circuses—an' this is '*most* a circus; its jest as good, on'y its a exhibition. I'm goin' to sing, 'His Love Shines Over All,' all by myself; and lots of other tunes, with the rest of 'em. Oh, why *ain't* it jest to-morrow? All the good times has to be waited for!"

"Not all," said Kin; "I've had splendid luck to-day. See!" and he thrust his hat toward her, and jingled its contents.

"Oh, ye dear good boy," said Kad; and she threw her arms around him.

After this, they had their supper; then they sung and played, and, through their skylight, watched the stars, as they found their way through the blue. And they did not fall asleep till almost daybreak, so full were their little simple hearts with this fine exhibition.

All the weeks previous to its coming, Kin and Kad talked over this splendid affair to be, until their little brains were almost turned; and Kad was so wrought up with excitement, she could scarcely eat or sleep, and her lessons progressed very slowly. At last, it wanted only a week before the grand event.

"Kin," said Kad, "I *do* jest wisht I had a white dress. I *love* white so! My calico 'll do; but ain't white dretful pretty? Oh,

but I never, never could git a white dress—never!"

"Why not ask God for it? suggested Kin; "the mission lady said He'd give us any thing we asked for. if we'd on'y take it for granted he would; an' I bet He would too; for they must have stacks of 'em in heaven!"

"Mebbe He'd give me an angel's old dress," said Kad, who had never worn any thing but the cast-off clothing of others; "it would be jest splendid, an' the angel wouldn't want it lyin' 'round, would she?"

So, every night, even on the noted one itself, Kad and Kin prayed for a white dress that some angel had got through with, always declaring, "Its jest as good for us; an' we'll never forgit it—never."

It didn't come. Kad did not fret, however; for "the show," in itself, proved a powerful antidote.

"I've washed up my cal'co, *so* clean," said Kad, on the evening in question; "an' Bessie Griggs has give me a ribbon for my hair, an' I will do first-rate; an' oh, Kin, I love you so!" she exclaimed.

"An' I love *you* so," chimed Kin.

"An' I won't forgit nothin'; an' I'll bring my pocket full; an' I'll tell ye sech lots." Kad bent down and kissed Kin; then added tremulous with joy: "I'm goin' now. Oh, its come at last; it'll be *so* splendid. Ye won't go to sleep, Kin? I'll jest scamper home, when its through. Oh, my feet is awful clean an' white; I'd rayther 'em nor shoes. Good-bye; its time, its really time;" and giving Kin an impetuous caress, she sped out of the door—out of Poverty Row—on, on, out of the dark, dirty streets—out into the brilliantly-lightly avenue, not for an instant pausing until she arrived at Concert Hall. Out of breath, lips parted, eyes gleaming, Kad crowded up the stairs, and pushed her little self, quivering with delight, into the dressing-room. Oh, what a lovely vision met her gaze! How beautiful the children were, in their dainty white dresses, and tiny flower-wreaths! How splendid their satin slippers and their bright rich sashes!

"Oh-h-h!" said Kad, softly, clasping her hands in admiration.

"Why, Kad Kent!" exclaimed Bertha Raymond, turning suddenly around, "you'll just be awful late; you'd better go home and get ready, just as fast as you can!"

"I *be* ready," said Kad, simply, looking admiringly at Nettie Wilson's spangled fan.

"You're not going to wear *that* dress, I hope!" exclaimed a group, in chorus. "I wouldn't be seen," added Pinky Flushing, scornfully.

"But I ain't got no other," persisted Kad; "an' its *so* clean."

Here the children flocked together around Bertha Raymond, and whispered to each other, and nodded at Kad, who looked more bewildered than embarrassed, more surprised than annoyed.

Presently, they broke away from each other, and again surveyed the unflinching little Kad.

"My goodness!" said Kate Peck, "she hasn't any shoes on her feet—did you *ever*, Beatrice?—not a single shoe or stocking on her two livin' feet. And here little smothered laughs went the rounds. Then Hetty Thompson and Josie Webb left the room excitedly.

Kad sat down on her feet, in the corner. She was tired, very tired. She wished that the show would begin; she wondered if the king and queen had yet arrived; and her throat was so hot, so dry, she couldn't help wishing for the "lem'nade."

A hush, and the Principal and two teachers were ushered in by the children who had left a few moments before. Kad arose to her feet.

"There she is," said Josie Webb, pointing at the little intruder, "and she *has n't* any on; for you can see for yourself!"

The teachers were too well-bred to exclaim, as the children; but they looked at each other questioningly and much perplexed. Advancing, one said:

"This is Kad Kent, is it not? Could n't you wear a white dress to-night?"

"And, dear, where are your stockings and shoes?" inquired the others, pleasantly.

"I ain't got none. I wanted one; it did n't come: so I *managed*;" and the brave little girl smiled brightly out of her trouble.

The teachers held a whispered consultation for at least five minutes; then, little realizing the blow it was to the child, they drew near again, said they were "very sorry," and if they only had known about it, etc.; she had such a *sweet* little voice, etc.; but really under the circumstances, they could not think of her appearing in that costume, if only for her own sake. Then, as the white, pleading, frightened face looked out from the one generally so happy and bright, one added: "And you don't feel well, do you, dear? You look real sick. We will just tell the people she was unable

to remain," she added, addressing the Principal.

"Such a splendid voice," the latter remarked; "but then she certainly can not be well to-night. I never saw such a hue on a mortal face; and that dress and those feet would never, never do. Here, child, here's a bright five-cent piece for you; and now, I guess you 'd better run home, before it gets any later; for it 's time, now, for the entertainment to commence."

"Yes 'm," said Kad, the beseeching look fading out of her face. Yes 'm," repeated Kad, in a dazed manner, and groped for the door, worse than Kin would have done.

Out she went; out from the brilliant corridor; out from the elegant Concert Hall. On, on through the splendid avenues—on, on she sped, till she reached a narrow side-street. Darting down this into a deserted alley-way, she hid herself in its darkest corner. She pressed her hands to her head, to feel if it were really there; she rubbed her eyes, to realize if she were surely awake; she clasped her cold hands together several times, to see if they were flesh and blood, or only marble. Then, after a little, as she took in by degrees her great, great trouble, she groaned aloud, and rolled over and over on the damp ground, in her agony; for to Kad, this disappointment was a terrible calamity—as great a grief as her little life could ever know. And as she thought of Kin waiting for her at home, all aglow for the account she had promised, she tore her hair, in her great distress, and bruised her fair forehead on the coarse gravel.

"O, I never can tell Kin, in the world!" she cried. "I can 't; it 's too dretful! What *will* he say! Oh, I must, *must* tell him! I've got to; I must go straight to Kin."

She got up. The clean dress was soiled now, and her white feet stained with red. She looked five years older, and her heavy curls clung in damp masses to her head; while Bessie Griggs's gift-ribbon was utterly spoiled. She staggered along the street; she tried to think how best the news might be broken to Kin; and, at last, deciding on her course of action, she presented herself before her blind, expectant brother. At the sight of his eager face, however, all Kad's brave plans vanished.

"Oh, Kinnie," she faltered, brokenly, and burst into tears at his feet.

"Kaddie, baby darling," said the boy; and stooping, wound his sturdy little arms around her.

A single tone tells the blind so much, and Kin's quick perception readily divined a great sorrow, though, to eyes ignorant of colors, and the contrast in attires, the direct cause did not present itself.

Ere the night was over, Kad had told him all, but only consoling, self-forgetful words fell from the blind boy's lips.

Kad did n't go to school the day following: she lay tossing on the old straw bed, unconscious of trouble, though talking incessantly. Kin was nearly wild. He could feel her hot face, her burning hands, and hear her incoherent mutterings; and he knew she must be "dretful sick." He sent Peter Repp for Bessie Griggs, who, though poor as they, summoned a doctor to little Kad's bedside. Well, there were weeks of watching; but Poverty Row held warm hearts, and Kad did n't suffer for care.

One night, Kad opened her eyes and looked around. Kin sat beside her, sad and sorrowful.

"Kinnie, twinnie," she whispered, faintly, "Oh, I *do* love ye so! Kin—my little Kin—I've been to see God, Come closer, Kin. God wants me to sing in heaven—an' I ain't got to wait. An', Kin, He's give me a dress—Oh, *so* white, *so* beautiful!—an' He says He loves me, Kin. An' the dress ain't old; it's new—the first new dress I've ever had. I'm to be His angel, an' to sing for him. An' when I get wings, Kinnie, twinnie, I'll come a-floatin' down the air, an' I'll hum the music to ye; an' Oh, ye 'll play it so splendid! God says He will give me charge over my little brother—you 're so blind, darlin'—an' I 'll never let ye fall, or hurt yerself; never. Kinnie, git the violin an' let me try my piece."

The despairing boy found the instrument, and then the weak little voice struck up the concert piece, "His Love Shines Over All;" but it was never finished on earth. The angels came to Poverty Row, and bore the singing little girl away to heaven; and to-day, Kad is an angel, casting her bright crown before Him who redeemed her, and "who, being no respecter of persons, has chosen the poor of this world as heirs of the kingdom which he has promised to them that love him."—*Golden Hours.*

## FATAL CURIOSITY.

"Now, pussy, I've rescued you from the Jackson Hollow boys, and I've brought you milk to drink, and a piece of old carpet to lie on, and you musn't make a bit of noise, or Aunt Nancy will turn you out of doors in a jiffy; and above all, pussy, don't touch that old bell. Good-bye."

And then Trot True shut the door carefully, and went out. Pussy was dreadfully tired after her hard struggle with the cruel boys, and so she lay down and took a long nap. After a while she woke up, and washed her face with her paws, and combed out her tail with her rough tongue, and began to grow a little tired of the safe shelter Trot had found for her, in an unoccupied room intended for the servants. She could not get out at the windows, as it was too high, and had no sill on which she could rest her feet. In one corner hung a bell intended to wake the sleepy handmaidens.

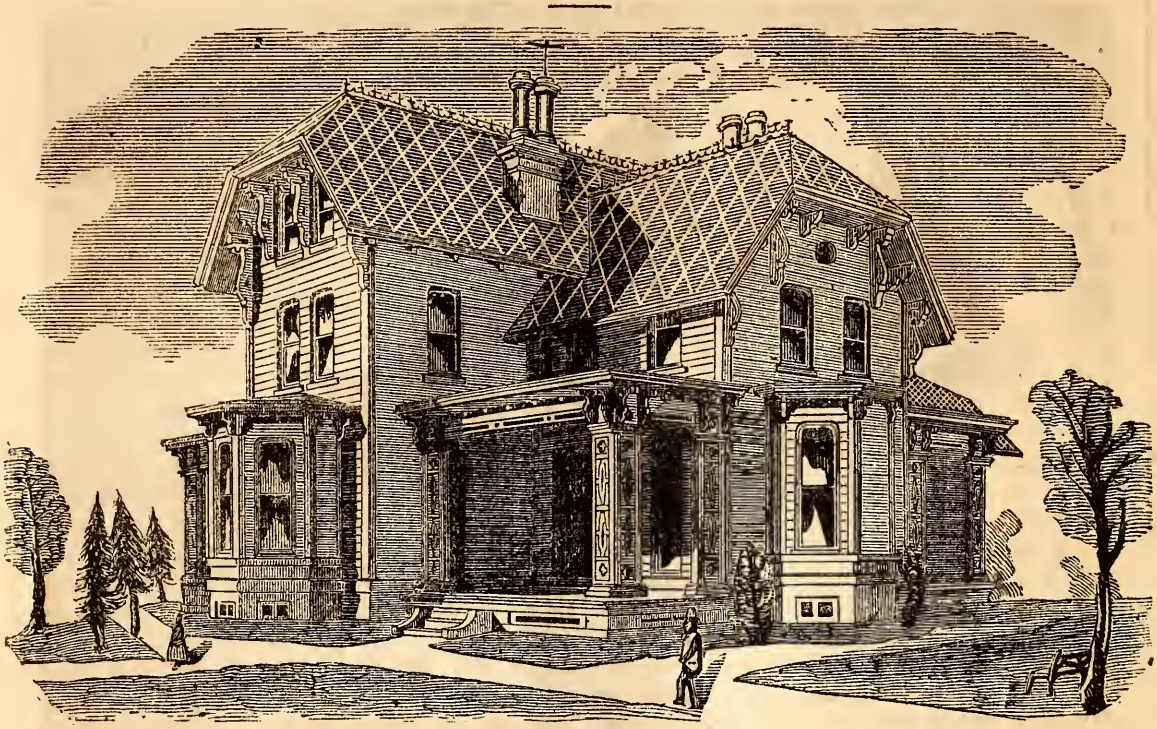
Pussy stole up softly and smelt of the bell, and then stared at it solemnly. Presently she gave it a very soft tap with her paw and stepped back, then another, and another, and lo! such a peal as that bell rang out, swinging to and fro!

It was not long before Ann and Bridget and Aunt Nancy came trembling up stairs to find a burglar so bold as to ring the bell.

Aunt Nancy poked the end of her little pink nose inside the door, and then there was an end to pussy's stay.

"An awful horrid cat! Drive her out! Scat! scat!" So pussy lost a home, and Trot lost a cat through idle curiosity.

# SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

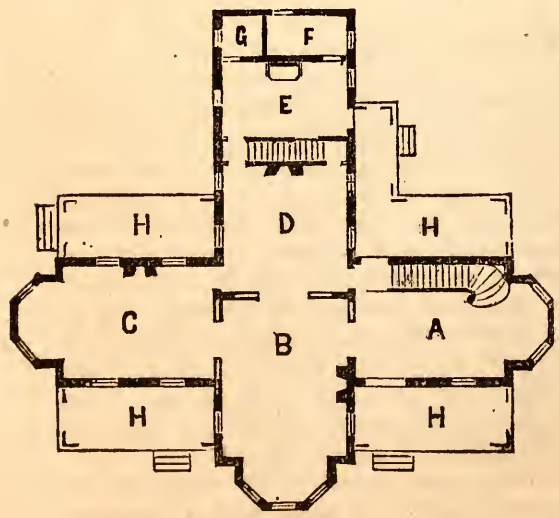


This beautiful cottage was designed and built for Mr. Wm. Jackson, near Pittsburgh, Pa., and is a very commodious and comfortable residence. Its peculiar plan affords the greatest possible capacity, as the hall, dining-room, sitting room and parlor can be thrown into one grand room, which, being connected with back and front porches by windows running to the floor, contains a very large area. The kitchen apartments are entirely separate. It has been occupied for five years. and the owner has remarked that if he were to build another house, he would not alter, in a single particular, any portion of it. The house cost the owner $15,000, but we will place it by the side of many costing $50,000, and for capacity, grand interior, as well as largeness of external appearance, entirely eclipse them.

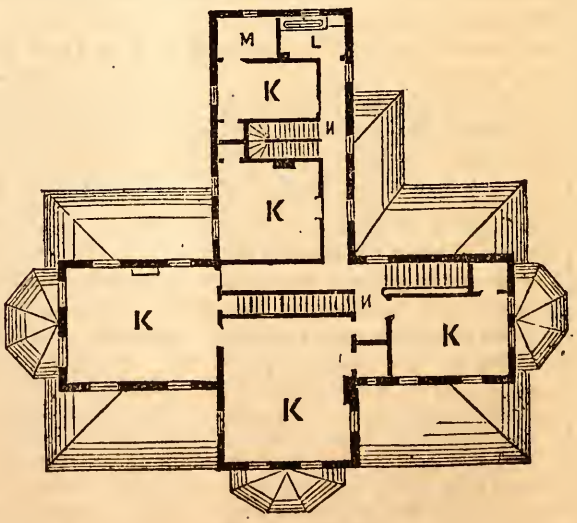
First Floor.—A, stair hall, 16x22 feet; B, parlor, 18x30 feet; C, sitting-room, 16x22 feet; D, dining-room, 18x18 feet; E, kitchen, 13x18 feet; F, scullery, 6x10 feet, 6 inches; G, pantry, 6x7 feet; H, porches.

Second Floor.—K, chambers; L, bath-room; M, linen-closet.

This design is taken from that choice book which we have before had occasion to notice—Hobb's Architecture, published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. The book is full of rare and beautiful designs, and also contains ground plans, rules for criticism, etc. It is printed on heavy, tinted paper, is prettily bound, is dedicated to the ladies of the United States, and would be an addition to any library. We hope before long to favor our readers with more designs by the same architect.




FIRST FLOOR.




SECOND FLOOR.

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

H. V. OSBORNE, Editor.

## THE VEILED MUSE.

It is a fact, which every lover of verse should deplore, that modern poetry is becoming as vague and obscure to the man of average intelligence, as the Wagnerian theory of music to the cultured Italian. So hidden from view are some of the thoughts in Tennyson's poems, that we, in our discomfiture, are apt to imagine the author's inability to clearly express himself, and in the dressings of many of his old epics, the most rigid analysis and most figurative application of the words are entirely inadequate to enable us to draw satisfactory conclusions as to the author's real meaning. Some may say the reason of this is, that in the almost ecstatic state to which the poet is translated while evolving the sentiments of his theme, his imagination sees in many words a subtle significance, not to be discerned except by minds worked up to the same pitch of excitement as his own; hence, in his mental enthusiasm, he perceives an infinity of analogies, which entirely escapes the mind in its normal state. This reason is a little too psychological to be comprehended readily, and, in our opinion, a little too generous to be true, for the poems treat of plain historical subjects, the fascination of which should be in the simplicity of their narration, but which seem to us to be rendered purposely problematical and obscure. Beautiful thoughts are like beautiful women: the more they are over-dressed, the less they are refined; and this is our opinion concerning "phraseological extravagancies." A scientific work to be understood, a metaphysical or psychological discussion to be comprehended, or a poem to turn the mind to gladness, and the heart to song, must be simply expressed, and as far as possible monosyllabic, otherwise the author circumscribes his fame, and by his own free will lessens the number of his readers. Most of our representative men recognize this fact, and hence it is as easy to read a page of science by Tyndall, a page of logic by McCosh, a page of Political Economy by McIlvaine, as it is to read the page of an ordinary novel. But modern poets, as a rule, dress their thoughts in such fantastic garments, make use of such a barbarous vocabulary, and approach their theme with such unnecessary flourishes that their productions are almost always obscure, and to the average reader, entirely without meaning. The mission of a writer is not so much to attract the attention of the cultured and refined, as it is to captivate the unwary and unwise; hence he should clothe his ideas in such a simple garb that the wayfaring man, though a fool, may readily digest and understand.

## POOR SPELLS.

It is useless for any would-be contributor to send us manuscripts, with any hope of their being accepted, if he be ignorant or careless enough to misspell the commonest words. Appearances are sometimes deceitful, but they are the exception, and not the rule in the case of poor spellers. To take up a manuscript and read mag-i-zine in the very superscription is generally enough for us without proceeding further; and when we open an introductory letter and find *very* written v-e-r-r-y, experience, experiance, and oblige, oblidge, we have but very little interest in the story it accompanies, and more pity for the writer than confidence in his brains. Occasionally such writers are thoughtful enough to append, "Plese correct all misstakes in speling and riting," but to such we here reply, if you are not able to revise your own articles, especially the orthography, we have but little faith in your being able to cater to the taste of cultivated people, and the time spent in correcting your mistakes would be merely time thrown away. We are not exaggerating, or writing upon this subject to add a paragraph to this page. We write because we feel forced to—because we are daily mortified by the ignorance displayed by the *majority* of our correspondents in this one respect—spelling. Delicately-perfumed notes, tinted paper and elegant penmanship do not make poor spelling any more acceptable, and we decline to accept assistance from writers who have no more respect for themselves, or regard for the English language than to disgrace and caricature it in this way. We seem to have arrived at that pass when it is considered more essential for the youth of our land to write French and German faultlessly than to master their own mother tongue. And we protest against it. We believe in adding accomplishment to accomplishment as fast as proficiency in each may warrant, but we do not believe in sacrificing foundation to ornament. If your ambition lead you to build high, go ahead; but for pity's sake, begin right, lest your structure topple over. No one need be mortified to confess his ignorance of foreign tongues, but to be unable to properly express himself in his own, this should indeed humiliate him! Instead, however, the non-chagrined word-mutilator comes forward to instruct and entertain his fellow-men, and with all the presumption imaginable, hopes we will *except* his MSS., and *anser* at once. Are we too severe in our criticisms? Do we overlook the fact that many have never received educational advantages?

No, not all! We fully realize that the ignorance of some is owing to no fault of their own, but it is not at these we are aiming, but at the careless and indifferent individual who has wasted his many opportunities, who persists in disguising his words in such grotesque attire, they excite only the contempt or derision their due from those able to recognize what the writer intended. Nor are our correspondents below the average in culture and learning: only a few years ago the President of a college, located not many miles from here, made to us the statement embodied in the following: out of one hundred selected words in general use, one student missed, in written examination, *ninety-nine*, another, *ninety-eight;* and among nearly four hundred students there were only two who spelled the entire list without error. And yet these students had passed creditable examinations in many difficult branches in order to secure admission, and some were seniors in the regular college course! It is almost needless to add that the majority of them made strenuous objections to the English exercises, afterwards daily required, declaring they finished spelling when they were children! The President took their words for it—the words on their specimen lists. We do not say that we shall refuse all misspelled MSS., but we suggest, if writers wish to favorably impress editors with their wares, they should occasionally consult the dictionary, and then group their alphabetical acquaintances according to rule instead of fancy, for we think it to be in about as good taste for one to trample on his country's flag as to disgrace and dishonor the laws of her language.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

——, Conn., March 10th, 1874.

Dear Editor—Presuming on two things—your philanthropy and your patience—I write this letter, though I can hardly hope it will be noticed among the thousands you daily receive.

I read your magazine, and I like it, and I want you to tell me what to do. I am a kind of bird caged in by relatives and friends, who pet and caress, and admire me, while I can do nothing but amuse and please. Sometimes I grow tired, and when they are very busy, I thrust my head through the bars and watch the busy people and the free-winged birds, but it only makes me sad, for I long so to join them. My life is so idle, and I want to work, I sometimes write stories for the children, and bits of poetry, but if my parents find them they call me foolish, and laugh at me. I can do nearly all kinds of housework, but I don't have any to do now, and I don't need money. Writing is the only thing I can do at home, and I can't go away. Would you advise me to try my wings with the literary birds? Perhaps you think I would only prove a contemptible, cawing crow, or at best a magpie, uttering a nonsensical imitation of others. Peraps I would.

As I said before, I do not care for money, I only want something to do, where I can work for Christ, and be of some use in the world.

Catherine G. Dartmore.

Catherine G. Dartmore.—We do not wish to seem severe, but being so earnest in this work ourself, and so devoted to it that we have left home and friends to give it the best of our life and time, we cannot but smile—ever so little—at your wanting to work so much, that you appeal to a stranger to point out your path of duty. Never mind. Don't be vexed with us, for we certainly will be as sincere as we are frank with you. In the first place, you say writing is the only thing you can do at home—and you cannot go away. If this statement be correct, any suggestion from us urging any other work upon you, would be useless. You are forced to write or be idle—i. e., if your premises are correct. But *are* they? *Is* there nothing else you can do at home? Supposing this were the last year of your life—is there nothing of real importance to be done that would cause you to wish at the end: "Oh for an hour more of time!" Any kind offices toward others you will wish you had not neglected, any duty toward self you will wish had been performed? Think this over soberly, carefully, anxiously, and if there be anything undone, anything from which you are shrinking, ask yourself why it is you are deferring it—ask yourself why it is you are trying to pass it by to reach something else which distance prevents you from clearly defining. Drop a pebble into a clear lake—the little circles which it creates on the surface of the water begin at the very point at which it was dropped—begin at home—and from that they grow larger and larger, extend further and further, until at last they touch the opposite shores. And that is the way with life work, when the circle of duties that lies nearest is completed, it will widen and lead to others, until finally we shall look with surprise upon the distance we have compassed, and the relation which the first duty bore to all the rest. But granting your statement that there is nothing else to do at home, let us take up the second clause. "And I cannot go away!" *Cannot?* If your duties are all performed at home, what hinders you from seeking a wider field? Personal inclination, the objections of parents, the fear of trusting yourself to the "cold cruel world?" Ah! if you were earnest you could conquer all such difficulties in little time. We

grant it must seem like a great undertaking to one reared as you have been—the Pet of the household, the stockholder of hearts, but it has been done by others as dearly cared for as yourself, with just as pleasant homes and friends. Lives of ease—of idleness, are not intended for many, "our rest is not here," you know, there is a work for each, and it is each one's duty to find it—and if it isn't to be found at home it should be sought abroad.

We have remarked before in the pages of this magazine, that we do not believe in the pretty quotation: "If you want a field of labor you can find it *anywhere!*" You can find it *somewhere*, but *not* anywhere. People like to comfort themselves with this belief, and like to throw it in the way of others looking for work. Once some one tried to persuade us from playing Bohemian, with this same little verse—did it in all kindness too, but we thank the Lord we were too earnest to heed it, and that we sought a field where we could work to better advantage, than we could on the home lot recommended. We believe there is work for all, and congenial work too. We think people have come to look upon duty as something disagreeable to be done—a cross to be borne—and that if they find themselves on a pleasant road to glory, it must necessarily be the wide one, and not the straight and narrow one in which His followers are commanded to walk. We believe our tastes, our dispositions, were given to us for a purpose. We do not believe that the All Wise Father gave us talents to bury—but to shine. And we think a person whose inclinations lead him directly towards art, hides his candle under a bushel when he undertakes to be a grocer, and the same with the grocer who attempts to lead an artist's life. And a woman whose whole soul is wrapped up in literature, perverts her talent when she adopts the calling of a seamstress. You can find a field of labor *anywhere*, but not *your* field—and woe be unto you if you climb over into another person's dominion. All over the world there are individuals doing work for which they are wholly unqualified, work consequently entirely distasteful. We will tell you why! They did not find their right place to begin with! They took a field anywhere, and though they work steadily, they are working to disadvantage. The woman whose place is the parlor—who is qualified to shed a gentle light on all around—whose very delicacy of physique forbids her hands hard work, is toiling away in the kitchen oftentimes, and failing from very weakness, when the woman who has a faculty for such drudgery and an organization equal to it, is riding around in her carriage discontented and uneasy, because her hands are idle. Perhaps you will ask do we believe there have been individuals born into this world with a talent for dish-washing and scrubbing floors? Let us hasten to answer you *yes*, we *do* believe it—and we have seen them. The very grace and ease with which they do it, is resting to one's eyes. Put them at anything else they are awkward and clumsy. We cannot argue this question further, but we say this, we believe if people had begun right in the beginning, the machinery of life would have gone very smoothly. But now everything has become so displaced. There are little wheels where there ought to be big ones, and big ones trying to turn in the circuit allowed for little ones, and there is a grating of cogs, and a tugging and pulling all around that is discouraging. What is to be done with all this waste of force God alone knows, and we must leave it with Him. But C. G. D., as you are looking for your life work, and as you hope for a glorious success, we urge you to *begin* right. Don't say you cannot do this, you cannot do that—ask God to help you to *find your* work first, and then to give you grace to *do* it. If He wills that you shall write—throw your heart into the work and serve Him with your might—and He will show you if you trust Him, where your light will shine so that it shall add the fullest lustre to His glory. God bless you, and lead you not only into fields of labor, but into green pastures and beside still waters.

Margie.—When you send an article for publication, let it recommend itself. Don't feel obliged to tell the editor that you write for this paper or that, or that you have a sick sister and for her sake wish to get into print, or that your father is thrown out of work and therefore you beg that all errors may be overlooked in your manuscript. Say nothing of the kind. And if it happen to be your first attempt in writing don't acquaint the editor with it. Forward your story with as brief a note as possible, and bide the result. If the editor sees in it anything that would please his readers, he will retain it, otherwise, unless you have been thoughtful enough to enclose stamps, it will help fill the waste basket. There isn't a person in the land who has a sick sister or a feeble father, who hasn't our sincere sympathy. And if we can bring comfort to such a person, if we can help her carry her burden, or shed sunshine on her path in any direct way, by any personal effort of our own on which the public may have no claim, we will do it most gladly, and contribute not only our mite but our *might* to aid her. But to urge your circumstances as reasons why your manuscript, however poor, should go into print to be read by thousands and thousands who have paid for first-class literature, is most unfair and unbusiness like. So, Margie, don't do it again. We are sorry for your sake, that the editor, whoever he was, replied to you so rudely, but you must remember you asked him to impose on the public if it were necessary, and being an *honest* man, he resented it. Send the story to us, Margie, and *if we think it worthy* we will use it. Send us your address, too, and the manuscript, if rejected, shall not go back to you empty-handed, for your love for the sick one touches our heart, though it cannot make us less critical of your ability to write.

# LITERARY NOTICES

SEX *and* EDUCATION, a reply to Dr. E. H. Clarke's SEX *in* EDUCATION. Roberts Bros. publishers, Boston, Mass.

Our chief objection to this able little book is the prominence it gives to that of Dr. Clarke's, which we regret to see advertised, even through denunciation. We agree with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who declares in her preface that the book of Dr. Clarke "has neither the impartiality of science, the form of literature, the breadth of philosophy, nor the friendliness of counsel. It is a work of the polemic type, presenting a persistent and passionate plea against the admission of women to a collegiate education in common with men." Sex *and* Education is filled with sound replies, as well as caustic rebukes, from such able pens as that of the author just mentioned, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Ada Shepard Badger, Mrs. Horace Mann, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and others. Most of the papers express wholesale indignation at the coarsely-expressed views of the Doctor, and Miss Phelps goes so far as to declare that "An author who forgets in the drawing-room, and at the fireside, that he is not in the lecture-room of the medical school," can be answered "from the medical lecture-room alone." The book has many testimonials from various colleges, all proving that women *are* capable of collegiate education, and can stand as much of it as their brothers. In our mind there was never any question about that, for though woman is naturally of more delicate organization than man, she is naturally so much brighter intellectually, that she can learn a lesson in half the time he requires, and take the other half to rest in, while he still nags at his book, even then making an inferior recitation. We wish we could have added a chapter to that book; there are some points we shouldn't have stopped to argue.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED.—The April number blossoms with an attractive variety. We have in it a Portrait and Sketch of Mr. Cleveland Abbe, of the Signal Bureau, universally known as "Probabilities;" an Analytical Paper on the Causes of Vice and Crime, with some practical hints toward their remedy; A Sketch of the eminent Authoress, Madame Schwartz, and a fine Portrait; Heads, Hats and Character, hits off some of the people we meet, both in its text and illustrations; in Physiology of the Sexes, a writer takes Mr. Spencer to task for some narrow views of "the sex;" New Englanders will be pleased, doubtless, to read something about their favorite railroad man, Mr. James Parker; besides, we have something humorous, in My Impressions of Names, and Stolen Glimpses, and much that is agreeably instructing in Our Evergreen Trees; Press Notices; Anybody can do it, and much that everybody should read in Was he Born So? Vitality and Chemistry, Commercial Obstructions, Agricultural Hints, etc. Terms $3.00 a year. We will send it with our magazine for same price, $3.00.

BURNS' PHONIC SHORTHAND, for schools, business and reporting. By *Eliza Boardman Burns*. Teacher of phonography at the New York Mercantile Library and Cooper Union, and editor of the "American Journal of Phonography.' Burns & Co., Publishers, 33 Park Row, New York.

In this, the latest work on the Shorthand Art, Isaac Pitman's "Phonography" is brought to rule, relieved of exceptional and unnecessary word signs, and the whole subject presented in so clear and simple a manner, that by its aid any intelligent person can gain a practical knowledge of shorthand writing.

The work is so arranged as to be a complete self-instructor, each page of engraved phonography being keyed by one in ordinary print corresponding with it, which enables the student to correct his or her own exercises, and to judge of the progress that is being made. Mrs. E. B. Burns, the author of this work, has had a long experience in teaching Phonography, both to public classes and private pupils. She is one of the oldest practitioners of the art in America. "Phonic Shorthand" begins with a simple and easily learned style of writing, which is as legible as ordinary script, and perfectly suited for all literary and business purposes. This plain style is then contracted, on general and special phonographic principles, into a brief method of writing adequate to all the exigencies of the professional reporter. The book is endorsed by *N. Y. Tribune*, *Evening Post*, *Scientific American*, and others. Price one dollar.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, *Orange Judd & Co.*, Publisher, New York City.

The April number of this excellent farm publication contains papers on French Agriculture, How to Start a Cheese Factory, Laying out a Western Farm, Green House and Window Plants for April. Bee Notes, Flower Garden, Fruit Garden, Kitchen Garden, How to Load a Horse Power, John Johnston, How Leather is Tanned, Orchard and Nursery, Oxford Dam Sheep, Cultivation of Tobacco, Experience with Tomatoes, Walks and Talks on the Farm, Hints about Work, Forced Plants, and other articles, too numerous to mention. There are also Boys' and Girls' columns, with stories, puzzle box, etc., and the "Basket" is full of short, valuable paragraphs. There are from forty to fifty illustrations. Terms one dollar and fifty cents per year. We wish Orange Judd continued prosperity, for he is always giving mankind the benefit of his financial successes.

# OUR HOUSEKEEPER.

## THE SICK-ROOM.

Beef Tea.—1 lb. *lean* beef, cut into small pieces. Put into a jar without a drop of water; cover tightly, and set in a pot of cold water. Heat gradually to a boil, and continue this steadily for three or four hours, until the meat is like white rags, and the juice all drawn out. Season with salt to taste, and when cold, skim. The patient will often prefer this ice-cold to hot. Serve with Albert biscuit or thin "wafers," unleavened.

Mutton Broth.—1 lb. lean mutton or lamb, cut small; 1 quart water—cold; 1 tablespoonful rice, or barley, soaked in a very little warm water; 4 tablespoonfuls milk; salt and pepper, with a little chopped parsley. Boil the meat, unsalted, in the water, keeping it closely covered, until it falls to pieces. Strain it out, add the soaked barley or rice; simmer half an hour, stirring often; stir in the seasoning and the milk, and simmer five minutes after it heats up well, taking care it does not burn.

Serve hot, with cream crackers.

Chicken Broth.—Is excellent made in the same manner as mutton, cracking the bones well before you put in the fowl.

Veal and Sago Broth.—2 lbs. knuckle of veal, all cracked to pieces; 2 quarts of cold water; 3 tablespoonfuls best pearl sago, soaked in a cup of cold water; 1 cup cream, heated to boiling; yolks of two eggs, beaten light. Boil the veal and water in a covered saucepan very slowly until reduced to one quart of liquid; strain, season with salt, and stir in the soaked sago (having previously warmed it by setting for half an hour in a saucepan of boiling water, and stirred from time to time). Simmer half an hour, taking care it does not burn; beat in the cream and eggs; give one good boil up, and turn out.

This is excellent for consumptives.

Beef and Sago Broth.—2 lbs. of beef—cut up small; 2 quarts of water; 1 cup of sago; soaked soft in a little lukewarm water; yolks of three eggs; salt to taste. Stew the beef until it falls to pieces; strain it out, salt the liquid and stir in the sago. Simmer gently one hour, stirring often. Add the beaten yolks; boil up well and serve.

This is a strengthening and nice soup. Eat with dry toast.

Arrowroot Jelly (*plain*).—1 cup *boiling* water; 2 heaping teaspoonfuls of best Bermuda arrowroot; 1 teaspoonful lemon juice; 2 teaspoonfuls of white sugar. Wet the arrowroot in a little cold water, and rub smooth. Then stir into the hot, which should be on the fire and actually boiling at the time, with the sugar already melted in it. Stir until clear, boiling steadily all the while, and add the lemon. Wet a cup in cold water, and pour in the jelly to form. Eat cold with sugar and cream flavored with rosewater.

An invaluable preparation in cases where wine is forbidden.

Arrowroot Wine Jelly.—1 cup boiling water; 2 heaping teaspoonfuls arrowroot; 2 heaping teaspoonfuls white sugar; 1 tablespoonful brandy, *or* 3 tablespoonfuls of wine.

An excellent corrective to weak bowels.

Arrowroot Blanc-mange.—1 cup *boiling milk*; 2 dessertspoonfuls best arrowroot, rubbed smooth in cold water; 2 teaspoonfuls white sugar; vanilla or other essence. Boil until it thickens well, stirring all the while. Eat cold with cream, flavored with rosewater, and sweetened to taste.

Sago may be substituted for arrowroot in any of the foregoing receipts, when you have soaked it an hour in water poured over it cold, and gradually warmed by setting the cup containing it in hot water. Boil rather longer than you do the arrowroot.

Sago Gruel.—2 cups water; 2 tablespoonfuls sago; 3 teaspoonfuls white sugar; 1 glass of wine; 1 tablespoonful lemon juice; nutmeg to taste, and a pinch of salt. Put the sago in the water while cold, and warm by setting in a saucepan of boiling water. Stir often, and let it soften and heat for one hour. Then *boil* ten minutes, stirring all the while; add the sugar, wine, and lemon, and pour into a bowl or mould to cool. Eat warm, if preferred. The wine and nutmeg should be omitted if the patient is feverish.

Indian Meal Gruel.—2 quarts of boiling water; 1 cup of Indian meal, and 1 tablespoonful flour, wet up with cold water; salt to taste—and, if you like, sugar and nutmeg. Wet the meal and flour to a smooth paste, and stir into the water while it is actually boiling. Boil slowly half an hour, stirring up well from the bottom. Season with salt to taste. Some sweeten it, but I like it better with a little pepper added to the salt.

If a cathartic is desired, omit the wheat flour altogether.

Oatmeal Gruel is made in the same way.

Milk and Rice Gruel.—1 quart boiling milk; 2 tablespoonfuls (heaping) of ground rice, wet with cold milk; 1 saltspoonful of salt. Stir in the rice-paste and boil ten minutes, stirring all the while. Season with sugar and nutmeg, and eat warm with cream.

You may use Indian meal instead of rice-flour, which is an astringent. In this case, boil half an hour.

Dried Flour for Teething Children.—1 cup of flour, tied in a stout muslin bag and dropped into cold water, then set over the fire. *Boil* three hours steadily. Turn out the flour ball and dry in the hot sun all day; or, if you need it at once, dry in a moderate oven without shutting the door.

*To use it.*—Grate a tablespoonful for a cupful of boiling milk and water (half and half). Wet up the flour with a very little cold water, stir in and boil five minutes. Put in a little salt.

Tapioca Jelly. (*Very good*).—1 cup of tapioca; 3 cups of cold water; juice of a lemon, and a pinch of the grated peel; sweeten to taste. Soak the tapioca in the water four hours. Set within a saucepan of boiling water; pour more luke-warm water over the tapioca if it has absorbed too much of the liquid, and heat, stirring frequently. It too thick after it begins to clear, put in a very little boiling water. When quite clear, put in the sugar and lemon. Pour into moulds. Eat cold, with cream flavored with rosewater and sweetened.

Tapioca Blanc-Mange.—1 cup of tapioca soaked in 2 cups cold water; 3 cups boiling milk; 3 tablespoonfuls white sugar; rosewater or vanilla. Soak the tapioca four hours, and stir, with the water in which it was soaked, into the boiling milk. Sweeten and boil slowly, stirring all the while, fifteen minutes. Take off, flavor and pour into moulds.

Eat cold with cream. Wash tapioca well before soaking.

Arrowroot Custard. (*Nice*).—2 cups of *boiling* milk; 3 heaping teaspoonfuls arrowroot, wet up with a little cold milk; 2 tablespoonfuls white sugar, beaten with the egg; 1 egg, very well beaten. Mix the arrowroot-paste with the boiling milk; stir three minutes; take from the fire and whip in the egg and sugar. Boil two minutes longer, flavor with vanilla or rosewater, and pour into moulds.

Rice-Flour Milk.—2 cups of milk, *boiling;* 2 tablespoonfuls rice-flour, wet up with cold milk; 2 tablespoonfuls white sugar. Boil ten minutes, stirring all the while, and flavor to taste. Eat warm with cream.

Sago Milk.—3 tablespoonfuls sago, soaked in a large cup of cold water one hour; 3 cups boiling milk; sweeten and flavor to taste. Simmer slowly half an hour. Eat warm.

Tapioca Milk is made in the same way.

Boiled Rice.—½ cup whole rice, boiled in just enough water to cover it; 1 cup of milk; a little salt; 1 egg, beaten light. When the rice is nearly done, turn off the water, add the milk and simmer—taking care it does not scorch—until the milk boils up well. Salt, and beat in the egg.

Eat warm with cream, sugar, and nutmeg.

Panada.—6 Boston crackers, split; 2 tablespoonfuls white sugar; a good pinch of salt, and a little nutmeg; enough *boiling* water to cover them well. Split the crackers, and pile in a bowl in layers, salt and sugar scattered among them. Cover with boiling water and set on the hearth, with a close top over the bowl, for at least one hour. The crackers should be almost clear and soft as jelly, but not broken.

Eat from the bowl, with more sugar sprinkled in if you wish it. If properly made, this panada is very nice.

Chicken Jelly. (*Very nourishing*).—Half a raw chicken, pounded with a mallet, bones and meat together. Plenty of cold water to cover it well—*about* a quart. Heat slowly in a covered vessel, and let it simmer until the meat is in white rags and the liquid reduced one-half. Strain and press, first through a cullender, then through a coarse cloth. Salt to taste, and pepper, if you think best; return to the fire, and simmer five minutes longer. Skim when cool. Give to the patient cold—just from the ice—with unleavened wafers. Keep on the ice. You can make into sandwiches by putting the jelly between thin slices of bread spread lightly with butter.

Toast Water.—Slices of toast, nicely browned, without a symptom of burning; enough boiling water to cover them. Cover closely, and let them steep until cold. Strain the water, sweeten to taste, and put a piece of ice in each glassful. If the physician thinks it safe, add a little lemon-juice.

Apple Water.—1 large, juicy pippin, the most finely-flavored you can get; 3 cups of cold water—1 quart if the apple is very large. Pare and quarter the apple, but do not core it. Put it on the fire in a tin or porcelain saucepan with the water, and boil, closely covered, until the apple stews to pieces. Strain the liquor *at once*, pressing the apple hard in the cloth. Strain this again through a finer bag, and set away to cool. Sweeten with white sugar, and ice for drinking.

It is a refreshing and palatable drink.

Jelly Water.—1 large teaspoonful currant or cranberry jelly; 1 goblet ice-water. Beat up well for a fever-patient. Wild cherry or blackberry jelly is excellent, prepared in like manner for those suffering with summer complaint.

Flax-seed Lemonade.—4 tablespoonfuls flax-seed (whole); 1 quart boiling water poured upon the flax-seed; juice of two lemons, leaving out the peel; sweeten to taste, Steep three hours in a covered pitcher. If too thick, put in cold water with the lemon-juice and sugar. Ice for drinking.

It is admirable for colds.—*Common Sense.*

# NEW YORK FASHIONS.

*Furnished by the "Domestic" Sewing Machine Co.*

For many years common sense seems to have played an insignificant part in the field of fashion, and whatever was most surprising received preference in the face of much that was more judicious and more becoming. This spring, however, whoever has made a careful inspection of shapes and fabrics has found a better element, and a striking deference to common sense. New York establishments overflow with novelties as well as temptations, and in almost every department, the fabrics exhibited seem worthy of the shopper's consideration. Full costumes and demi-toilettes are equally popular; among the former, entire suits of silk, summer cashmere, summer vigogne, etc., are found; while included in the latter are costumes which supply a redingote or polonaise, or a basque and over-skirt of a light woolen fabric with a skirt, of silk always darker in shade and generally black. All the exceptional silks, such as the *chênés*, striped summer silks, and all the rest called grisaille and "fancy," are intended for full toilettes, as they do not readily combine even with black silk for an under-skirt. These silks, too, are made this season with a basque and overskirt, or with a tablier trimmed skirt; polonaises and redingotes being popularly reserved for street wear, and wool fabrics. Very few polonaises, comparatively speaking, are made of silk; occasionally a "hack" or shopping costume is so designed for service and convenience, but basques and over-skirts prevail decidedly for full dress, and the average of home toilettes.

Among fabrics for polonaises, etc., the rage for camel's-hair not only continues, but increases in a surprising degree. The shops, too, are abundantly provided with varieties of these peculiar fabrics, and under several fancy names which have reference to the figure instead of the material, are enabled to please all tastes. As the season progresses, heavy *croisés* and cloth-like grades of camel's-hair give way to summer vigognes, and striped, chevron, and diagonal fabrics, some of which are so light as to admit of being trimmed with insertions of yak lace. *De bége* in shades of brown and gray forms, also, one of the popular materials in demand during this month, and costumes of this fabric will be the prevailing choice of the season for travelling service.

In making up all these soft draping materials,

**No. 522. Child's Dress.**—Made of Victoria lawn or India mull. The design here presented may be richly elaborated with Valenciennes lace and needle-work insertions, or it may be simply put together with Hamburg embroidery, and narrow tucks of the dress material.

**No. 519.** The stylish Polonaise here illustrated, exhibits a pleasing combination of both Redingote and Polonaise designs. Long darts reduce all breadth to the figure closely, while the little hood to be retained or not, at pleasure, gives a pleasing suggestion for a traveling costume. The wood-cut represents gray cashmere with trimmings of a similar shade.

combinations of silk add exceedingly to their good effect. Large cords covered with silk are used to good purpose, the cord being too lightly twisted to wear the silk unprofitably; and pipings of silk, always darker in shade, though corresponding to the tint of the dress fabric, finish simple folds and bias bands, considered the most suitable of all trimmings for wool costumes for travelling.

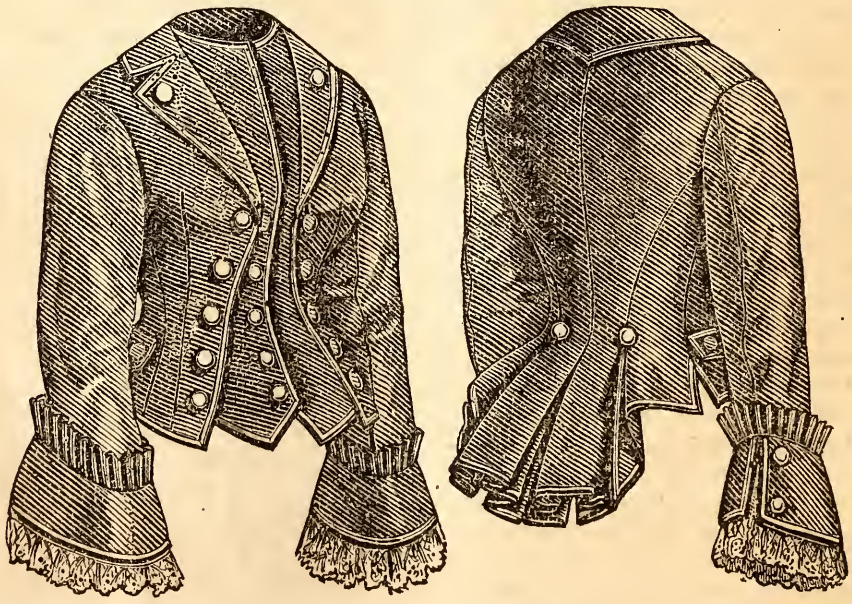
In very thin dress materials, grenadines, barèges, tissues, lawns, and printed linens are seen, and there are also a few fancy fabrics of silk and wool with square open meshes, and such are called Mexicaines and fancy canvass grenadines. A very light material in stripes of undressed, and highly-finished silk alternatings, is called Algerine, though it in no way resembles the material once known by that name.

Young misses and children are provided for among the pretty silver-gray *de béges*, and the brighter clan plaids in loosely twilled grades. There is a decided preference for wool materials for children for all occasions when they are possibly suitable. Sailor suits of flannel are again in vogue for both boys and girls. Among other fabrics for children are flax-colored linens, white piqués of light quality, Scotch and French ginghams, and excellent American and English calicoes.

For little boys who wear boys' suits, ingenious mothers are making summer garments after well selected patterns, using light weight cheviots, fancy tricots, and twilled flannels called fancy suitings.—For mid-summer service, tea-colored linens, summer jeans and piqué will serve ordinary purposes. Certain of the soft *croisé* fabrics also make excellent suits for little boys. Children of both sexes wear white now-a-days, until it becomes conspicuously unsuitable. The "curled darlings" of many New York mamma's are well on their way to a good rough boyhood, before they are shorn of their handsome curls and put into bona-fide jackets and trowsers, while many girls are quite above being classed as infants before they have even had on a colored dress fabric. Girls' dresses are worn longer than they have been; there is scarcely an inch of space between the top of a modern walking-boot and the hem of a little girl's dress. All shoes, by the way, for children out of nurse's arms, are black; but babies wear the daintiest and freshest of pink and blue kid shoes, which are as soft as a glove, and entirely without heels.

Gloves, this month, accord as closely as possible with the tint of the costume; no contrasts are admissible. Some of the best and most popular brands of gloves in the market are stitched with white, and have white welts at the wrist; others are sewed with self-colored silk, and present only that color throughout the glove.

For the street, ladies wear with a strictly correct street toilette, lingerie of linen in English styles. Collars flare slightly at the back, and exhibit sharp, broken points meeting closely in front. In the house, and for all handsome costumings, there is no limit to the use of costly Valenciennes and Mechlin lace. Ruffs continue, and though they have been modified since mid-winter, newest importations from Paris show very high frills of lace, sustained by invisible wires. Black and white lace mingled, and pleating of tulle or *crêpe lisse* set inside of frills of Mechlin or Valenciennes lace, are still considered suitable.



**No. 534. Ladies' Basque.** The above design is well-adapted to silk, pongee, or light wool fabrics, and may be composed of two shades, or two materials, in combination. In black silk, with double cordings of silk for a finish, it is particularly stylish for a street toilette entirely of silk.

# LAUGHING STOCK.

"Pa," said a young hopeful to his father, a prominent citizen, "what is meant by 'a chip of the old block?'"

"Why do you ask such a question, my son?"

"Because I was out hunting this morning, and after returning home I told some gentlemen that, while out hunting, I saw fifty squirrels up one tree. They kept trying to make me say that I did not see but forty-nine, and because I wouldn't say so they said I was 'a chip of the old block,'"

"Hem! Well, my son, they meant that you were smart and honest like your pa."

A naughty little boy, blubbering because his mother wouldn't let him go down to the river on Sunday, upon being admonished said, "I don't want to go a swimmin' with 'em now, ma; I only want to go down to see the bad little boys drown for going in a swimmin' on a Sunday."

A hater of tobacco asked an old negro woman, the fumes of whose pipe were annoying to him, if she thought she was a christian. "Yes, brudder I spect I is." "Do you believe in the Bible?" "Yes, brudder." "Do you know that there is a passage in the Scriptures that declares that nothing unclean shall inherit the kingdom of heaven?" "Yes, I've heard of it." "Well, Chloe, you smoke, and you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?" "Why, I spects I leave my breff behind when I go dar."

What is heaven's best gift to man?" asked a young lady, the other night, smiling sweetly on a pleasant-looking clerk.

"A hoss!" replied the young man, with great prudence.

A Hartford gentleman who had tarried late at a wine supper, found his wife awaiting his return in a high state of nervousness. Said she, "Here I've been waiting and rocking in a chair till my head swims round like a top." "Jess so where I've been," responded he; "it's in the atmosphere."

"How many deaths last night?" inquired a hospital physician of a nurse. "Nine," was the answer. "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes, but one wouldn't take it."

The gallant coursers of that little isle of the sea, Nantucket, are not remarkable for bottom or speed. One found his way into the Massachusetts Cavalry during the rebellion, being recommended as an excellent war horse. When the soldier returned he went into a towering passion because he had been swindled. "As how?" inquired the islander. "Why you warranted him a good war horse and there is not a bit of go in him." "Yes I did; and I repeat he is a good war horse for he'd sooner die than run."

A noted hunter of South Hero fears that he has been the victim of a "sell." He has a gun that scatters shot badly, so that it is not much account. A while ago he saw an advertisement in a city paper, offering to send information whereby such scattering of shot could be prevented, on receipt of fifty cents. He sent the money, and in due time was informed that to prevent his gun from "scattering," he should "put in but one shot."

A German who has not paid much attention to learning English; had a horse stolen from his barn the other night, whereupon he advertised as follows:

"Von nite, de oder day, ven I vas bin avake in my sleep, I hear someting vat I tinks vas not yust right in my barn, and I yust out shumps to bed and runs mit de barn out; and ven I vas dere coom, I seez dat my pig gray iron mare, he vas ben tied loose and run mid de stable off; an ever who vill him back bring, I yust so much pay him as vat bin kustomary."

An old seaman, at a religious meeting recently held in New York, in relating his experience, stated that when at sea in storms and tempests, he had often derived great consolation from that beautiful passage of Scripture. "Faint heart never won fair lady."

An Irishman engaged in fighting a duel insisted, as he was near-sighted, that he should stand six feet nearer to his antagonist than his antagonist did to him.

A wealthy gentleman, who owned a country seat, nearly lost his wife, who fell into a river which runs through his estate. He announced the narrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulation. One of them—an old batchelor—wrote as follows; "I always told you that river was too shallow!"

"Got anything for a sick man to read?" inquired a pug-nosed boy at a news stand the other day. "Yes, anything you want—Bibles, poems, religious books, Christian Herald, etc.," replied the clerk. "Bibles!" echoed the boy; "do you think dad's a h'angel! Gim-me a lively dime novel—one with an Injun sculping a soldier."

A very touchy husband told his wife they could not agree, and must divide the house. "Very well," said she, "you can take the outside."

A gentleman friend has two canaries, and has named them "Wheeler" and "Wilson." His reason for the appellations is that neither of them are "Singers."

# CHOICE FRAGMENTS.

What a benefit would the American government, not yet relieved of its extreme need, render to itself, and to every city, village, and hamlet in the States, it it would tax whiskey and rum almost to the point of prohibition! Was it Bonaparte who said that he found vices very good patriots? "He got five millions from the love of brandy, and he should be glad to know which of the virtues would pay him as much." Tobacco and opium have broad backs, and will cheerfully carry the load of armies, if you choose to make them pay high for such joy as they give, and such harm as they do.

—*Emerson.*

There can be no barrenness in full summer. The very sand will yield something. Rocks will have mosses, and every rift will have its wind-flower, and every crevice a leaf; while from the fertile soil will be reared a gorgeous troop of growths, that will carry their life in ten thousand forms, but all with praise to God. And so it is when the soul knows its summer. Love redeems its weakness, clothes its barrenness, enriches its poverty, and makes its very desert to bud and blossom as the rose.—*Beecher.*

Satirical writers and speakers are not half so clever as they think themselves, nor as they are thought to be. They do winnow the corn, it is true, but it is to feed upon the chaff. I am sorry to add that they who are always speaking ill of others are also very apt to be doing ill to them. It requires some talent and some generosity to find out talent and generosity in others, though nothing but self-conceit and malice are needed to discover or to imagine faults. It is much easier for an ill-natured man than for a good-natured man to be smart and witty.—*Rev. Dr. Sharpe.*

Every duty brings its peculiar delight, every denial its appropriate compensation, ever thought its recompense, every love its elysium, every cross its crown; pay goes with performance as effect with cause. Meanness overreaches itself; vice vitiates whoever indulges in it; the wicked wrong their own souls; generosity greatens; virtue exalts; charity transfigures; and holiness is the essnece of anglehood. God does not require us to live on credit; he pays us what we earn as we earn it, good or evil, heaven or hell, according to our choice.

—*Charles Mildmay.*

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire forsakes me; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I reflect how vain it is to grieve for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying beside those who deposed them, when I behold rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men who divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the frivolous competitions, factions, and debates of mankind.—*Addison.*

There is a great deal we never think of calling religion that is still fruit unto God, and garnered by him in the harvest. The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, patience, goodness. I affirm that if these fruits are found in any form, whether you show your patience as a woman nursing a fretful child, or as a man attending to the vexing detail of business, or as a physican following the dark mazes of sickness, or as a mechanic fitting the joints and valves of a locomotive; being honest and true besides, you bring forth fruit unto God.—*Robert Collyer.*

Out of the ashes of misanthropy benevolence rises again; we find many virtues where we had imagined all was vice, many acts of disinterested friendship where we had fancied all was calcuation and fraud,—and so gradually from the two extremes we pass to the proper medium; and, feeling that no human being is wholly good or wholly base, we learn that true knowledge of mankind which induces us to expect little and forgive much. The world cures alike the optimist and the misanthrope.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

There are some people who think that they should be always mourning, that they should put a continual constraint upon themselves, and feel a disgust for those amusements to which they are obliged to submit. For my own part, I confess that I know not how to conform myself to these rigid notions. I prefer something more simple, which I also think would be more pleasing to God.—*Fenelon.*

# STRAWS.

"WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, the cheapest magazine published for the money, a better article for the price than any other."—*Weekly Statesman*; Salem. Oregon. "Every page is readable, instructive, pure, rich in information to all."—*Register*, South Bend, Indiana. "One of the brightest of the home monthlies."—*Household Treasure*, Cleveland, Ohio. "We know of no $5 publication that excels it for quality of reading matter."—*Chronicle*, Elizabethtown, Pa. "Well known in reading circles as one of the best of monthlies."—*Minute Man*, Lexington, Mass. "A household magazine in the strictest sense of the term, it is admirably calculated to meet a special want in this regard."—*Howard Co. Record*, Kansas. "Constantly improving."—*Christian Advocate*, Portland, Oregon. "Brimful of good reading every month."—*Record*, Warsaw, Ky. "Full of the very best written articles."—*Democrat*, Marshall, Mo. "We believe it to be the best dollar magazine ever published. Judging from its immense circulation, many others entertain the same opinion."—*Tolland Co., Press*, Stafford Springs, Conn. "The proprietor has placed it at a price which is a guarantee of its successful competition with the higher priced monthlies, and it is emphatically the best dollar magazine published."—*Chronicle*, Orange, N. J. "It is exactly what its pretensions claim, a 'Household' magazine, as the treasures it gathers monthly are welcome alike to old and young, to the careworn and the care-free. The well-known names of its contributors guarantee its never falling below the mark."—*Evening Herald*, Philadelphia, Pa. "A justly popular magazine."—*Preston Co., Journal*, Kingwood, W. Va. "A very marked improvement has been made especially in the late numbers."—*Somerset Reporter*, Skowhegan, Maine. "We cannot name a magazine that will afford an equal amount of admirable entertainment and instruction for as little money."—*Contra Costa Gazette*, Martinez, Cal. "Its stories are not surpassed, while it invariably gives much information in regard to sciences, arts, and domestic recipes."—*Messenger*, Hempstead, Texas. "Each volume of the magazine seems to be an improvement on the preceding one."—*Leader*, Chariton, Iowa. "Gives a *full* return for the money."—*Methodist*, New York City. "We do not know any magazine so suitable to introduce in a family of children, or more suitable for the parents in aiding them in developing the moral instinct of their children, in guiding them in the path in which they would have them go."—*Reporter*, Danbury, N. C. "This is not a didactic nor philosophical journal, it is principally devoted to light reading, but of a high moral tendency; nothing frivolous or immoral is admitted in its columns."—*Elevator*, San Francisco, Cal. "This monthly is sprightly, entertaining, and a large amount of reading matter at a small cost. Any household would welcome its visits."—*Christian Instructor*, Philadelphia, Pa. "Most excellent."—*Courier*, Louisburg, N. C. "One of the choicest monthlies."—*Alliance*, Baltimore, Md. "Parents cannot introduce any periodical of a light character with more certainty of its good influence among their children than WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE."—*Morning Herald*, Utica, New York. "It puzzles us to guess how so good a magazine can be made and sold at so reasonable a price."—*Teacher*, Chicago, Ill. "It has an abundance of excellent reading and useful hints."—*Commonwealth*, Boston, Mass. "The best we receive at this office."—*Holston Methodist*, Morristown, Tenn. "Having experienced a change of masters, shows a change for the better. It is the best of the dollar magazines."—*Watchman*, Plattsmouth, Neb. "Is on the whole one of the best family magazines that reaches our table. It is edited with positive ability, and we have yet to see the first line in it of an exceptional character. It is in able hands, financially and editorially, and is, we are glad to learn, a pronounced success. The circulation, we understand, is very large, as it well deserves to be, considering its high character and exceptionally low price."—*New York Trade Reporter*, New York. "Is worthy of a word of commendation for its neat appearance and the sprightly character of its contents. There is the real go-ahead snap to this periodical, which entitles it to much credit. One is always glad to take up a copy of the HOUSEHOLD, feeling sure that everything in it will be lively and entertaining, and at the same time chaste and refined."—*Reporter*, Lynn, Mass. "It is useless to speak of its good qualities to the lovers of choice literature, as all such have read it and are acquainted with its worth. Sufficient to say that it is a vocabulary of literature, which, for the amount and quality, no other publisher has ever attempted to place before the public at the price—$1.00."—*Husbandman*, Mt. Sterling, Ohio. "WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE is the best publication we know of for the money, in all the length and breadth of America. Its departments are well classified, and a careful view is had to the wants of all."—*Ledger*, Attica, Ind. "In every respect a model magazine."—*Tribune*, Grand Rapids, Mich. "It should be in every family circle."—*Standard*, Augusta, Maine. "Its pages are filled with choice and fascinating literary matter."—*Plaquemines Sentinel*, St. Sophie, La. "A perfect gem."—*Gazette*, Elberton, Ga. "A capital magazine."—*Messenger*, Troy, Ala. "*Improvement* evidently the motto of the publisher."—*Phœnix*, Vermont. "Improving constantly."—*Evening Post*, Albany, N. Y. "We know of no one dollar magazine in the country we would be willing to exchange for it."—*Gazette and Chronicle*, Pawtucket, R. I. "We hail it with pleasure."—*Republican Review*, Albuquerque, New Mexico. "A capital Home magazine."—*Press*, Farmington, Minn. "Its pages are filled with select articles that please alike both old and young. Without any hesitation we pronounce it superior to any literary magazine received at this office, and we advise all who are in need of such a publication to subscribe for this one, and we assure them they will be well remunerated."—*Gazette, Raymond, Miss.*

# Publisher's Department.

FASHIONS.—With this number of our Magazine we present the first of a series of fashion articles, furnished us by the Domestic Sewing Machine Co., Broadway and 14th St., New York. Each paper, as it appears, will contain fresh and reliable intelligence, and exhibit illustrations of original styles designed by the same house. Patterns of these, as well as an extensive variety of the celebrated "Domestic Paper Fashions," can be procured from any agent of the Fashions, or will be mailed to any address on receipt of the price at the home office, Broadway and 14th St., New York.

In explanation of the illustrations presented in this number, we would add that No. 534 is given in 12 sizes, 30 to 46 bust measure, price 25 cents; No. 519, ranging the same in sizes, price 35 cents, while the "Child's Dress," No. 522, covers ordinary proportions between one and six years of age, price 25 cents.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has recently decided the suit of the Florence Sewing Machine Company against the Singer, Grover & Baker, and Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Companies, involving over $250,000 in favor of the Florence Co.

**The Genuine Excellence** and priceless value of the new method of curing Rupture with certainty and without inconvenience to the sufferer is well illustrated by the following letter, the original of which may be seen at the New York business office of the *Blade*, Bates and Locke, corner of Park Row and Beekman street.

SPRING HILL, ILLINOIS, Nov. 25th, 1873.

*To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:* About ten months ago I saw in your paper an advertisement of The Elastic Truss, directing to send for circulars to the Elastic Truss Co., No. 683 Broadway, New York City. I was at that time laboring under pain and all the inconvenience of Rupture. I sent as directed and obtained a circular, and also, by measurement and directions, I obtained the Truss and applied it. I have worn it about nine months, and I am happy to say to you to-day that, though I am seventy-four years of age, I consider myself cured, and all without pain or inconvenience. I still wear the Truss as a matter of choice; it seems like a part of my clothing. I would say to every one afflicted with Hernia: *Try it—it will cure.* I want to say to you that the knowledge I obtained through that advertisement has been worth more to me than the subscription of the *Blade* for twenty years; and I believe it to be the duty of every newspaper in the land, from the *Congressional Globe* to the smallest village paper, to publish it for the good and benefit of suffering humanity. Yours truly, C. P. LANPHERE."

This new Truss is sold cheap and sent by mail, and circulars sent free by The Elastic Truss Co., No. 683 Broadway, New York City.—*American Agriculturist, April*, 1874

In the *Household* the little ones have a right to their full share of amusement and instruction, and, for their sakes, we invite attention to The Kindergarten Alphabet and Building Blocks, the most interesting and effective means of instruction yet offered them.

These Blocks are furnished by Milton Bradley & Co., Springfield, Mass., and the Company affirms that no poisonous matter enters into their composition. Children retain their interest in these blocks as the combinations that may be produced are innumerable and never exhausted. We offer No. 1, 85 blocks, containing Roman and Script alphabets, large and small letters, numerals and animals, painted blocks, black walnut box, price $1.50, given as a premium for 5 subscribers. No. 4—38 blocks, containing Roman alphabets, large and small letters, numerals and animals, painted blocks, black walnut box, price 50 cents, given as a premium for 2 subscribers to WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE. Address S. E. SHUTES, Publisher, Newburgh, N. Y.

Blessings on every inventor of pleasing outdoor *home* amusements. Of these none is more justly popular than Croquet, a game requiring enough attention and exercise to make it especially healthful and interesting, without being exhaustive either mentally or physically, while it does not in the least circumscribe the talents of those who love skillful scientific play.

The pleasure of Croquet is much enhanced by the use of perfect implements, and a sufficient guarantee of these may be obtained by ordering BRADLEY'S PATENT CROQUET SET. Its superior points being Patent Socket Bridges, Patent Indexical Balls, and The Improved Shape Mallets. Each set is accompanied by Prof. A. Rover's Book of Directions, 75 pages, compiled by a committee of expert players of acknowledged literary and judicial ability, and illustrated with diagrams and problems for beginners.

We no longer furnish the combined Croquet and Le Cercle, but offer our subscribers Bradley's Patent Croquet, with all the improvements. Consisting of Improved Shape Mallets, Rock Maple Heads, Polished Handles, Polished Rock Maple Balls, Patent Indexical Stripes, Patent Socket Bridges Plated, Chestnut Box, Record Dials, and Rover's Book.

The most satisfactory Croquet for durability and convenience in playing ever sold for the price, $10.00. Given as a premium for 10 subscribers. Also, same patent, Rock Maple Set, Socket Bridges, Balls oiled, Chestnut Box, price $5.00, given as a premium for 5 subscribers to WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.

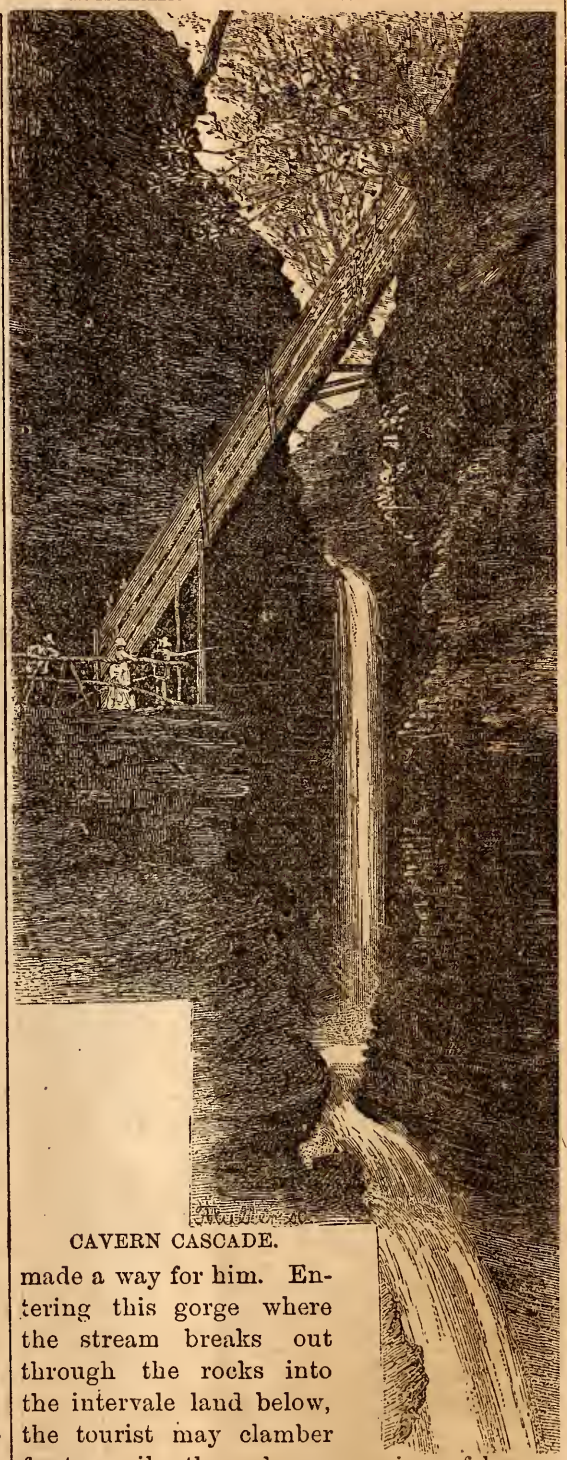
Address S. E. SHUTES,
*Publisher and Proprietor*, Newburgh, N. Y.

here. This singular, indefinable, indescribable impression of awe which Watkins Glen awakens cannot be produced by any picture of pen or pencil. Even the stereoscope cannot do more than call up a reminiscence of it.

And yet let me not, even in this outline, give too gloomy a picture. If it is a tomb, it is one which nature has made radiant with beauty; such flecks of sunlight touching the rocks, and the leaves, and the branches of the trees above; such foaming cataracts, so rapidly succeeding each other; such deep green pools of a beauty and lustre of color, such as art in vain endeavors to imitate; such delicate ferns, and mosses, and lichens; such rocks in all the varied phases of sculptured beauty. On the whole, this is not a pathway to the underworld, it is the cleft in the rocks that opens at the bidding of Aladdin's lamp, to conduct us to the jewels and treasures of some monarch among the genii.

Watkins Glen is situated at what is the head, but appears on the map as though it were the foot of Seneca Lake—its southernmost point. Here, on a low level intervale land which was unmistakably once the bed of the since retreating lake, stands the village now yclept Watkins, in lieu of the more common and more widely, though less locally famous name of Jefferson, which it formerly bore, and still bears upon the old school maps. Dr. Watkins owned, until his death in 1851, several thousands of acres, in which were both the glen and much of the present village; and both by their present titles constitute a tribute to his name. This village lies against and under a bold hill, one of the rounded range which enhances the beauty of the beautiful lake. Some of its residences have crept part way up this hill; right through whose heart, as though it had been cleft open by some great convulsion of nature, is the rift which bears the name of Watkins Glen. Through this rift, by a succession of foaming cascades and deep pools, flows a stream of water which has completed the work which the convulsion of long ago has wrought.

The rocks through which this stream flows, rising at some points perpendicularly three hundred feet from the bed of the brook, are so abrupt, and the cleft itself in many points is so narrow, that no traveller could make his way along the bed of the stream if art had not conquered nature, and

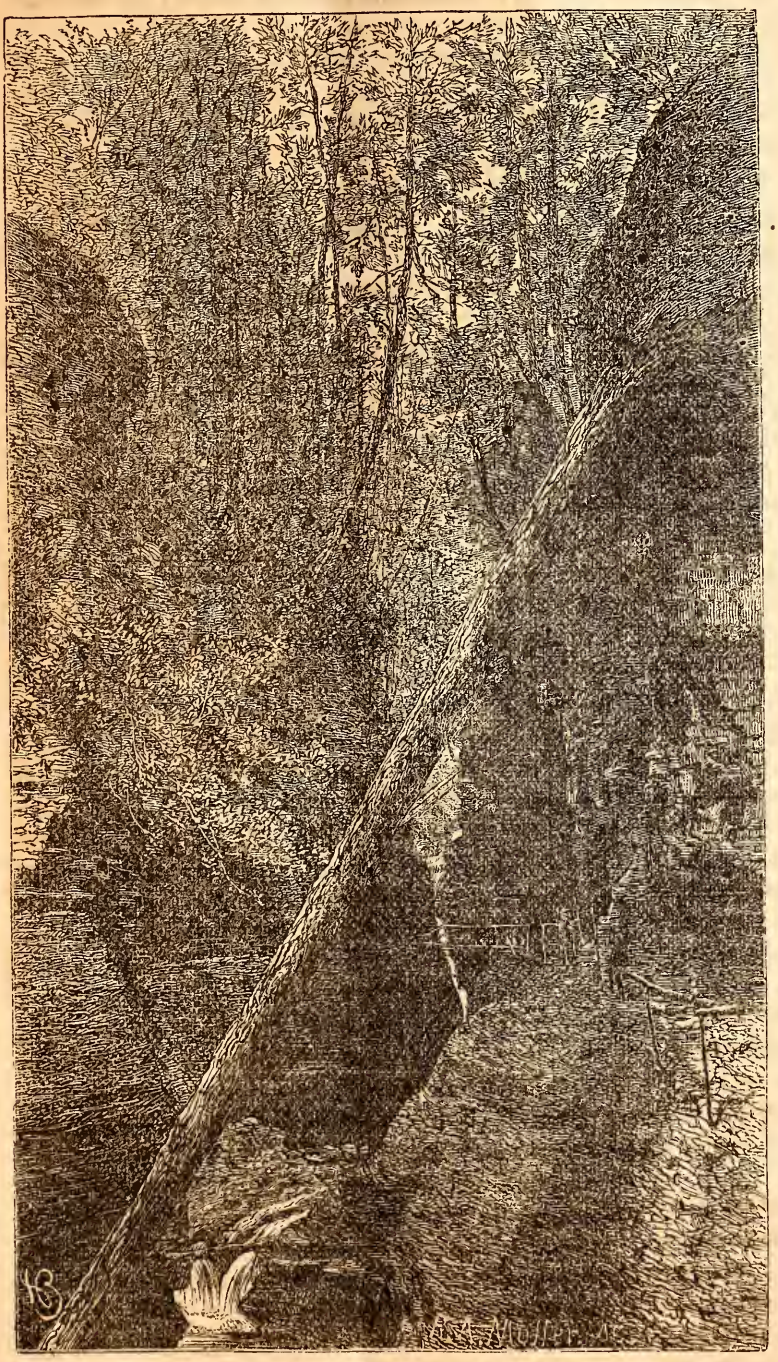


CAVERN CASCADE.

made a way for him. Entering this gorge where the stream breaks out through the rocks into the intervale land below, the tourist may clamber for two miles through a succession of beauties which I dare believe has of its kind no equal in all this beautiful world of ours, climbing the steep sides of the rock by a wooden staircase, now crossing the stream by a bridge, which is also a flight of stairs, now clambering around a projecting rock by means of steps which have been cut in its surface, and with the aid of a chain fastened firmly to it, now wending his way cautiously along the edge of a dark pool upon a narrow shelf of rock where, if he have not a steady head, he will need to

grasp the railing for his support, now looking down from some bridge or protruding point upon a wonderful vista of rocks and fens, cascades and pools, now following the path directly beneath a fall of water which trickles over a ledge of overhanging rocks and veils the view below, and sometimes wears woven into its gossamer threads a rainbow that binds it together like a many-colored ribbon on a vail of gauze, and at length coming out far up the hill upon a rocky stream, whose beauties are so much more akin to those of ordinary mountain streams, that most travellers follow it no further, and lose much by their neglect.

In all this climb he will see no animal life, no bird, or bee, or buzzing insect; through it all, be the day never so hot, he will feel no sense of heat, but always a delicious coolness; through it all he will be quite safe, and yet a certain sense of danger, indispensable to the charm of adventure, and impressed upon him by the very wildness and weirdness of the scenes through which he is passing, will never be wanting to add zest to his ramble. If he is an artist, he will discover new beauty at every step, if a scientist, he will find "sermons in stones" in great abundance, for on every precipice Nature, as though she were in very truth an American traveller, has left her initials; if he is a curious investigator, he will find no end of objects to pique his curiosity; if he is a lover of beauty, he will find no end of objects to satisfy his taste; and finally, when the day's ramble has given him a ravenous appetite and a healthy fatigue, such as he has not perhaps enjoyed for many a day, he will find substantial food, well-served, and plenty of it, clean beds and comfortable rooms at the hotels of the place, so well sustained by the many travelers visiting this most charming and delightful spot.



THE NARROW PASS.

Niagara and Saratoga have had their day, and though the former is as attractive as ever, people are calling for something new. To those who have not visited Watkins Glen we recommend it as a summer resort excelled by none. Our pictures, though accurate in every point, can give but a faint idea of the sights to be seen at this beautiful place.

## TIMES GO BY TURNS.

SOUTHWELL.

The lopped tree in time may grow again;
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The dryest soil suck in some moistening shower:
Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb,
Her tides have equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great, but runneth to an end;
No hap so hard, but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
No endless night, nor yet eternal day:
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost,
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish;
Unmingled joys here to no man befall:
Who least, hath some, who most hath never all.

## NAT'S FUTURE.

KATE W. HAMILTON.

A pair of small boots, considerably worn and rubbed at the toes, had been for half an hour perched on the battered fender before the old fire-place, when another pair, equally small, and equally well worn, were placed beside them. Bernie had slipped in from the kitchen, and settled herself comfortably for a bit of rest and chat with Sue. Not elegant was the little parsonage sitting-room, but its appointments were quite in accordance with all rules of harmony, since the grayish, well-worn look pervaded everything except, indeed, the cheerily blazing fire in the open grate.

There was a gray sky outside, too, that autumn day, and a slow, tearful rain, whose steady falling quite gratified Miss Sue, intent upon completing a piece of amateur millinery. She turned a dismantled hat around upon her hand, and nodded approvingly at the dripping windows.

"Can't a soul get here from anywhere today; glad of it!"

Bernie, with round chin between two little rosy palms, surveyed thoughtfully her sister's unadorned hat and the box of odds and ends upon the table near her.

"What are you going to trim it with?"

"Don't know," answered Sue in beautiful serenity; "with whatever is left, I suppose, as I always do."

"And there never is anything left," added Bernie a trifle despondingly.

A brief silence fell, in which Sue sorted and measured, and Bernie drew a suspiciously thin portemonnaie from her pocket, and investigated its contents—at first courageously, then incredulously, and finally with a sigh.

"Well?" said Sue, looking up interrogatively.

"Well, its only Wednesday, and there are only four dollars left to get through the week with," explained Bernie. "Its dreadfully hard work to make ends meet."

"Dear me! I'd be satisfied if they would go half way round and tuck under!" exclaimed Sue, scanning the velvet she was laying upon her hat.

"I'm tired of tucking under, and besides, there's nothing left under which we can tuck anything," persisted Bernie. "I don't see how it can be any better for ever so long either, for there's Nat to think of."

There was always Nat to think of, and a deal of thinking he had occasioned in this family, where, of five children, he was the only boy. The mother had thought herself to death over him while he was yet in his infancy—at least, her physician declared her disease to be something on the brain, and it was more likely to have been Nat than anything else. The two married sisters filled half their letters with messages concerning him—conflicting advice which Sue and Bernie perplexed their young souls in endeavoring to carry out; while their mild, dreamy, unpractical father divided many an hour spent in his little study between developing the heads of his sermons, and speculating upon the possible developments of the various organs of Nat's head.

Nat was sure to be a genius, there was no doubt of that, for he was a remarkable child

already. The only question was in what particular direction his genius would expand most brilliantly.

"We must be watchful and sympathetic, ready to foster and follow any hints and leadings that may be given us," said the father, with mingled pride and reverence. "The bumps upon his head are wonderful."

They certainly were, and owing to a naturally combative disposition, and a more than usual share of the accidents that boyhood is heir to, they increased daily, and with them the dubiousness of his future. Only the week before this rainy day the father had stolen into the gray sitting-room, where Sue and Bernie were at work, with his finger laid warningly upon his lips. "My dear girls, do not disturb Nat upon any account! I have been so surprised—so gratified! I found him in the kitchen, a few minutes ago, studying a paper, and I contrived to see what it was—a work on astronomy! actually a work on astronomy! a boy nine years of age poring over a treatise on astronomy! Let him have the room to himself, by all means, and become as deeply interested as he will. We cannot tell of what it may be the beginning."

So Nat was left in undisputed possession of the kitchen, though the fire died out in the stove for want of attention, the coffee remained unroasted, and the wheels of domestic machinery were wofully clogged and hindered by his selection of that inconvenient place for a sanctum. Such trifles weighed as nothing, however, against the opening of a glorious career, and the family benevolently busied themselves elsewhere, until suddenly a thumping, scrambling sound from somewhere in the sacred domain, followed by a series of half-smothered yells, caused everybody to rush frantically in that direction.

Upon the table lay the paper on astronomy, cut into proper shape for a kite, while through the pantry door the young astronomer's heels were visible, kicking wildly in the air above the top of the flour barrel. The contents of that valuable receptacle were unfortunately low, and in trying to scoop up material for paste, Nat had leaned too far in; his marvelous head had over-balanced his high feet, and received an entirely new organ by the force with which it struck bottom. He and the barrel rolled upon the floor together in a moment, and he struggled into view, very floury and indignant concerning barrels that had "nothin' of no 'count in 'em."

The treatise on astronomy led him no further skyward than was allowed by the length of string he was able to purchase from Jim Sykes for two cents, and a broken jack-knife; so his future was still undecided, and open for Bernie's consideration as she sat by the fire. Thinking did not seem to throw much light, either upon that or some other matters in the domestic economy. Sue could not solve the problem, her bright face only grew a shade more thoughtful at her sisters despondent remark.

"If one could just have a good, generous piece of life for once, instead of the scraps!" she said.

"'Crumbs from the Master's table,'" Bernie had almost added; but something in that thought suddenly checked the murmuring words upon her lips. The conversation drooped a little, and the young housekeeper presently went away on her round of duties again—not quite so blithely as before she discovered the low state of her finances, though such discoveries were so frequent that they ought, as Sue said, long ago to have arrived at the condition of the old man who "never expected nothin', and never was disappointed."

"Bernie," said Sue, the next time her sister's circuit brought her into her vicinity, "Mrs. Rogers' party is to-morrow night, you know. Are you going?"

Bernie shook her head. "Are you?"

"My dear! When my light silks are all ripped up, my diamonds at the jeweler's for safe keeping, and the family coach out of repair! what a question! I should be willing to lend my hat though, if I could prevail upon you to go," and she held up that article of millinery which, "trimmed with good intentions and the last bit of velvet," as she averred, was really quite presentable."

Bernie laughed, but declined the offer. The minister's charge was not indeed in the town proper, but an humbler parish in the outskirts; and though his profession was sufficiently respected to bring his daughters occasional invitations in that would-be fashionable little town, his salary was not respectable enough to admit of their accepting them except at very rare intervals. But though Bernie had settled this particular case so promptly, it came up for re-consideration. When the evening lamps were

lighted, and the two girls cozily busied over the mending basket, the father descended hurriedly from his study, in faded dressing-gown and shabby slippers, with profound thought in his face, and Nat's jacket in his hand. Nat always commenced disrobing wherever he happened to be, when the fancy for going to bed seized him, and scattered articles of apparel right and left all the way to his room. This evening he had happened to be in his father's study, and the result was his jacket thrown upon the study table, which had led to a discovery.

"I removed it to get at my writing, and something heavy dropped upon the floor," explained Mr. Morse. "It was a stone, and there are more like it in his pocket. I can't see anything uncommon in them—I really can't; but the boy must, else why should he gather up and carry about in his pockets anything so cumbrous and uncomfortable?"

It occurred to Sue that Nat's notions of comfort might differ somewhat from his father's. "He is always gathering up stones," she said.

"Yes, that is just the thing; and we never have given it the attention that we ought. Think, my dear, what a glorious thing it would be if he should become a great geologist. How easily he might make discoveries that would bring wealth and comfort to us all, and render him a blessing to the age in which he lives! What higher ambition could we have for him?".

Wealth and comfort! a restful, blissful vision those two words conjured up for poor tired little Bernie, anxiously pondering how four dollars could be made to furnish all needful family supplies for the remainder of the week. It would seem so sweet to be free from the care and pinching. What if it might be in the years that were coming? And from flitting thoughts of Hugh Miller, and his "league with the stones of the field," came a swift remembrance of something nearer by, and she spoke it aloud.

"Oh! Mrs. Rogers' party! Don't you know, Sue, that stranger, Professor Kelsey, in whose honor she is giving it? He is a geologist, and they are so proud of him! Writes essays, and delivers lectures before societies, and all that; and he is wealthy." Bernie paused a moment; she did not quite know whether the gentleman had acquired his wealth by his scientific researches, or whether being wealthy had given him leisure to pursue them. It did not matter much; the two were certainly connected, so she continued with animation: "He will write some papers while he stays, Mrs. Rogers says; for it is only partly to visit them he came; he wants to examine the rocks about here."

"If one of us could only go to the party and get just a little bit acquainted with him—" began Sue slowly, catching the idea lurking under Bernie's eager words.

"Certainly you should go—both go," interposed the father. "It is better that you should mingle more in society, girls. Any evening spent in the company of intellectual and distinguished people, such as this gentleman, can scarcely fail to be pleasant and improving; and any chance acquaintance you might form with him would be very valuable to your brother. Go, by all means," and he benevolently adjusted his spectacles and wandered back to his study in blessed masculine ignorance that those identical calico dresses and ruffled white aprons were not a perfectly satisfactory costume for any drawing-room.

"The Queen of Sheba probably found Solomon's company improving, but I suspect she wouldn't have enjoyed it if she had been minus the spices and precious stones, to say nothing of a court toilet," laughed Sue. "But Bernie," soberly, "I've been thinking that dress you had last spring *might* do. Material isn't noticed so much as color, in the evening, you know, and that is a lovely pearl gray."

"But Nat burned a hole in the back of the skirt, carrying a lamp into my closet one night," said Bernie regretfully.

"I know, but a sash will cover it; that blue one of mine will be just the thing. You really can go, Bernie."

"If I could go—just for Nat's sake," began Bernie, seriously considering the matter.

"It would be worth so much! and you will be sure to interest Professor Kelsey in Nat, I know you will!" exclaimed enthusiastic Sue.

"Oh, my dear! I could only expect to get just a little acquainted with him, so that if he stays here for several weeks, we might hope to continue it, and speak to him of Nat by and by, you know. If he should be a great geologist, Sue!"

"The Professor?"

"No; Nat."

Sue drew a long breath of mingled longing and anticipation, then dropped to the more prosaic matter of details for the party dress.

"Gloves—if we ever had any light ones; but we always have to get those that are dark, because they don't soil soon, and are so much more economical," she remarked rather irrelevantly.

"I have an odd one," laughed Bernie. "The only pair I ever owned came to grief by my losing one before I had a chance to soil them."

"Wear it, and I'll paint the other hand to match it," cried Sue gaily.

"Thank you; I won't sail under false colors — particularly water colors. Dear me! how I hate shams!" a little fiercely.

"Well, there isn't going to be any sham about it," said Sue diplomatically. "I would take the one glove, if I were you, wear it or carry it. It isn't likely any one will notice that you haven't a pair, and if they do, they will only suppose you have dropped one."

"And if they happen to suppose I came with one because I haven't two, they will hit the truth exactly, and I shall not disturb myself about it," responded Bernie sturdily.

It was odd preparation for a party—not choosing what they would like, or what would be prettiest, but what could be made to do. It required much thought and many stitches the next day, but with Sue's ready tact, and Bernie's simple honesty, the matter was arranged. Then came a final dressing in the evening, with Sue officiating as maid.

"If you only were going, too!" exclaimed Bernie, surveying her completed toilet.

"Your god-mother has exhausted herself in fitting out one Cinderella; she couldn't possibly furnish two," said Sue, sinking down upon a low seat to mark the effect of her handiwork.

"Wofully like Cinderella, that's a fact. I never could see why she wanted to go, when she knew her coach was only a pumpkin, and her finery nothing but a bewitched shabbiness after all; and I shouldn't care to go either, only for Nat," commented Bernie a little hesitatingly, and with flushing cheeks.

"The god-mother's princess was fairest of all who were there, though; and I think it quite possible that part of the story may be repeated to-night," urged Sue with loving pride in the sweet, girlish face, and the simple toilet that certainly did look fresh and pretty. "But if the fairy tale doesn't comfort you, take this word from an older book —'Stand in thy lot.'"

Bernie's clouded eyes brightened.

"It does say so, doesn't it? Not lie down in your lot, nor try to creep out of it into somebody's else, but *stand* in it. I will!" And so she went away.

It was a pleasant enough lot that evening, after all. Bernie enjoyed the life and gayety, the meeting of so many other young faces; and when, later in the evening, hers proved to be a quiet corner lot for a little while, she found that pleasant, also—wonderfully pleasant, when Professor Kelsey, in some marvelous way, drifted into the same sheltered nook.

If the Professor proved to be much younger than the gray-haired gentleman her fancy had painted, that only rendered her more hopeful that Nat also might succeed early in life; and if, instead of being fearfully *distingué* and terribly scientific, he was only gentlemanly and genial, that made more rapid and agreeable the progress in acquaintanceship; and Bernie was quite satisfied to accept the reality instead of the ideal. The loving thought for another that had brought her there, deepened and sweetened unconsciously the expression of her fair face, while the shy, winning eagerness with which she listened was as far removed as possible from any flutter of gratified vanity; and the geologist, having an admiration for Nature's handwriting in other things than rocks, lingered and talked.

"So I really saw more of him than I expected, you know," said Bernie, deliberately removing and smoothing out her ribbons, at a "wee sma' hour" of the night, when Sue's curly head had popped up from its pillow to hear a report. "He is good, and true, and manly—I'm sure we should be satisfied to have Nat like him—and I hope something will come of it—sometime."

The prospect seemed scarcely so promising the next morning, when the father, anxious to learn how deep a hold this new science had taken upon Nat's inquiring mind, ventured cautiously to question him.

"You like stones, don't you, Nat?"

"Don't like 'em in my shoes, and I've got one there now," said Nat, proceeding to empty out the offending pebble.

"But you like to pick them up?"

"Sometimes," carelessly.

"And to carry them in your pockets?"

"Well, if I did, I guess there wasn't one bit of dirt on 'em, 'cause I wiped it all off

with my handkerchief," began Nat, growing red and defensive at once.

"Oh, it wasn't that, my boy! There was no harm in it, none at all," interposed the fond father apologetically. "But I am asking about it because I have an object in view—a great object, my dear Nat. I suppose it is not easy to put your thoughts about those stones into words; still, if you would try to tell me—"

It did not seem easy. Nat's color deepened, he knocked his heels together, crowded his hands down into his pockets, and finally burst forth:

"Well, if you must know, I put 'em there so's I could shy 'em at Bill Wilkin's dog when I went to school; 'cause he's always barkin' at me. I did it, an' I hit him too! Bill's awful mad, an' he limps on three legs, but he don't know 'twas me. S'pose you folks'll think its awful wicked, 'cause ministers and wimmin don't have no 'casion to do such things; but I just couldn't stand that dog, so I couldn't!"

Considerable human nature in all that, but very little searching into formations and strata; and a silence fell upon the group. However, when Mr. Morse, unwilling to abandon this last and most brilliant hope, explained what he had meant, expatiated, persuaded and illustrated, Nat gradually warmed from indifference into something like interest, and finally remarked with condescending good-nature,

"Well, I don't know but I'd as soon be one of them fellers that makes lots of money trampin' round the country and knockin' things to pieces to see what they're made of, as anything; guess I would."

"Not as definite an idea of geology as could be wished, still it is a beginning; all things must have a beginning," commented Mr. Morse mildly, with a sigh half hopeful, half regretful, as Nat departed. And so the plan rested.

Meanwhile, as the days slipped into weeks, the acquaintance with Professor Kelsey, that had seemed such a desirable but doubtful If, grew gradually into something tangible and real. He liked the quiet little town, and the material its surroundings afforded for his study. The hurrying, wearying city he had left held no special attractions for him. It was near enough still for all need, and distant enough for comfort; and he was well content to linger here, both for rest and work—possibly for something more. After that first memorable evening, it was wonderful how opportunities for further intercourse presented themselves, Bernie thought. Almost it seemed as if the Professor might have guessed their wish, though of course he couldn't, and she flushed at the mere idea. She wondered that she met him so frequently at the meetings, lectures, and various gatherings of the place. She had fancied that he would be too far above the concerns of ordinary mortals to enjoy such things, but she was glad for Nat's sake that he was not; and she herself also went oftener to these assemblies than she had ever cared to do before—also for Nat's sake.

The road that passed the old parsonage led—well, with skillful turnings and variations, it could be made to lead almost anywhere, and the Professor dropped into a way of taking it in his rambles after geologic specimens. There was an inviting, old-fashioned well in the quaint, grassy yard, that attracted his notice; and as "drinking deep from the wells of science," though very fine in a figurative way, does not satisfy all cravings of thirsty humanity, he paused one day, when he caught sight of a certain bright face at the parsonage window, and begged a glass of water. It was not quite the meeting of strangers, and there were a few moments of pleasant chat.

Mr. Morse, on a pilgrimage to his study, wandered into the hall in time for an introduction, and presently proved himself so conversant with the highways and byways, resources and history of his secluded corner of the earth, that it was quite natural thereafter that Professor Kelsey should call at the parsonage when in need of information concerning routes and localities. The recurrence of such need grew more frequent; but he was a very thoughtful visitor—never willing to disturb Mr. Morse when that gentleman was in his study. Miss Bernie answered quite as well on such occasions. Where her knowledge was vague and indefinite, they could consult and conjecture together until they reached some sort of conclusion; or, that failing, there was always the resort of awaiting with most courteous and exemplary patience, the minister's leisure. Sue sometimes found these latter sessions a little long, and a trifle inconvenient from various household points of view; but Bernie did not; she was too anxious for Nat's welfare.

It was a pleasant autumn. The sky was clearer than usual, the winds softer, the the sunlight brighter; even the dry and fall-

ing leaves had a cheery sound in their rustling. Bernie had never before given the subject any particular thought, but she marveled that season that any one should call such days "the saddest of the year." The old gray sitting-room wore a contented smile over its grayness; and though the weekly funds had still a perverse fashion of ending before the week did, the constant stretching, turning and planning had in someway grown less uncomfortable and irksome. Possibly it was because she was more at rest about Nat; not that his genius and proclivities had ever been mentioned to Professor Kelsey—there had scarcely appeared an entirely auspicious time for that—but his prospects were certainly more hopeful. Poverty was not so very miserable, after all.

"There is nothing like getting used to things," remarked Bernie, pondering the subject while she pared apples.

"Or used to doing without them," responded Sue, peering into the sugar box, and discovering that her purposed cup-cake must resign in favor of something that demanded less sweetening.

Then came a knock at the door, and right into the middle of the conversation, the kitchen, and the baking-day, walked Mrs. Clipitt. She usually managed to be in the middle of things; it suited her, and she seated herself composedly.

"Stewing apples, Bernie? Some of those twenty-five cent ones from Corwin's, ain't they? How nicely you manage! I can't make sauce fit for the table unless I have the best apples in the market. Paid fifty cents a peck for the last ones. Feather-cake, Sue? Nice, economical cake, isn't it? But dear me! our folks are *so* particular; they must have the richest or none."

Sue moved a little, to screen her table as far as possible from the sharp eyes of their visitor. slipped the lid over the empty sugar-box, and hastily changed the subject.

"What is there new in the village, Mrs. Clipitt?"

"*Village!*" child? You might be polite enough to call it a town since the state does. Well, I don't know of anything specially new. That stone man is going away."

"Stoneman? I don't know any people of that name," said Bernie innocently.

"La! that isn't his name. That man who is here after rocks, I mean—ge-ge—what do you call it? I always forget the names of the isms."

"Professor Kelsey? I didn't suppose he thought of going away very soon," began Sue wonderingly; but Mrs. Clipitt interposed with decision.

"*I* should be likely to know if anybody does, and Mrs. Rogers told me he was going, or, what amounted to the same thing. I told her I expected the sun would rise all the same if he did; she's so set up because he is a distant relation of theirs. The idea of anybody taking credit to themselves on account of their relations! Its the last thing I'd boast of, though, dear knows, I've as much reason to as some other people."

Thereupon followed a goodly list of Mrs. Clipitt's kith and kin, with a detailed account of their doings, estate, and general importance, of which she might boast, if she did not scorn such things. That point being settled, she returned to the present generation and matters of local interest. She gave her opinion concerning the shabbiness of the church, the necessity of having a new one, and enlarged upon the readiness with which she would build it if she only had some people's money; then she took up the sewing society.

Bernie scarcely heard it; she was conscious only of an intense desire to have the steady stream of talk cease, and a vague sense of relief that Sue supplied the brief answers that were needed. It seemed an interminable time, but at last Mrs. Clipitt, arose and drew her shawl around her.

"I really must be going. I thought I'd just run in and cheer you up a bit this gloomy day. Looks as if we were going to have a storm. doesn't it?"

Sue had vanished into the pantry. Bernie glanced at the window and shivered a little. "It has grown cold and dark; I had not noticed it before," she said.

"*Grown* so, child! Why, its been just the same all the morning," laughed Mrs. Clipitt.

Sue murmured something about a "lengthy chapter of chronicles," as the door closed, but Bernie did not heed it. She was still gazing through the window, as though the clouded sky and dreary landscape had suddenly fascinated her.

"I wonder if he is going?" she questioned slowly after a long silence.

"Who? Oh! Professor Kelsey? It is quite probable. He may have had some word from the city that hastened his departure, you know; but, really, I should think he had staid long enough to see everything there is to be seen in this little place," an-

swered she with cheerful indifference.

"But I thought—that is I hoped he might stay longer on Nat's account," explained Bernie with troubled face.

"Oh I don't think it makes much difference about that," said Sue comfortingly. "Papa has become quite well acquainted with him now, you know, and can easily correspond with him on the subject when Nat is a little older, so that anything can be settled definitely. I'm sure that is all we expected or thought of when he first came. His advice and influence will be of just as much value as if he was here."

But Bernie was in nowise consoled by this statement of the case. It sounded reasonable enough, certainly, yet she was half provoked with Sue for making it. An odd day it was—one of those when everything plays at cross-purposes. With the sunlight gone from the little sitting-room, it looked grayer and more thread-bare than ever. Every break and darn in the old carpet stood out with fearful distinctness; the curtains were wofully faded, and the fender battered into positive deformity. Then the kitchen stove smoked and refused to draw; the wood was poor. What else could they expect—a minister's family who were supposed to accept thankfully all sorts of worthless trash in lieu of the tardy salary? The apples did not cook well; probably it would be different if they could afford to get the best, as Mrs. Clipitt did. Bernie's heart was growing bitter as well as sore.

She did not know what was wrong. She was only tired, she said to herself; but it seemed hard that others should have so much, and they nothing but the "odds and ends" always. What was it she had said to Sue of "getting used to things?" One might grow used to being cramped and bound, but it would dwarf and cripple nevertheless. The hours dragged heavily, and every straw of discomfort added to her burden—so rapidly does the store accumulate when one begins to count up griefs and hardships.

More sombre grew the afternoon sky. Bernie watched it from the window where she had seated herself with her sewing. It bent gloomily over the sad earth, and seemed to shut in like prison-walls; and what a gray tired old world it was! Grown so empty and lonely too! Not that anything had gone out of it; it held all that it had ever held for her, but then—the brown eyes dreamily followed the drifting leaves, and the sentence was left unfinished even in thought.

Sue, busy with various projects of turning inside out and upside down for the winter's wardrobe, attempted to unfold some of her plans, but found so preoccupied and inattentive an audience, that she presently subsided into silence, only casting, occasionally, a puzzled glance at her sister's face. At length she threw aside the garment upon which she had been working.

"There! I could finish that to-night if I had the buttons. I will call Nat and send him for them."

But just then came a shrill scream, a crashing and jarring, and the sound of a heavy fall, followed by a succession of cries that reached the father in his study, startled Bernie from her reverie, and drew the whole terrified household to the yard, where Nat lay upon the ground with a ladder holding him down. In accordance with his resolution of knocking things to pieces to see the inside of them, he had endeavored to explore the contents of an old martin-box that was perched upon a back shed; but, unfortunately, the ladder upon which he mounted was insecurely placed, his efforts to reach the box tilted it still farther, and resulted in a miserable downfall.

A careful examination proved that no bones were broken. There appeared only a badly bumped head, a bruised side, and a slightly sprained ankle, and when the veteran was borne from the field and laid upon a lounge in the house, the pale faces gathered about him began to lose their first look of alarm.

"Nat, my boy, is there anything we can do to make you more comfortable? Anything you would like?" inquired the father, with voice still a little tremulous.

Nat closed his eyes reflectively for a moment, then remarked solemnly that he thought he "should like five cents worth of peanuts." It was an encouraging omen, and though it did not seem to be a very pressing need, yet the boy really deserved some reward for not killing himself outright; and, remembering the buttons Sue had wished for, Bernie volunteered a trip into town.

She wanted to be out in the cool air, and walk, and she took a lonely way by the riverside to reach her destination. The waters so clear and sparkling all through the summer time, to-day looked gray and cold as the sky that bent above them—flowing on

steadily and joylessly as life itself, Bernie thought. The bitterness had passed from her heart with the shock and pain of an hour before; she was only sad now. Nat's life had been preserved—for some great purpose may be; but if he ever became great and successful, it would be long years from now, when her father was worn out, and when she and Sue had grown old and faded, and nothing could matter much to them any more.

She traveled a long way into the future in that walk up town—so far and so cheerlessly that on her return she shunned the murmuring mournful river, and in no mood for the human sights and sounds of the street, walked slowly homeward along the railway. The change availed nothing. The narrow road, the iron track stretching on and on, repeated the same old story of duty's hard, straight path; and when rounding a curve, it entered a short defile where the grim rocks pressed close and towered high on each side, the symbol grew sharper and more boding still.

"Only a strip of dim sky above; no sunshine lighting up the bare hard way," she soliloquized; then started as if a whole flood of sunlight had suddenly poured upon her, as she caught sight of a figure a few rods in advance of her. No one that she knew, she assured herself, yet her heart beat rapidly as she advanced; and in a moment the gentleman espied her, and awaited her approach as one in nowise doubtful of his acquaintanceship. One hand held a small mallet, but the other was extended with a smile that spoke of no uncertain welcome.

"Miss Bernie! I have heard of poor searchers after iron striking suddenly upon a vein of gold, but I never knew before what the sensation would be. You did not drop from this gray sky, I am sure; whence then?"

"Only prosaically walking home from town," answered Bernie; and then—oh foolish Bernie!—she attempted to explain her eager embarrassed greeting. "I was surprised at seeing you. I thought you had gone; that is I heard—Are you going away, Professor Kelsey?

"From here? I do not know. I should be well content to make my home here if—Miss Bernie—"

The long, wild shriek of a steam whistle drowned the sentence, and Bernie looked up wildly at the puffing monster just entering the pass.

"Oh! the cars!" what shall we do!"

"Bernie! There is no danger; trust me, dear. Here, quick!"

He clambered up some jagged, uneven steps, and lifted her to a narrow ledge, where she clung to the rock, supported by the strong arm thrown around her, until the roaring crashing train had swept by.

"Safe, you see," said the Professor cheerily as they stood upon the road once more.

But Bernie could not answer. The day's burden and pain, Nat's accident, and the unexpected meeting followed by this last adventure, proved quite too much for her composure, and she burst into a passion of tears. The Professor stood by in a perplexity that she tried to relieve at length.

It was not just this—she was not so foolish—but she had been so frightened about Nat. She had been anxious about him that day, too; a little disappointed in something she had hoped. The Professor stood gazing down upon her with a look at once anxious and tender.

"I am not going away—if I may stay," he said. "I will gladly do all that I can for your brother; but there is another member of your family in whose future I am more deeply interested. If she would but trust that to me, so far as human love may hold it—Bernie, my darling! can you? will you?"

And Bernie—her answer belonged to the Professor alone, and as he was satisfied with it, we perforce must be; but she breathed a faint sigh in the midst of her happiness at recalling a certain theological truth—the taint of selfishness in our utmost unselfishness—and realized that her day's unrest had not been wholly for Nat's sake.

The rain that had been threatening all the day began to fall, but not until it had increased to a rapid shower did they notice it; then the precious parcel done up in shawl and brown vail was hurried away as if there were danger of her dissolving into mist. If any of the good town's people saw them on that homeward walk, they might have been pardoned for thinking the Professor had secured an entirely unique specimen at least, so dripping, disheveled and radiant was Miss Bernie.

Once in the parsonage parlor, she left the gentleman of science to tell his own story, while she sped away to her room, glad of the excuse her wet garments afforded; and on-

ly returned after an unconscionable length of time, to find everything comfortably explained and settled, the gentle minister ready with his blessing, and the Professor invited to remain for tea.

"And we haven't anything in the world to give him but flapjacks and stewed apples," whispered Sue in dismay. But Bernie serenely affirmed that she "guessed he wouldn't mind," and that shrewd augury proved correct. Nobody except Sue could have told afterward exactly what they did have; that first meal together was so pleasant yet so new and strange and, Nat declared, "so jolly."

Afterward came the good night in quintette, with duet a few minutes later, when Bernie accompanied their guest to the door. She returned to find her father vanished to his study, and Sue with feet upon the fender. Again a second little pair of boots were placed beside the first ones, and then Sue burst forth with accumulated emphasis:

"Bernie Morse! how ever came you to do it?"

Bernie lifted her shy lashes, and showing the brown eyes gleaming like stars, answered demurely in the words of Mrs. Toodles:

"My dear, I—thought he would be so handy to have in the family."

## THE OLD STORY.

A little boat on a rippling tide,
Lightly lifting and idly aswing;
A gentle step on the dimpling sand,
The boat slides in, and the ripples ring.

A strong arm loosens the dripping rope,
And deftly coils, and gathers it in;
The white seas toss, they beckon and smile,
And the far sky-line is clear and thin.

She sits where the bubbles curve and meet,
Her pearly hand dividing the spray,
His manly grasp to the swift oar clings,
And drives the boat to the open bay.

The cleft waves part from the flying prow,
And dripping sands grow dimly forlorn,
While sapphire gates of the far off sea
Are fairer indeed than portals of morn.

The oars dip slow, with their labor past,
The glad waves curve, they listen and sway,
The sun seems more than ever was sun,
All care is dead, and the world at play.

A living peace is deep on the sea,
The steadfast hush of its central core;
The clouds are sweet in the skies above,
And the hills are grand beyond the shore.

Drifting they dream, and dreaming they drift,
And think, and listen, and scan the blue,
Till mayhap both of them chance to dream
That life was never so sweetly true.

There let them drift, while the skies are deep
With clearer voices than I have told,
And every moment of weary time
Grew under a smile, to a span of gold.

## MEMORIES OF SUMNER.

REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

You invite me to jot down what I personally know of this incorruptible man. Though some years before me at the Boston Latin School and in Harvard College, as a Boston boy I knew him well. We used to call him a real good fellow. Diligent from the first, he never led at school or in college. A tall boy he seemed awkward in his jacket. His eyes that afterwards became so luminous were weak: and he did not loom up then as grand thoughts gave him spiritual preeminence in later days. Outwardly, as inwardly, I have never known a man to grow so grandly. He was an indefatigable belles lettres scholar, with a memory that never erred as when he would tell a man just where to lay his hand on any book he wanted in the law library at Cambridge: a spirited declaimer, an excellent classicist, and of capital muscle: but with little taste for mathematics and metaphysics, and so not anxious of high rank in the most brilliant class Cambridge ever graduated.

At times a visit to the cattleshow in the next village was forbidden fruit. Sumner and his chum were found by their fathers on the attractive field. The old sheriff asked how Charley was making out at mathemat-

ics. "Oh, very well, sir," was the friend's reply. "Glad of it," said the father, "I never did. I let drop the links and lost the chain, and could never catch it again.' I remember another thing in which that polite old gentleman foreshadowed his son. It was the grand contest of Wirt and Webster on an insurance case. The court house was crowded with ladies to the exclusion of lawyers, but not of a Latin school urchin whom I could name. In a weary interval of the argument the ladies fell to whispering and giggling : the gallant sheriff rapped with his white wand, and said: "*Gentlemen! gentlemen!* the court requires silence."

These were the times when the Garrison stir was beginning to be felt like the low mutter of a distant storm, when Gov. Everett thought of prohibiting the circulation of its tracts, and Robert C. Winthrop set up its grave in the National Congress—which, by a slight mistake, proved to be politically his own.

I roomed opposite to him after his graduation, and was amazed at his diligence. No man in the Hall consumed so much lamp oil. His memory was overpowering ; his common place books were crowded ; he mastered the whole law library of which he had charge. Judge Story (who considered him his best pupil), gave Sumner such letters to England as opened the most profitable circles to him. One day the Chief Justice had seated him by his side on the Bench, and a difficult question came up. when the great Judge turned to the young American and said: "Have you any American decision on this point?" "No, your Lordship, but it has already been decided in your own court in such a case." This made Sumner's fame throughout England, which his extravagant view of the Alabama damages did not shake. He then seemed chiseled out for a musty lawyer—a mouser among dead folios—a follower of antiquated precedents : for, no young lawyer was delving so deep, heaping up his treasures of knowledge so high, laying out so much hard work for the future.

But, just as Milton returned from Italy when the commonwealth struggle was breaking out, Sumner came home when the Texas agitation enflamed the country. The Mexican war followed as was predicted. The seeds were being sown to be harvested not alone in tears but in blood. He felt with his friend, De Toequeville, that life is neither a pleasure nor a pain, but a serious business which it is our duty to carry through with honor. At this time, the poet Whittier says, Sumner confided to him his great ambition : that it was not for politics, but to become a Lord Mansfield and write history. But I doubt if he would have achieved immortality so : and I am certain only half his nature would have been satisfied.

When the Free Soil party united with the Democratic to place him in the United States Senate, I was with his brother George in Paris. When his letter of regrets came, I said : "Is not your brother mistaken?" "Not at all," said George, "He has never written a line nor asked a vote nor moved a hand for this." And he had not. Strange that this unwilling Senator should have been senator longest—dying almost in the seat where the murderer did not quite crush him—ejected from the high place where he had defended the negro so long and yet blowing a blast at times which shook the White House—sending an electric flash to the ends of the earth—spreading the protecting wings of a guardian angel over the oppressed everywhere, giving encouragement to Cavour and inspiration to Castellar, and sympathy to Gladstone. The celebrated Rufus Choate wrote to him, the youngest and most alone of the Senators, "How does it strike you? 'Tis the best place on earth for reasoned, yet stimulant public speech." Sumner's answer was : "I am obliged to say its honors are all eclipsed by its duties :" and to others he declared, "I know I cannot meet the public expectation."

Two other earlier efforts of his showed equally his manly independence, his disdain of public opinion, his utter incapacity of admitting there could be any side but the side of humanity.

One was against the Auburn Prison system, then lauded to the skies by the only "Prison Discipline Society" in the world, established at Boston, of which I was a life-member. For years it had been a pet of Massachusetts, had blocked up the path to improvement, had misrepresented better methods of reform, had concealed the grave faults of this very imperfect treatment. With a few pebbles the young David smote the system in its very head : it staggered from the battlefield as good as dead, and the "Society" never breathed again.

Then came his war upon war in a grand oration, which all the friends of peace in England and America pronounced the best statement of their views that ever has been

made ; but which even the clergy assailed, soldiers cursed, popular politicians disavowed, and the people at large thought imprudent, as every real advance must necessarily be, in its day.

But his great fight was under the flag "Liberty national, slavery sectional:" a fight in which he was not alone to be sure, for freedom had already its martyrs : but, alone at Washington against a host—against Northern merchants as well as Southern planters, against popular politicians, eloquent judges, far-seeing statesmen, all those who seemed to be controlling church and state.

His grand victory was really when a Southern bully sprang upon him as he was bent over his desk writing, and smote him down ; senators like Douglass looked approvingly on, preventing any rescue of a helpless fallen man, entangled in an iron-fastened desk. That fall lifted Sumner on high before the world. It won to him the heart of all the North—it called forth earnest sympathy all over earth—it became more and more eloquent by the silence of his suffering—especially when as his back was being burnt down from top to bottom, by this horrible torment to arouse his paralyzed nerves, and he asked Brown Sequard "if his recovery would be hastened by enduring it all without chloroform,"—and the doctor said "yes,"—"then," said Sumner. "*I will suffer it all!*" And he was completely burnt over five times !

He was censured for not speaking oftener in Congress. Certainly his mind was not quick at repartee : he lacked humor : his only extempore anecdote was when he said if Congress gave the three millions to a Philadelphia International, it would find itself like the bear who ate up the horse in the sleigh, and found himself in the harness dragging it along to his prison. But he patiently matured every opinion : surveyed the whole ground : instructed himself on every subject of legislation, and at last spoke in words weighed down with conviction, sentences that he could repeat without a blush after thirty years.

How disinterested he was is shown by the fact, that, when he voted against the salary grab he was actually making arrangements with Redpath to deliver a course of lectures because he had lost severely by the Boston fire—lectures which his ill health obliged him to relinquish. His principal property was his house in Washington, and the treasures of art gathered there, of which such an admirable disposition has been made in his will.

His classmate Warren found him greatly dejected not many months ago, complaining that he felt afresh the old wounds. (He was not then able to walk a block). Judge Chase called, and, after some mutual cheering words, Warren remarked, "if you've any desire to be elected, the Legislature will undoubtedly return you." "Do you think so?" "I haven't a doubt. You know how long the State supported Webster, though it didn't agree with him altogether ; and it has the deepest sympathy for you."

At this Sumner raised his hand to wipe off a tear. In came Agassiz, who would not leave Washington without a parting, it proved a final word. When Warren's remark had been repeated to him, "Of course," said Agassiz, "your name is a weight—there's none to balance it. The people won't throw away a great chance for slight differences." And his radiant smile reflected itself in Sumner's brightened countenance, and it was a like cheer as where Massachusetts rescinded its vote of censure about the battle-flags, and publicly repented of the injustice she had done to the purest of her sons.

This Magazine does not need a list of Sumner's faults and excellencies like the summing up of a sermon. Everybody with half an eye can see that his imperiousness was part of his nobility of soul : his dictatorial way came from intensity of his conviction. A Puritan of the Puritans, he could not understand how any person could honestly differ from him. So he was intensely bigoted on the right side. He would not save Motley at the expense of Haiti—could not hold his place another ten years at the head of the most important committees in Congress by "crooking the pregnant hinges of the knee for the thrift that follows fawning."

And the absolute impregnability of his moral and physical conviction made him inaccessible to temptation. No bribe knocked at his door. No Credit Mobilier offered its shares. No government contract paid for his legal counsel. "I have never had the art," he said, "to get my hands into the Treasury." Simply because he had never tried. Those gates are well oiled : they move at a touch. He really resembled that Puritan Fletcher, who declared he

would give his life to serve his country, but not do a base thing to save it.

He was one of the sincerest men that ever lived. He had no tricks. He never could say one thing and mean another. He was simple as a child, open as the day, frank in speech as Richard of the Lion Heart. His meaning no man black or white could doubt. And so it proves his rare moral greatness that, with such an unwonted companion, could rule so long over the people's trust and reverence. His coat of arms ought to have been that of Lord Exmouth: "a Christian slave holding aloft the cross and dropping his broken fetters beneath." Strangely enough, his hearse stopped half an hour before the house in which his sometime wife lived—she who had disappointed him in his last hope of home—she who had grieved him so, he said, as never man had been grieved in all the history he knew!

# GENERAL TRAINING DAY.

ASCUTNEY

Tuesday, the fifth of June, 183—, was a day of excitement in the village of W——. Under the General Statute of the State of Vermont, every able-bodied citizen between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five was required to be enrolled, and to appear once a year, armed and equipped for military duty, or pay over in dollars and cents the fine specified by law made and provided.

The fifth of June was near at hand. Two weeks before, the members of the "Jefferson Artillery," and the "Old Floodwood," or "Stubtoe Militia," had been duly "warned," and the note of preparation was sounded on all sides, filling the boys with patriotic fervor and martial enthusiasm.

I was a chubby, rosy-cheeked boy of eleven years. I had worked on John Dunbar's farm throughout the month of April; riding horse to plough bare-back, churned after seven cows every Monday morning, and fished slabs out of the Connecticut river by moonlight for kindling wood, when there were no apples to be pared, or potatoes to be sorted over at the farm house.

My services for the month were rewarded by payment in kind of a white rooster, which I captured in the heat of the day by running him down. The advanced age of my fowl rendered him ineligible among poultrymen, and unsalable at Philip Ames' meat market. On "fast day" I put him up at a turkey shoot, on a crockery crate, at fo' pence a shot, and to my intense chagrin, Dr. Story brought him down with his pin hole, globe sight rifle, at the first fire.

With my six cents I purchased a pint of molasses, and from it made twenty-eight rolls of candy, netting me twenty-eight cents. Re-investing my capital, I repeated my speculation, and my pockets were quickly swollen to the amount of two dollars and thirty-two cents. I was ready for "training day."

Throughout Monday, the fourth of June, pedlars flocked to the town, and a gorgeous display of gingerbread and doughnuts filled the store windows. The morning of the fifth was ushered in by Bill Kerney and Charley Mansfield, who let off most deafening reports from two old muskets right in front of the house, and these were followed by the "old cannon" up on the Common, shattering the glass in the school-house and adjacent buildings.

I was up in a jiffy, fed the old mare, milked the cow, brought in the wood, set the tea-kettle a-going, and set off to pasture with the old cow. All the way wagons filled with "trainers" coming in passed me, whooping and letting off their guns in front of every house. The sun was well up on my return, and the whooping and musketry-fire so excited me, that after a hasty breakfast, I was off to see the sights.

The "Old Floodwood" had its headquarters at the "Constitution House," while the "Jefferson Artillery" made their rendezvous at "F. Pettes' Exchange Coffee House." In this last organization I felt a deep interest. The company was uniformed in blue, trimmed with red, and every man wore on each shoulder a gorgeous yellow shoulder knot, and bore on his waist-belt a sword in a leather scabbard. A leather, bell-crowned cap, surmounted with brass scales, gilt tassels, and an upright red hackle plume, completed the costume.

The music, clad in white with red trimmings, and a white hackle plume tipped

with red, added to the imposing display. I knew them all. Ezra Redtop and Mose Herrinton on the ear-piercing fife. Fitch and Bluff on clarionets, Guss Howard on the triangle, Parsons on the snare, and Darwin on the bass, spirit-stirring drum. The "old cannon," drawn by two gray horses, was an iron six pound gun, on a Gribeaural carriage, painted blue, and bearing a black oval on each side of the trail, inscribed in gilt letters, "Jefferson Artillery." A two wheeled covered vehicle, similarly painted, and inscribed "Tumbril," drawn by one horse, followed the gun. Early in the day, I discovered, on inspection, that this carriage contained two buckets, a jug, a box of lemons, sugar, and a lot of tin cups.

Laughing and joking, and poking fun at "Tague," who was drunk before breakfast, the morning wore away without any movement, until about eleven o'clock, when the sound of a bugle in the distance, announced the approach of the Walpole stage with our bugler musicians. Most royally "Uncle Ned" with his coach and four spotted horses in hand, swept through the village, while from the box beside him rang out clear and soft, the well known air of the "Mellow Horn" from the royal kent bugle of our Walpole musician. A general handshaking followed the discharge of the stage, and the bugler having moistened in front of the counter of the Coffee House, the business of the day commenced.

Captain Pinney was a model officer, tall, straight, slender, with the fringe of his crimson sash clinging to his pantaloons like splashes of blood, and his tall feather bobbing and nodding, he looked to me the impersonification of Napoleon as a warrior. Seated on the piazza of the Coffee House, chatting with his men, the Captain arose, and, placing himself near the hay-scales, a little in front of the house, he called out in a loud, imperious tone, "Form-a-line!"

A precipitate scrambling and rush was made, and an irregular line soon formed facing front towards the Captain. "T'shun company!" said Captain Pinney in a sharp voice. "Music on the right!" Every man stood rigidly erect. It was a splendid sight. Bill Gaylord and Dan Bowen, gunners—and Si' Brown "Tumbril-man," said Captain Pinney, "Dress to right! T'shun to roll call!" said the Captain, and he called the roll. "Here," said one, "Sick," said another, "Hoeing corn," repeated another voice, and so on to the close, when about fifty-five men were found present.

Carefully tying up the roll with a blue ribbon, and thrusting it in his coat-tail pocket, Captain Pinney placed himself opposite the centre of the line, and commanded quick and decidedly, dwelling on the first word, and, after a momentary pause to give time to think, he uttered the last command with a jerk which made him quiver under the effort. "Draw so-words! P'sent so-words! Ca-ree so-words! Charge so-words!" Oh, how the bright blades flashed in the sunlight. It was too exhilarating, and I sought relief in a glass of cider at the hands of a pedlar. Returning, I found Captain Pinney explaining the formation by platoon, and then he said, "P'ltoons right wheel—march!" Upon which the line broke into four platoons, and, at a signal, Ensign Stocker, supported by two soldiers, placed himself in rear of the second platoon, bearing the colors aloft. These were of blue silk, on which was a gilt eagle, bearing in a scroll the words, "Jefferson Artillery."

"Music!" commanded Captain Pinney, "mark time! For-ward March!" At the second command, there was a general shuffling of feet, and at the third, all moved off, the old cannon and Tumbril falling in rear of the Ensign. Down the main street the column marched, around the Baptist meeting house to the imposing air of the "Village Quickstep."

"Rum tump tump
Fum, tumpy tum tump,
Fum tee, tum tumpy tum tump,
Rum tum tee, rum tum tee,
Tum, tumpy, tum tumpy tum tump."

The village was excited, the boys cheered, the maidens waved their handkerchiefs, and Indian crackers exploded all around.

The bustling and drumming near the "Constitution House," announced that the "Floodwoods" were getting in a warlike humor, and ardently longing to tread the path to glory. The "Floodwoods" were by far the strongest numerically, and composed mostly of "Backlanders," or farmers from the West Parish, it was strong in other respects as well as numbers. It was, excepting its officers, an un-uniformed militia company. The men were armed with muskets, and equipped with powder-horns, canteens, and knapsacks. In their every-day costume, they presented a motley and uninteresting assemblage. The line was formed, and the roll call over, when I arrived on the

ground. First securing a card of gingerbread from the stand of Seemer Burnem, I climbed to the top of the town pump near by, and watched the proceedings with military ardor.

Captain David Hunt was the centre of the picture. A tall, very erect, six foot Vermonter. I thought if he only had on Captain Pinney's uniform, a perfect soljer would stand before me. As it was, he stood in front of his company, clad in blue, and trimmed in white and silver, terminating upward in a leather, bell-crowned cap, over which, nodded a surprisingly long, upright hackle plume. Observing that some of his men were equipped but not armed, he obligingly requested the neighboring files to loan the delinquents ramrods, which having been done, he drew himself up and commanded, "Ten-shun comp'ny!" putting the accent on the "ten." Every man stiffened. "Shoul-der a'ms!" Up went the pieces, some on the right, but most of them on the left side. Kindly correcting the errors, he continued. "P'sent a'ms!" Out came the guns and ramrods in front of the body at arms length, inclining at various angles. "Dave Wait take off them mittens!" said the Captain. "My hands sore blasting," said Dave, "and I can't." "Ca-ree a'ms!" shouted Captain Hunt, and back went the weapons. "Or-der a'ms!" Down went the guns with successive thuds. "Shoulder a'ms!" Up they went, each for himself. "Charge Bay'nets!" Down they came, rattling and bristling, making me shudder. "Shoul-der a'ms! Order a'ms! Rest on a'ms!" The men leaned on their guns, a few uncorked, and took a pull of cider from their canteens, and further improved the opportunity to put in a fresh chew of tobacco.

The brief exercise at the manual elicited the warmest approval from the bystanders. "First-rate soljers," said Uncle Stevens, the village tailor, who had soljered under Steuben. "I never seen reg'lars do better, and I and Stark were at Bennin'ton," remarked an old veteran. "Ten-shun comp'ny!" said Captain Hunt. "Shoul-der a'ms! Right-face! Music mark time! For-rard march!" The irregular line stamped heavily with the left foot, and with their white silk banner inscribed "Spirit of '76!" moved sinuously along up the Common hill, preceded by a single drum and fife suggesting "Over the Water to Charlie."

Leaving my perch on the pump, I joined in the shouts of laughter at their awkward appearance, and hurried on to the head of the line. "For-rard in p'toons!" shouted the Captain, and the line broke into six irregular sections, each one being breasted and pressed into shape by placing ramrods against the chests of the men, and combing them down by holding the same weapon horizontally between extended hands, and moving them up and down. "Dress up! Dress up I tell yer! Never mind the dog!" "Ki-yi!" howled the dog. "Hoo-ray!" shouted the boys. "Get out of the way Tague!" as the drunken man essayed to join the ranks of the soljers. "Hoo-ray—bang!" There was trouble ahead. As the head of the column reached the top of the hill, the "Jefferson Artillery" were found in possession of the Common, with the old cannon pushed to the front, and Bill Gaylord's rammer upright, while Dan Bowen stood linstock in hand. The Floodwood's pressed on upwards, laboring and panting, when, "bang!" went the gun, throwing a cloud of smoke, lemon peel, and fragments of the "Vermont Journal" into our very faces.

The men halted and hesitated. "Steady!" shouted Captain Hunt, "there's no danger." "Bill Gaylord's drunk, and he'll send the rammer into us!" said Steve Brown. "Bang!" echoed the gun, with more contents from the "Tumble." "Go on!" "Keep up the music!" "Lets go back!" were heard on all sides, but the column kept on, and finally swept past the rear of the artillery, and came into line just in front of the Court House. The a'ms having been "grounded," there was a general sense of delivery from the perils of war, manifested by hearty exclamations, and repeated inspirations of cider from the uncorked canteens.

Leaving the members of the two companies to mingle and interchange social relations through the medium of the Tumbril, the canteens and knapsacks, I sauntered away among the pedlar wagons, the owners of most of which were now loudly auctioneering off their wares. Attracted by the roars of laughter around one painted red, with a lot of sheep pelts depending from a hook behind, I approached and immediately engaged the attention of the owner, who vociferously shouted, "Oh, walk up, walk up, roll up, tumble up, any way to get up. Hello! Hello! here we have it, this way sonny. I now offer a fine pair of Beechwood Combs, made from a cord and a half of beechwood, and warranted to catch any-

thing from a louse to a two year steer. How much m'offered, gentlemen!" gazing straight at me, the pedlar continued, "Will anybody start a bid—I'm offered four cents, four cents, four cents, I'm offered four, four, four, four cents, at four, at four, at four, at four cents, will you give me the half, n'aaff, n'aaff, n'aaff. Why, gentlemen, they're worth more'n that for fire-wood—did anybody say the half, I'moffered four cents, only four cents, going at four cents, can't dwell. Why, gentlemen, these combs are made of home grown beechwood, better'n horn, ain't s'liable to c'rrode, and growed on soil exclusively cultivated for the purpose by chipmunks imported from the state of New Hamp—*shire.* Four cents, going at four cents, and sold at four cents—bare-foot boy with hole in his trowsers. Hold yer hat, if yer hain't got a bag!

"Here sonnys' yer property, pass up the change." I approached and extended him four coppers, which he received, instantly handing back one with the remark: "No sir, no yer don't, this establishment don't take Bungtown coppers, hurry up a Federal coin." I flushed, and after handing him another, I found the one returned to me inscribed, "Not one cent for tribute, but millions for defence." To this day, I am unable to explain why he called the coin a "Bungtown copper."

The combs, a palm leaf fan, a whip, a paper of pins, and a tin horn, all found a purchaser in me, and I was about to retire in good order, when there arose from the "Punk hole" side, beyond the Common, the most demoniacal yell that ever rasped the human ear.

The elder boys of the village had organized an "Indian company, and congregated behind the sugar loaf hill, they elected Vane Waters sachem, with Frank Wait and Dave Forbes for sub-chiefs. Begrimmed and painted with Spanish brown, their check shirts outside, confined by scarlet mufflers, their trowsers rolled up, bits of wood pinched on their ears, and rings of tin pinched on their noses—they had armed themselves with knives and hatchets—swept around through the Punk-hole, and were now to be seen approaching the Common by the Baptist road, in file—"injun trot"—"Hi—yah! Hi—yah-ha-ha-ha!"

The spectacle was unlooked for, the surprise was complete, confusion arose, the pedlars shouted, the boys screamed, the maidens were frantic with fear, and the military seemed to be paralyzed. "Hi—yah! Hi—ya-ha-ha-ha!" and on they came, making a most desperate rush for the old cannon. The audacity of the assailants, and the failure of the Tumbril tipple to inspire a spirit of resistance, were such that before Bill Gaylord could get her 'round and give 'em a charge of lemon peel and other "wad-din," the sachem seized the rammer from Bill Gaylord, a chief grabbed Dan Bowen's lighted baked rope, and touched him off, and thus without the loss of a single soljer, the gun was captured.

Overwhelmed and almost demoralized by their misfortune, it was nevertheless quickly discerned that the Jefferson Artillery were not going to lose their favorite that way. It had been stolen from them once under cover of night. It was recovered and buried under ground in places known only to Dan, and there now appeared some indications of a determination to contest the ownership.

A council of war was therefore summoned by Captain Pinney, and the officers of the Floodwood invited to participate. Their proceedings were not entirely harmonious, and a dispute arose as to the best method of regaining the ordnance. Captain Pinney's profession, off military duty, confined him to the Constitution House; the frequent affrays he had there witnessed, inclined his heart to pacific measures, and he therefore proclaimed his preference for a conciliatory policy. He quoted the course of the illustrious William Penn, he demonstrated that it was economical, and far more in the spirit of Christianity to feed 'em, than to shoot 'em, and he further declared, that they would yet see the day when the Noble Red Men, purged from their odious thieving, killing and scalping propensities, would occupy landed reservations, be clad, fed, and protected by the United States from soljers, injun agents, traders and missionaries.

Ensign Colyer, of the Floodwoods, fully sustained and strengthened the Captain. He quoted, "Lo! the poor injun." He said, "them that slay with a so-word, shall perish by the so-word," and he moved that a collection be taken up to establish a reservation near "Slab City," some two and a half miles distant from the village. The council was brought to a close, the conciliatory policy prevailed, and Captain Pinney proceeded to conduct negotiations.

Hastily attaching a blue cotton handkerchief to a ramrod, he advanced a few steps

and waved a truce and parley. Thus far the contending parties had stood angrily surveying each other, but now the sachem approached the signal, and drawing himself erect, he smote his breast and said:

"Waugh! Nah—wan—nee—dam—scalp-'em—shu-ah!'

"Big injun!" said Captain Pinney, "Noble savage! Swap, Big Thunder, take fire water—sour apple—and saccharine."

"How! How!" said the sachem, "the words of the pale face are musical like the voice of the blue jay, but the Long Knives can lie faster-n-a horse can trot."

"No! No! said Captain Pinney. "Many moons have passed since the Great Father came over, and concluded that he wanted Injun lands. Guess he'll hev 'em yet. White brother no lie—have "Tumble"—swizzle!—be virtuous, and be happy."

Thereupon Si' Brown transferred the contents of the Tumbril to the native red man, and the old cannon returned to its lawful owners.

## IF ALL WERE RAIN AND NEVER SUN.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

If all were rain and never sun,
No bow could span the hill;
If all were sun and never rain
There'd be no rainbow still.

## THE DOOMED SHIP.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

### CHAPTER II.

"When she was gone, the skipper turned upon me almost fiercely.

'I am betrayed, Robins, ruined, ay, murdered! But woe to the man who has done it! The vengeance of Heaven will light upon him, and blight him and his! Don't mention this affair to a soul; it can do no good. Poor fellows, it is no fault of mine. It will only unman them, and we must do what we can to save ourselves, in spite of these villains. Then let them look out.' There was a gleam in his eye as he said this that meant mischief, though he was as quiet and good-natured a man as ever I sailed with. 'Send the carpenter to me; and not a word, on your life.'

"I left the cuddy with a dark fear in my heart that I had never known before; our doom was sealed, sure enough, thought I; a mere question of time; a few hours more, perhaps, and these fiends would clutch the blood-money. There was murder, I'm afeared, in more than one heart that night on board of the *Maid of Orleans*. 'Man the pumps!' was the first cry I heard when I got on deck, and I shuddered from head to foot.

'There's a deal of water in her,' the boatswain muttered as I passed him on my way to deliver the message to the carpenter.

"It was my middle watch, that is, from twelve to four, so I turned into my bunk pretty well knocked up with the work of the day, but for the life of me I couldn't get a wink of sleep. The skipper haunted me with his wild despairing face, and seemed to reproach me with not having spoken before; and then the soft loving eyes of his wife pleading for mercy, poor young thing, ay, there they were, once so bright and merry, pleading with the villains who had betrayed her husband, and sent them both to sea in a living tomb! Then I thought of Polly, and wondered what she was doing, and whether she was saying a prayer for poor Jack Robins. I dozed off at last, but was soon roused by a man coming into the forecastle and grumbling to a chum of his.

'They say she's sprung a leak, Jim. It'll be all hands in a few minutes.'

'How's the wind?' growled the other, an old sea-dog that had weathered a hundred storms.

'Freshening fast. The old man's been on deck all the watch.'

"Then, the man, having lighted his pipe, sneaked out again, whilst old Jones turned over, to make the best use of his time.

"Eight bells struck at last, and as it was my time at the wheel, I turned out smart. The vessel was labouring heavily in an ugly

sea, under close-reefed topsails, and the wind whistled through the rigging like the hiss of an angry fiend. The dull jerking sound of the pumps, at which four of the watch were working, told its own tale; and as I reached the poop, the carpenter came up from below with a face as white as a ghost. He went aft to the skipper, and I guessed pretty well what sort of a report he had to make.

"The ship, too deeply laden, was straining and groaning in the water like a wearied horse, each wave that broke against her sending a quiver through her frame, opening up the weak spots in her hull, that let the cruel water in at each fresh blow. It was an awful feeling that stole over me just then. If she had sprung a leak in the ordinary course of things, I should have taken as a mishap all she might meet with, and been the first to cheer up, and run the risk of life with a light heart; but to know for certain that we were doomed beforehand, that we were the victims of a plot, our lives sacrificed for profit, our blood held of no account by a set of inhuman monsters—this cut to my very soul, raising a storm of savage wrath within me such as I never felt before or since.

'Pump, poor wretches!' I exclaimed to myself; 'ay, pump your arms off; but it's no use! a steam-engine couldn't save us!'

'A sail on the lee-bow.'

"The voice came like an angel's through the roar of the elements. The boy, a smart, chubby-faced lad, who was a general favourite on board, poor fellow! had been sent aloft to secure the topgallant-sail, that was blowing itself loose from the gaskets, and his cry sent a thrill of hope through my heart.

'Ay, ay!' shouted the skipper; 'weather main brace. Keep her away a couple of points, Robins.'

"There was a terrible excitement in the skipper's eye as he spoke to me, and a hard ring in his voice, that told its own tale.

'Jump aloft there, Mr. Short, and see what you can make of her!' says he to the mate; then turning again to me, he added: 'It's our only chance Robins; the carpenter reports four feet of water in her. Thank Heaven for this mercy!'

'A large vessel under double-reefed topsails, close-hauled,' reported the mate as he came down from aloft, for the clouds had broken away from the moon just then, and the wind slackened a bit.

'Get the rockets up, Mr Short, and the blue-lights ready.'

'Ay, ay, sir!' replied Short as good a seaman as ever trod a plank.

"Meantime, with the yards squared, and a reef shaken out of the topsails, the *Maid* was rushing over the waters, as if anxious to give her doomed crew a chance of rescue, before the greedy ocean should swallow her in its huge maw; whilst, as she rose on the crests of the waves, I could distinguish the dim outline of the strange ship about two points on the lee-bow. What a time that was! The watch labouring at the pumps, a sort of hush on the rest of the crew, who had remained on deck, as if aware that the doomed ship was running a race with time for dear life; the skipper with one hand on the taffrail, and a speaking-trumpet in the other, casting fearful glances over the side, as if measuring each dip of the unhappy vessel into the waters; and below, sleeping calmly, as if pillowed on her mother's breast, his beautiful wife, all unconscious that grim death was within a few feet of her innocent heart!"

"You grow eloquent, old man," I said, as the old sailor paused for a few moments as he thoughtfully refilled his pipe.

"Ay, sir; it gives a man tongue, when he's got to tell such a yarn as this; I can see it all now as I sit here."

He remained reflectively puffing his tobacco for some minutes, then resumed his narrative.

"Well, as I was a-saying, it was a time of terrible suspense. Presently, the carpenter crept up the poop-ladder again, and made a report to the skipper, and I heard him utter an exclamation of horror. Five feet of water in the hold!

"The moon was again hidden by dark clouds; the gale blew with increased fury; the waves threw their foam high over the decks, as the ship broached to, yawning in the huge valley of waters that inclosed her in on every side; whilst afar burnt the light of the strange vessel upon which we were bearing down, more brightly in my eyes than ever did beacon.

'Fire a rocket,' said the skipper; 'we will try them with that; maybe they'll heave to.'

"In a few seconds the meteor flashed up into the thick darkness, a dazzling cry for help.

"Even the men at the pumps rested for a moment to watch the effect of that messenger for rescue. We were now within half a

knot of the stranger, who was hugging the wind, steering to the north'ard.

'Great Heaven!' I heard the skipper cry after the lapse of a few minutes, during which there was no reply, "are they all asleep?'

'Another rocket was sent up, followed at intervals of a few minutes by others; but still the stranger held on her course, as if no doomed ship was imploring succour, no drowning wretches crying out for help!

'Burn a blue-light!' cried the skipper; and the burning mass lit up the deck, the spars, the rigging, the sails, the haggard faces of the crew, the terrible calm face of the skipper, and the terrified wondering face of the skipper's wife, who had come up from below, and was clinging to the companion ladder with a childlike astonishment, gazing round on the awsome scene.

'Steer right for her!' shouted the skipper to me; then catching sight of his wife, he rushed to her side, and seizing her arm, led her on deck.

Another blue-light lit up the dismal night, and then one or two muskets were fired, for our only gun was stowed away below, and there was no time to get it on deck.

'Stand by the braces?' shouted the skipper, for the strange craft was now within a few cables' length.

'Get ready the cutter, Mr Short.' He had recovered his self-possession, which, at the sight of his poor wife, seemed for a moment to have deserted him, and issued his orders in a calm clear voice, that gave fresh courage to the now frightened crew.

"It was an awful moment that! The ship was settling down; I felt certain of it, as she refused to answer her helm, but rose and sank lazily in the swelling waters, as if her strength was spent.

'Helm up!' cried the skipper, rushing aft. 'Run close under her stern!'

"Vain effort! In vain I brought the tiller hard over; she refused to answer her helm.

'She's sinking, sir,' I cried, as the frantic skipper pushed me aside, and grasped the wheel. 'It's too late!' He sprang forward like one possessed.

'Man the boat, men! Quick for your lives!'

'Ay, sir.' There, almost within hail, was the stranger, standing steadily on, her great black hull visible to every eye as she rose and sank in the water like an automaton, her white sails gleaming against the dark sky, her light burning brightly at the mast-head —a ship manned by fiends! A superstitious dread crept over me as I watched her; perhaps the ghost of a doomed ship luring us on to hope, and mocking us as we in agony shrieked aloud for help!

"Even amid that horrible scene of danger and suspense, with death staring them in the face, the men waited patiently till the skipper's wife was placed securely in the boat; her white livid face touched the heart of the roughest amongst us, as we lifted her gently in as if she'd been our own flesh and blood, and wrapped around her all we could lay hands on, to make her comfortable; whilst nearer and nearer to the water's edge sank the doomed vessel, no longer rising to the heavy billows, but yielding, as if impotent, in the clutches of some sea-monster, dragging her down a thousand fathoms deep.

"The skipper was the last man to leave the ship, bearing in his arms a favourite little dog of his wife's, and as he sprang in, he shouted: 'Give way for your lives, men!"

'Not a moment too soon, or we should have been swallowed up in the vortex of the sinking craft. I cast one glance around as we pulled away; the vessel reared herself up, as if for a final struggle, her sails flapping against the masts, as if afrighted; then she plunged down into the mighty deep.

"Well, sir, there we were adrift on the wide waste of waters, a strong gale blowing, a dark night, and a leaky boat. The word of our murderers came up clear and sharp in my ears as I lay crouched up close to the skipper and his wife, she clinging to him, and resting her golden hair on his breast. The children are no better than the mother; and, sure enough, already two of the hands were baling out the water that oozed in through the rotten sides of the cutter. Not a word had any one spoken since the foundering of the ship; a sort of horror had settled on all of us; for even the poor boy, a little wee chap on his first voyage, could see that 'twas no use trying to reach the strange craft, whose light now and again shone over the waters like a Will-o'-the-wisp, growing more and more dim as she crept on her course, leaving a boat load of Christian souls to perish almost within hail, without an effort to save them! The silence was broken on a sudden by a voice that sent a thrill through our very souls: 'Harry, Harry! save me! Take me home, Harry, dear! Oh mother, mother! why don't you come?'

"Poor young thing! I suppose she was dazed with the suddenness of the thing;

anyhow, I felt a kind of choking in my throat as I heard the pitiful cry.

'Hush, dear!' says the skipper softly, but his voice was husky and thick. 'We shall soon be safe! Be quiet, darling, for Harry's sake!'

"His voice seemed to soothe her, for she remained silent for a few minutes, then she sprang up, and looked around. 'Harry, Harry! where are we? Am I dreaming? Harry, quick; the water! Oh, take poor Lillie home!'

"Then she sank down again, and I could hear her sobbing like a child. I've been wrecked twice, and burnt out in the old *Roslyn Castle*, but I never saw such a crew as that same crew of the *Maid of Orleans*. Not a groan, not a whisper against the skipper; but each man seemed to make himself, as you may say, the guardian of that frail girl yonder, crying for her mother and her home."

The old man stopped, and leant his grizzled head on his great bony hands, as if overcome by the memory of that dreadful scene. Presently, as if ashamed of his emotion, he looked up, saying: "You must excuse an old salt, sir; but when I think of her bonny face, I'm regular thrown on my beam-ends, like. Well, sir, presently a kind of fearful whisper ran through us: 'She's sinking!' It reached the ear of the skipper's wife as she nestled in his arms.

'Harry, Harry! Do you hear! Save me! Oh, I can't die! Harry, darling, do save poor little Lillie!'

'I would give my life for you, Lillie! I shall die with you,' I heard him say.

'Oh Harry, my feet are so wet, so cold! Tell me I'm dreaming, Harry! Oh no! But will you die with poor Lillie? Kiss me, dearest!'

"Those were the last words I heard: a shout of despair broke at length from the poor fellows as the boat settled down in the waters—a shout that rings in my ears as I tell of it; and the next moment we were striking out for dear life in the great ocean. The boat had drawn me down with her; and when I rose to the surface, my hand touched something hard, which I clutched with the gripe of death. I didn't hear a cry; I was alone, as far as I could judge, and you may be sure I clung fast to that bit of timber; for though I was a first-rate swimmer, I knew I must keep afloat, God willing, by the help of that oar! How I passed the next hour before daylight broke, I can't well describe. My mind wandered, I fancy, a bit, for old scenes and old familiar faces were pictured alike before me. One time I was in the old house at home, listening to my mother as she read a chapter out of the Bible, and I could hear every word she said clear and distinct, just as she'd sat there afore I went on my first voyage. Then I was standing with Polly hand in hand with the bit of ring we'd broken in halves, pledging our troth down yonder under the oak-tree at the farm. Then, again, I could see the skipper's wife with her golden hair streaming over the waters, cold and dead, but her face somehow like an angel's, for all it was so white and still; and all the while I was conscious that if I let go my hold of the oar that the great waves tried to dash from my grasp, it was all over with Jack Robins.

"Well, sir, daylight broke at last; the sea had gone down a bit, and I strained my eyes in search of a friendly sail. Sure enough, bearing down right upon me was a small craft. I ain't a man, I'm sorry to say, much given to prayer, but at that moment I lifted my heart to Heaven to send that ship to me! On she came like a sea-bird bounding over the waves, every stitch of canvas spread to the breeze, for the storm was over, and only a heavy swell remained, as a witness of the evil work it had done. Once she yawed to starboard. What an awful moment that was; if she altered her course, I was lost! I could not shout, in my terror. But no; it was only the blundering fellow at the helm; and again she bore down as though she would cut me in two. She was within two cables' length, and I raised my voice, and shouted like mad. A fellow in a red cap ran forward, and looked over the bows. Again I hallooed; he saw me, and waved his hand. I was saved! What a prayer of gratitude I uttered from my very soul! On she came, as if the vessel herself longed to snatch poor Jack from a watery grave, till, running close down upon me, she hove to, and lowered a boat.

"Well, sir, the rest of my yarn is soon told. The vessel was a Spaniard, bound to Chili; and I was glad enough to lend a hand to the crew in exchange for a passage out. Well, sir, you may be sure I was anxious to get back to England, to bring the villains who, for the sake of the insurance money of eight thousand pounds, had doomed us all to go to the bottom, and who of course had got the cash. It would have been right for

me to get them punished; but a good offer was made to me in a ship bound to Australia; so I thought I'd bide my time, for I couldn't afford to throw away a chance like that. When we reached Melbourne, the gold-fever was raging, and I made my way off to the diggings; and it was full six years afore I stepped ashore in the old country once more. I told my story to several influential gentlemen; but bless you, sir, they only shook their heads, and said it was a long time ago, that I'd no proofs to bring, and advised me to let the matter drop. But it's been on my mind this many a year; and now I hear there's a friend of poor Jack as has taken up his cause; and if you'd like to tell him this yarn of poor Jack Robins, why, you're welcome, sir."

# MISERY JIPPEAU.

H. V. OSBORNE.

## CHAPTER XVI.

When Daniel Jippeau arrived at home, he was startled at the boy's altered looks. The pale-faced child had grown paler still, and there was an unnatural gleam in his large dark eyes, which haunted him.

"My boy," he exclaimed, "what ails you, have you been sick, been worrying for me, are you disappointed at my return, or what is the matter, that you look so unlike your usual self?"

"No, not sick, father," replied the boy, trying bravely to smile and appear cheerful, "I was lonely, so lonely without you, and——and I'm a little tired, I suppose."

His mind somewhat relieved, Daniel Jippeau laughed, and responded, "No wonder you are tired; my boy you work too hard! It is too much for you to run this house alone, eh? Ah! and now I recall the fact, seems to me I heard something about a party or a funeral you gave in honor of my absence, solemn amusement, my boy! Another dog?"

"Doc—Doc—tor—Gou—Gould," stammered the boy aghast, fearful the Doctor had sought an interview with his father, though he should have known the coward better.

"Doctor Gould, dead! you don't say so! Well, who will run St. Peter's now, I wonder; between you and me, my boy, the Doctor always had more style than brains. Well! well! St. Peter's members will have to look around a great while before they'll find another man to suit them, a man that will agree to preach neither religion nor politics isn't always to be found."

"Oh, father, he isn't dead at all!" exclaimed Misery, as soon as he could be heard. "I only thought perhaps you'd seen him."

"Ah! Well, I have!"

Misery blanched.

"Seen him a great many times, my boy, but not for several weeks. Is he any great sight? His tailor is the making of him; has his reverence fresh broadcloth?"

"Not that I know of," dreamily, "I was thinking of Penny Post."

"By the way, I should like to see the Penny Post, I hear it is waking up, going to make something after all."

"Father, Penny Post is an angel," said the boy soberly. They were always laughing at Penny Post, but when God had tried the fellow with fire, he came out snow-white and beautiful, like a kernel of corn when the heat expands it. No one dreamed that he had the makings of an angel in him, but I knew with God all things are possible."

"Aren't you getting a little mixed, my boy? I was not aware they had newspapers up there, I supposed the Father of lies took charge of his own in the hereafter—at least, he seems to have a finger in some of them even now. Has the Penny Post succumbed?"

"Only the boy who sold it," said Misery patiently, his great eyes looking great love into his father's face. It seemed impossible to tease the child, and Daniel Jippeau, who only talked at him to draw him out, ceased his bantering and glanced at the boy, as he had at first, deliberating in his mind if he were not sick.

Noting the look of concern, Misery read it as indicative of his father's ever sorrowing heart. "Oh," he murmured to himself, "to be a burden to this dear, patient man." Then impulsively, and with all the eagerness in his nature, he exclaimed, "Oh, fa-

ther, is there anything in the world I can do for you, anything, anything!"

The anxious expression passed at once from Daniel Jippeau's face, and, laughing at Misery's tragic air, replied, "Yes, learn how to spell! My boy, I have a mind to send your letters to the Museum as literary curiosities."

"I *will* learn, if it will please you," exclaimed the boy; "you know, father, you didn't want me to study. I really think I ought to begin. You will wait just a day or two, won't you, until I get rested? I feel so tired just now."

At last Daniel Jippeau was alarmed. He was always frightened when anything was the matter with Misery. He went up to the boy, and carelessly taking his hand found that it was very cold, and looking down at the slight, delicate frame, he noted it was trembling. But he commented not. In an off-hand manner he exclaimed, "We will let the schools go to the ding bats, my boy, you know more than half of them can teach you already."

Misery's hand clung wistfully to his father's, and, as his sad, dark eyes glanced upward to his face, Daniel Jippeau thought of a time long ago when little fat fingers had twined around his own, and had wrung from him the cry: "Oh, baby, and you welcome your cruel father home."

Why he should be reminded of it now, however, he did not understand, surely it had been the aim of his life to make his boy happy. Again he looked down into the child's upturned face. Looked and beheld that he was suffering.

"Kamtchatka take the schools," he exclaimed, "and in the meantime we will pay a visit to Dr. Haverstraw. Useless to have him come here, you know, we are not sick my fine fellow, are we, but if the Doctor's got anything for tired boys, we might as well have it. I'm tired myself."

"Yes," commented Misery, inwardly, "he is tired of life, he will never forget the trouble I brought upon him.

"Father," exclaimed the boy suddenly, "our rest is not *here*, but it will be overplenty *there*, rest for tired boys and tired men—rest for every one." And a tear rolled unchecked down his cheek as he thought of his father's darkened life, and felt himself the cause of all.

"My boy," said Daniel Jippeau, "what ails you! Come, cheer up, headaches are hard to be borne, but they are not incurable. There has been no one to look out for you in my absence, and you have failed to look out for yourself. Always call a doctor, my boy, when you are suffering. We will consult Dr. Haverstraw at once. He will give you some sugar that will bring you right side up with care in a hurry!"

Consult him he did, but travel was all he could recommend, there really seemed to be nothing the matter with the boy, at least nothing that required medicine. "You know, Jippeau," said this learned Doctor, aside, "I always told you you would never raise that child," and coming forward he touched the boy's forehead, and unobserved by Misery shook his head solemnly. Daniel Jippeau turned on his heel contemptuously, and snapped his fingers in the Doctor's face. That was all the reply he could make in Misery's presence. His heart was beating wildly at the Doctor's hint, though he outwardly scorned it.

"My boy," said the father, "we will go to Europe. What say you?"

"Yes," said Misery, "after a little, by-and-bye—when I get rested we will go."

But Daniel Jippeau could not wait for that. He engaged passage, and they sailed the next week.

---

## CHAP. XVII.

The earth was out-growing its winter garments; it was time, for the latter were becoming threadbare, ragged and soiled. Jack Frost, a good raccomodist, has aided her much with his skillful patchwork, but growing tired of such enormous *rents*, had left for a colder clime. Earth was too modest to remain long in such a condition; she looked down sorrowfully on her white slips which had shrunken until they left her little brown knees bare and exposed. She called on the clouds to come down and cover her, but they laughed at her presumption, and floated away out of sight.

One night, after nearly crying her eyes out, an awkward, verdant little chap came along from the country—a pedlar, with all sorts of earthen *wears*. He took pity on the sobbing, ill-clothed maiden, and slipping off his mantle of green, threw it over her; people passing by next day, recognized the pilgrim's overcoat, and said that Spring had come, and that Spring was nice; and Earth, listening, was happy and glad, and laughed and cried for very joy.

Poor Daniel Jippeau, what was all this to him? What mattered it whether Earth wore

white or green—whether snowy folds, crystal passementerie, or tasseled fringes were the mode of garniture? What was it to him whether the sky was blue and clear, or full of heavy, foreboding clouds? What were the song of the birds, the May flowers, or the frolicking zephyrs to him? What was it to Daniel Jippeau that Spring had come to the Earth—that resurrection was the order of the day, while it came not to his own—while the only living creation to which his heart clung was dying—dying in spite of his gold, his love, his prayers?

Poor Daniel Jippeau! Over sea and land had he traveled to pick up strength for his boy, and instead had gathered only weakness. Disheartened, he had returned to R—, bringing his treasure with him—had come back in the spring time, when everything was blossoming and brightening — everything but the hope of his heart, which was fading away and dying out. And therefore, if the season impressed Daniel Jippeau at all, it grieved him with its joyousness. "Such a waste of life, and not any to be found for my boy," he murmured as the days passed, and then he would go away by himself and pray to the God of creation for a lease of his idol's life, and weep like a child when he felt that his prayer was denied. And yet God was blessing Daniel Jippeau, and leading him so surely to Himself. It has been years since the gray-haired man recognized his God, and now, in the months which have passed, he has sought Him daily, and craved the help of the Great Physician, "not only for my boy, but for my own stricken self." This the proud, stern man, Daniel Jippeau! Ah, his pride is vanishing away with his hopes. It humbles one in a flash to face his utter helplessness, and Daniel Jippeau has been doing little else for weeks. Then, too, in the months of travel he has been listening to his boy, treasuring his words as never before, letting them sink deep into his softtened heart—and now many of them are taking root and growing, and when he has only these left to consider, when the seed-time is over, and the summer is come, will he not watch and tend them until they bear fruit to the glory of God?

Ah, Misery, your father told you once his guide was lost, his ambition to complete the Home journey all gone—but there are days coming when this sorrowful old man will get down on his knees to kiss the very footprints you have tracked across his memory, and following where the footprints lead, will find himself creeping on his knees to God—to the God of the weary and the lone. He has not lost his Guide; in the cloud by day and the fire by night God is leading him. He will look up and see by and bye. It is by looking down we lose our way.

## CHAP. XVIII.

People said that Misery Jippeau's brain was affected. But they only whispered it, and never loud enough for Daniel Jippeau to hear. Some said he had always been "strange," and never "quite right," they imagined. But when one little urchin, jealous of Nixon's devotion, screamed in the latter's ear that little Jipp was crazy, said urchin lay abed to consider the truth of his assertion for a day and a half after, and the next time Nixon catechized the youngster, he testified with a round oath to little Jipp's sanity.

"Nothin' more the matter o' him than there is wid me!"

"On'y he's got brains, an' you niver a one! remember that," emphasized Nixon bristling, and the lad, unmolested, passed on in fear and trembling.

None of Jippy's intimate friends admitted anything was the matter with his mind. And yet, at times, it was perfectly evident to all that the boy lacked something he once possessed; that this was his mind's balance, however, they would not harbor the thought for an instant. He was going to die, that was plain enough to all—they could see the light of heaven shining in his face, but even of this they forebore to speak, and were always talking of the time when Jippy would be well again, and free to follow his wishes everywhere.

It was a whim of Misery's, in those weary days, to have one of the street boys with him, and sometimes two or three. They never tired or annoyed him, and he seemed to so realize their love that it comforted him to have them near. Sometimes he would not vouchsafe a word to them, save to caution them not to talk, and would lie there whispering unintelligible things to himself, appearing to take no notice of them unless they arose to go, when, with a glance of his eloquent eyes he would beg them to prolong their stay. Sometimes he was the same little Jipp all had known in the past, talking and reasoning as clearly as ever, delighting them all with his natural manner. Again, he was

childish and sorrowful, would call every one around him "father," and stroking the hand of the one nearest, would cry upon it and ask if his tears took away the pain. But in all his wanderings, his heart never betrayed its secret; the latter was heavy and had sunk deep, it would never rise to the surface, and of the shock and suffering it had brought to little Jipp no one but the Heavenly Father would ever know—the Father who had heard him pray to have the cup removed—the Father who had blessed him as his trembling lips had murmured, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt."

## CHAP. XIX.

Weeks passed. Misery Jippeau wasted slowly away. "Gittin' so light," whispered Nixon to Mathers, "that some day he will jest float up out o' hand's reach, and nothin' can keep him to us, an' a wave o' his hand'll be all we will git from him, an' folks as don't know, will say a beautiful white cloud is risin' in the sky. Seems like a breath o' air 'ud blow him away without warnin'. He's mighty clear here now," continued Nixon, touching his head, "an' what d'ye think he says? Says he to me in his little fainty voice: 'Nixon, I've noticed in my travels that the most direct routes—the straightest lines by rail have the most tunnels!' Then said he a readin' o' my face, 'Nixon ye knows wot a tunnel is—it's a short cut through a mountain—through rocks—through obstacles that it would take a weary, weary time to go over or go around—an' mebbe ye'd niver git around,' says he, 'ye might lose yer way, or come out wrong, or miss the connections, but tunnels tho' dark and disagreeable take ye straight through in the quickest time. An', says he, layin' down one o' his little blue fingers, 'Nixon—the most direct road to Heaven from some people's standp'int is through tunnels—troubles ye know, Nixon, troubles as is sent an' can't be helped; an' Nixon,' says he, 'if ye git into one o' them—don't git scared, don't back out, but pray to God an' go ahead. Say to yerself it's the shortest way for me to go to Heaven—or God would o' put me on another road; keep ahead, Nixon, an' trust the Lord. Thank Him for the tunnels, Nixon—if ye find them in yer way—an' remember at the other end the sunlight is streamin' in to greet ye. Ye won't forgit, ye won't forgit, Nixon?' his hand a tremblin' on my arm. 'No, Jippy,' says I, as well as I could for the wantin' to cry, 'I'll niver forgit, an' Him helpin' me I'll niver back out!' An' says I to Jipp, 'I'll be blamed, little Jipp, if I couldn't keep house in a tunnel and live there forever if I had yerself for a windy—ye let in so much light!' He grabbed my hand at that, an' says he, 'we must all be windys for each other, an' let the light o' God shine through us! We must keep our hearts pure and clear, an' nothin' to hinder the light.' Then he got so down all at once, and them eyes o' his'n filled in a twinklin', but only for a jiff, and then says he, quiet-like an' ca'm, 'if yer a windy, Nixon, an' God sees fit to pull the shetters to on ye, so ye darken somebody's life instid o' brightenin' it, ye must trust Him, an' do yer duty just the same,—God takes the risk o'things we can't help, an' when we pray He gives us patience! Then he shet his eyes and got a whisperin' to himself, an' I took off my boots and paddled down stairs, an' run away home."

"He talks queerer than iver he did," said Nixon a few days after, shaking his head despairingly. "He has a book by his side, an' he says he's a learnin' to spell, an' he puts out the words to me an' looks at me so sharp an' earnest, an' cries if I don't say somethin' right off the minute he hands 'em over. The old man sits there, the hair on his head growin' whiter and whiter, and he's every bit as queer as the boy,—he cries out about his Bonnie, an' his Bonnie's eyes every time the little un turns to him, an' the tears crawl over his cheeks an' he minds 'em no more'n a babby would. Little Jipp got a sight o' him to-day, an' says he, 'Poor father, we will learn to spell together.' Then he goes a huntin' over the book, his little tremblin' hand picked out the words, an' says he, 'nevertheless' is a good un to learn—father, spell nevertheless.' The old un choked out the letters to please the little felly—an' Jippy says 'we both know it now—we will say it when we pray—an' put it in all our letters to Him,' an' a heap more o' queer unmeanin' stuff he said. Oh I thought he was gittin' better, but now he's worse than iver.

## CHAP. XX.

"Can I see yer boy?" inquired a repulsive, brutish-looking man of Daniel Jippeau as he softly opened the door.

"Yes," said Daniel Jippeau, not even drawing back from the vagabond,—"see him? Yes," he murmured, "*any one* that

comes in his name. Poor little Brave! Then you know my boy, do you?" said David Jippeau, softly, as they ascended the stairs.

"Yes," grated the vile-looking personage, "yes, we all know yer boy, sir,"—and he drew his sleeve across his eyes,—"know him—an'—love him."

"Aint afraid o' sech as me to go in here alone—be ye, sir?" he inquired, as he halted at the door, "'cause—"

"Oh no, no," murmured the sad-hearted man softly, "only don't keep me away too long," he half-way pleaded—"I shall be shut out forever soon"—he whispered to himself—walking on—"unless—oh God, you will let me in."

"Oh Lumpkins!" said Misery, turning his face to the opening door, his glance falling on him who crossed its threshold—"Oh, Lumpkins, I'm glad, so glad to see you."

"Oh but I'll be goin' soon," said the man, startled at the terrible change that sickness had brought to his little friend, and noting what an effort it was for him to speak. "I came—I came—to—to—. Jippy, we're all sorry yer sick—we misses ye!" said Lumpkins, moving towards the bed.

"Lumpkins—come here—I want to talk to you."

The old man hesitated. Then granted the wish of the pleading face, and came and crouched in a chair by the bed.

"Lumpkins," said Misery, "you've made up your mind to try; I can see it in your face; you are taking courage; you believe at last that He does forgive."

Had Misery been well, the old man would have argued before he gave in, but as it was, he had come there to tell the dying boy who had pointed him so many times to Christ, that he had thought the matter over, and was almost inclined to believe that he could crowd in to the Kingdom if it were really true Christ saved *to the uttermost!*

"Yes," said Lumpkins, "I can *almost* grip it—an' I hain't teched a drop for two weeks, an' I'm a sayin' as ye told me 'Lord help me' every time my feet begins to slide; but ye don't know wot my life has been, an' there's so little o' it left it's hardly worth the savin'! Do ye think as He will keer to git me into Heaven, or keer wot becomes o' the rest o' me? D'ye think, as little Dicky Long said, 'I'm worth the gatherin'?'"

And the old man's hands trembled and pulled the bed clothes nervously, and he seemed in troubled suspense, while Misery put his own feeble hands over his white face and seemed to be searching for something applicable to Lumpkins' case. Suddenly his face brightened, and he reached out his soft hand to the brown and hardened one, and let it rest within his own. Then he fastened his beautiful eyes upon the face of the old man, who bent his head to catch the reply.

"It is a little poem some one must have written for you, Lumpkins," said he; "listen close and I'll try to say it:

"'There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the bosom of the fold;
And one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away to the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender shepherd's care.

Lord, thou hast here the ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for thee?
But the shepherd made answer, "This of mine
Has wandered away from me.
And although the roads be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark the night that the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost
Out in the desert he heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die!

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone estray,
Ere the shepherd could bring it back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They were pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep
There rose a cry to the gates of heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own."'"

Light and love shone out upon the old man's face and glorified it, ere Misery Jippeau completed the touching recital—and to the old wintry, barren heart of his a Spring-time came! The tide of God's love rose in Lumpkins' heart and washed and bore his sins away—and in the overflowing not a vestige of his unbelief remained.

But he could'nt speak! He sat there with the Spring-time rain dashing over his cheeks, a flood of sunshine enveloping him, regarding the radiance which had come to the face of little Jipp,—the rainbow in the Spring-time, which was telling him in a wordless language of God's love and God's promises. Several times the old man caught at words to express himself, and let them drop noise-

lessly away because they seemed so powerless to convey the fullness, the gladness of his heart. And so finally he arose to go—murmuring, with an effort to control his emotion, "I can't tell ye now, little Jipp, but sometime—an' may the Lord of love bless ye."

"Yes, SOMETIME," said the faint little voice of Misery, "*sometime*—in a day that will never end we will talk of His love—forever and ever. I shall pray for you, Lumpkins"—as the rough hand grasped his in parting. "Good bye."

Then the old man went out—more heavily laden than when he came, but his burden of sin was gone, and in its place was *Love*—overwhelming Love—that was the precious freight he carried back to his wretched home.

—

## CHAP. XXI.

Years have passed since Heaven's gates swung on their hinges to little Jipp—and yet the influence he exerted while on earth is still lifting up mankind. Mathers—who has risen through clerkship to the ownership of a large dry goods establishment—honors God with his yard stick, as well as with his conversation. Often when he sees merchants around him falsely representing their wares,—often when for the moment he is tempted to go back to his boy experience, "When yer dealin' wid sharpers ye've got to be a sharper yerself"—he hears a faint little voice earnestly declaring "Money may be the passport in this little narrow world, Mathers, but the bank keys and safe combinations of earth won't unlock the gates of Heaven for us—there is only one Name which can cause those gates to turn on their hinges as we stand there waiting to go in—it is the Name of *Jesus Christ*. Will you throw away that name, Mathers, for money—for money?" And then Mather's face grows bright, and he exclaims, "No, not for millions!" And as he turns away to attend to customers, he often murmurs softly to himself "Thank God for little Jipp!"

Peter Van Syckle and Little Ah-Goo keep a thriving bakery in the heart of the city, and every one says Van Syckle's bread is the whitest, his store the neatest of any to be found. Peter works away at the bread, toils in the flour, pours whiteness on choice dainty cakes, and watches that nothing impure or foreign to them shall mingle itself therein, and is ever reminded of the time when into his uncared-for life there came a prayer "Wash Peter Van's heart all white." Again and again Peter whispers this prayer through the day, and the Saviour who answers keeps his heart and life pure; and Peter, looking at little Ah-goo, says softly, "White as a lily,—thank God for little Jipp."

Lumpkins went Home long ago! Daniel Jippeau, who watched with him at the last, heard him muttering to himself,

"'But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark the night that the Lord passed through,
Ere he found the sheep that was lost.'"

"His mind wanders," he remarked to some one near, but the old man opened his eyes and whispered, "Yes, towards Home—to go no more out forever! Thank God for little Jipp." These were his last words.

Nixon is preaching the gospel—a lowland minister who mingles with the multitude, and climbs *with* them. He never forgets what people want—"a sort of knowin' how it is myself feelin' in others,—a sympathy!" He doesn't preach to people on the one day in the week plan—pacing up and down on velvet tapestry! He goes down into the ditches and gives his hand to the sinking wretches, and tells them to struggle on—God will save them! He forgets he is a "minister" sometimes—and sits down by the desolated hearthstone and mingles his tears with those who weep, in a very human manner; and when he points sinners to God he sometimes omits to tell them that the All Wise and Perfect Being hates and is terribly shocked at sin; and instead he points to One who knows what it is to be tempted, to One who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He finds it is easier to win hearts in this way, though he knows he is departing from custom's prescribed mode—of frightening sinners into religion. Again and again have the words of Misery Jippeau reached sorrowing hearts through Nixon; and when they turn to bless him for the comfort that he brings, his eyes grow dim with emotion, and pointing upward to the sky, he says, "Thank God,—not me; thank God for little Jipp."

There is some one else who thanks God for little Jipp—and that is a gray-headed, noble-looking man who lifts up his voice among the heathen in a foreign land, and who by his directness and force is meeting with wonderful success in winning souls to Christ. And this none other than the Dr.

Gould, who carries in his pocket a little worn note which he says was inspired by God. He doesn't cover up the cross now days—neither with flowers nor with himself—he leaves it as God gave it, with the Sacrifice upon it—and God, who sees that his only interest is Christ's glory, blesses him continually.

Turvy, Mac Mahon, Shoestrings, Dumps, and a host of others, all who ever knew the boy, thank God for little Jipp, and bless the name and memory of the one who taught them the meaning of life.

And Daniel Jippeau, who long since found his way to the Comforter, and who has been trying in the years that have passed to lift up mankind even as his boy was wont to do, treasures up the expression so often on the lips of others, and when he sits in the twilight alone, he, too, whispers softly again and again, "Thank God for little Jipp." With tears rolling down his face I have heard him exclaim:

"No wonder they loved my boy—he turned them all into angels!"

And through Christ which worked in him, that was just what Jippy did.

[THE END.]

## HEAVEN.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Light after darkness,
Gain after loss,
Strength after suffering,
Crown after cross.
Sweet after bitter,
Song after sigh,
Home after wandering,
Praise after cry.

Sheaves after sowing,
Sun after rain,
Sight after mystery,
Peace after pain,
Joy after sorrow,
Calm after blast,
Rest after weariness,
Sweet rest at last.

Near after distant,
Gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness,
Life after tomb.
After long agony
Rapture of bliss!
Right was the pathway
Leading to this!

## TWO MEN.

MARY HARTWELL.

Strange how near two people may stand to each other, yet how widely different their mental horizons may be.

The "Katie" was pushing northward:—"finest steamer on the Mississippi"—her officers and boys will tell you. Beautiful and stately she was, from pilot house to engine room: she breasted the current and shot forward like a mighty swan. On her left, a low Arkansas shore let abundant waters lap it greedily away: while far to her right, those waters stretched inland, forming bayous, or beat against Tennessee bluffs.

It was nearly dusk: a crescent moon was getting up out of the west: a bitter February wind blew off the water: the steamer had begun to make herself brilliant with lights, and bustling waiters were spreading the tables for supper in the long saloon. Launt stood on the forward deck, taking all these things in by means of his lower consciousness, but thinking many pleasant fancies above them. Launt was a lithe, well-knit man, made so by exercise and the perfect control in which he always held himself: dark, mobile, keen, and exquisitely sensitive as to his face: a gentlemanly traveler as to his dress: as to his calling, an author in the field of general literature.

His mind was free for once. At the steamer's last landing, he had posted a peck of letters to the various journals which owned him as correspondent, and one weighty bulletin to the woman who owned him in another capacity.

A thought of her curled his lips into quiet,

self-congratulatory smiling, while he watched the water quiver around the boat's prow, and the dismal raw dusk settle upon it.

To this Love of his he was bound by invisible chains wrought of the best of her, and the best of him. He knew in whom he believed: for Launt hadn't cast the pearl of life before the swine of flirtation. Perhaps her many phases of character passed before his meditative eye: he saw her in her piquant, dazzling humor: he saw her sitting at his feet like a child, resting him after his brain-labor: again, she stood up—this Love of Launt's—an Amazon in the full armor of a Worker, able to meet the world and get her bread from it, and to shelter weaker ones from its big paw: and—*presto*—now she rises to his view, hushed to perfect quiet, veiling her face in drooping hair even away from him—she is now a prostrate spirit, praying above the woman. And, again, she dashes out with a temper of her own, and sets his ears to roaring!

She changes like the nymphs, from flesh to fire, from fire to water. Yet in every bewitching stage, she is Launt's *own:* the woman ever drawing this present Launt on towards a better Launt. She stirs him—questions him. No dull Grisel is this Love of his, spiritless enough to sit down and court, and be thankful for his pettings or his tyranny. He thanks the Lord he found her before some other man did!

As I said, two people may stand shoulder to shoulder, yet have totally different horizon lines.

Just behind Launt stood a man whose horizon might be indicated by the ring of cigar ashes and tobacco juice he made around himself. He had been attracted from the cabin, and stood watching Launt with lazy uncertainty. He was young: but his eyes were blotted of youth's fire: he had small confidence in his legs: he looked like an unstrung instrument: his gentlemanly dress, his easy independence—nothing about him could stick the label of manliness on this solution of a man.

"I say!" he exclaimed, clapping an assured hand on the dreamer's shoulder, "old boy! how do?"

"Hillo!" cried Launt, wheeling as he recognized the voice and form of greeting of a college mate—"Why!"—he put out a hand with limp enthusiasm—"Townley, eh? How do?"

"I though 'twas you," said Townley, pumping his hand, "wasn't sure, though, and watched you quite a while—'till I caught you staring ahead in your old fashion! You've changed, Launt! Handsomer, by blank, sir!" admitted Townley, whose expenditure of profane language was gentlemanly and free.

"And you've changed, Townley," observed Launt, lancing the gross, puffy face with keen eye in search of the open, boyish fresh front he had once known. "I didn't imagine five years could so change any one!"

"Dare say I have. Hope I have. Fellow gets from under the thumb of a Prex, rubs off the college green against the world—its apt to change him! Well, what are you doing? Gone into literature as a business, I hear. Pay? I'm doing the running for the governer's firm just now."

"Ne' Awlens mornin' papers!" was piped suddenly up in their faces, by a little boy who had boarded the boat at the last landing, and was riding to the next to sell his news. He was a thin little fellow—as thin as one of Pan's reed pipes—but strong enough to make himself heard.

"Papers, gen'lemen!" thrusting an armload of magazines and dailies into view. "'Mornin' Picayune!' Big fire in Ne' Awlens las' night. Canal street—Federal and state governments a mobbin' of each other! Papers, magazines, gen'lemen!"

Launt felt in his pocket for loose currency, which he converted into printed matter without halting in his conversation; and glancing with fatherly pride between the pages of Harper at a yarn he had spun, the newsboy's body and the newsboy's cry faded out of mind, while he continued college reminiscences with Townley.

The boy having canvassed the boat and disposed of most of his stock, went down on the lower deck, and stood watching the negroes heave out the plank for the landing which they were now approaching. Did you ever watch them at this work? Their rolling eyes and lolling tongues and musical chant, their perfect time and lazy grace, make a never-tiring panorama. You float up to a dusky shore, apparently under the spell of the melodious monotone, repeated a thousand times—"Y' ho! ho! Y' ho! ho!"

The boat struck something which jarred her. Scarcely any one noticed the quiver which ran through her, but it was sufficient to dash the boy from his careless position and send him with a reel and a splash into the Mississippi.

Both Launt and Townley saw him sink. The "Katie" was sliding up to shore, and it seemed that the next instant her bulk must grind the child's lost body into the mud of the river bed.

"By blank, sir!" begun Townley, much excited, "he's a goner—!"

But another splash woke him to the fact that Launt had thrown off his coat and dived.

Townley then pulled off his coat, but the February air was chill: so he put it on again directly, as Launt rose, holding the child at arm's length, and making deft strokes so as to keep clear of the boat, until black hands as deftly seized and dragged him and the child out of the swirl.

"That was well done, sir!" muttered Townley, turning his collar up to his ears at the sight of so much half-frozen water a-drip on other human beings. "Smart and plucky! Did it while another man would stop to consider whether he'd better or not! 'Tisn't my style. I haven't the muscle nor the contempt for cold water that he has—and I'm too heavy for such light gymnastics. But I like to see another fellow perform 'em! Little fellow safe. Yes, sir, that was well done!"

Launt sent a waiter below for his baggage, and went to his state-room, drenching the way like the spirit of the rain. He had seen the little boy safe on shore.

"*She'll* never know it!" smiled Launt to himself, after he had redeemed himself from the foreign element, and was stretched out easily in his berth to rest a moment. "But the thought of her made me plunge so quick! I shouldn't *dare* to love her and hesitate in a right action. 'Because I am my Love's!' Because I am my Love's I am more all humanity's—I am more God's."

While Launt was telling himself this, Townley in the gentlemen's cabin, had resumed the conversation with a boon friend (modelled on the same pattern as himself), which had been broken off by his going to accost Launt on deck.

"Beauty," proceeded Townley, "perfect beauty—hundred thousand dollars in her own right—just doated on me—but I'm too deep for your matrimonial games!" etc., etc., etc.

Two men. One a sensual egotist; the other quick and loyal to all humanity because he so perfectly LOVED.

And woman had helped to make each what he was.

## SONNET

Because I am my Love's, I'll keep my life
Washed clean of every soil in thought or deed;
And bear my heart with ever steadfast heed
  Like the shut rose, through days of dusty strife,
  And keep it for my Love with sweetness rife.
Because I am my Love's I'll rise at dawn
And hasten to my toil, and toiling, sing,
That from my own poor talent there may spring
  Something for the Love's eyes to smile upon.
  And so make good the empty years agone,
Because I am my Love's, I will not die—
As lovers might—to prove my fealty;
But I'll so live that, in some distant time,
My Love shall say—"Bless God who made you mine."

## ANTICIPATION

When failing health, or cross event,
  Or dull monotony of days,
Has brought me into discontent,
  That darkens round me like a haze,
I find it wholesome to recall
  Those chiefest goods my life has known,
Those whitest days, that brightened all
  The checkered seasons that are flown.
No year has passed but gave me some,
  Oh unborn years, nor one of you—
So from the past I learn—shall come
  Without such precious tribute due.
I can be patient, since amid
  The days that seem so overcast,
Such future golden hours are hid
  As those I see amid the past.

THE RIGHT KIND OF A BAR.

## A SWEDISH LEGEND.

M. HOWITT.

There are two kinds of willows; one sticks its twigs and leaves straight up in the air; the other bows them towards the ground as if overcome with sorrow. There was a time, however, when both these willows were alike, and grew as other trees do, and put forth their twigs and leaves upwards and outwards, like the wide branching oak, the leafy maple, the splendid elm, the beautiful lime-tree, and the white birch.

I will now tell you how this change came about, and you will see that there is something in it, because nothing can be false and untrue, neither man nor child, any more than tree, without producing a change for the worse in it, and causing great sorrow to those who love it.

Once upon a time, therefore, there were two willow-trees that loved one another, and they stood in all the beauty of their summer foliage, one on each side of the churchyard gate, nodding in the wind. The psalm-singing was just over, and the congregation came out of the church, two and two, and after them came the clergyman talking with his old clerk. But what was come to the clerk? He was either so deep in conversation, or so set up because he was invited to dine at the parsonage, or else it was the forgetfulness of old age whatever it might be, however, he went walking on, the congregation went each their several ways, and the old clerk forgot to lock the church door.

"Kikiki!" laughed the magpie that hopped upon the churchyard wall under the willow-trees, seeking twigs for her nest. "Kikiki! kikiki!" But there seemed to be something queer in that laugh of hers, and while she was hopping up and down, wagging her tail, and turning her head from one side to another, she seemed as if she was spying after something particular. And so she was. She was spying after the clergyman and the clerk, and for the last glimpse of the congregation as they went along, some one way and some another.

"Kikiki!" and away flew the magpie through the open door into the church, and in two seconds came back again with the silver cup in her beak. There fell a few drops of holy wine out of the cup, and wherever they touched the earth, up sprang little roses and forget-me-nots.

"These will betray me," said the magpie; and so she flew all round the church till the last drop was out of the cup, and the church was encirled with a garland of little flowers.

After that she took her way to the leafy willow-tree, and hid the cup where the boughs were thickest.

"Dear willow-tree," said the magpie, "I know that you are very discreet, therefore you must deny that you know anything about the cup if they come and ask you: and you can swear that you don't if it is necessary: and if you will, I'll fly up to heaven and fetch some sunshine-gold, and gild the upper side of your leaves, and some moonlight silver, and silver the underside, so that you will be the handsomest tree in the wood."

These were words to be listened to. It was in vain that the other willow-tree said, "Don't do it, dear; don't do it!" The cup was hidden where the boughs were the thickest, and the magpie hopped to the church roof.

The next day the old clerk remembered his neglect, and frightened almost out of his wits ran to the church, and there was a dreadful discovery for him and the clergyman. Away both of them went, as fast as they could go, all through the parish, and everywhere they asked had anybody seen the silver cup from the altar?

But no; everybody denied that they knew anything about it; the horses and the cows galloped over the fields; the sheep shook their heads as if they had tears in their eyes; the goats skipped here and there; the raven swore a great oath, because he knew that nobody believed him; the trees waved their branches; echo laughed in the caverns of the hills; in short, all nature denied any knowledge of the cup.

Quite in despair, the clergyman and the clerk at length came back to the church, and asked the willow-tree. There was a great strife in the heart of the willow tree, which was felt even down to its root. Should it speak the truth or not?

The magpie sat on the church roof on one leg, with her head under her wing, every now and then casting up a side-long glance.

"Can't you give an answer?" said the clergyman impatiently.

"Why don't you answer his reverence?" said the clerk.

"Kikiki!" laughed the magpie on the church roof.

As soon as the willow-tree heard the magpie, he lifted up all his branches, and his twigs, and declared—declared that he did not know anything at all about the cup.

And what do you think happened then? I'll tell you; he could not bring his false branches and twigs down again! They remain erect to this day.

And no sooner were they lifted up in that act of protestation, than the cup was revealed; and the clergyman and the clerk, overjoyed, seized it, and carried it back to the church, the door of which, you may be sure, was locked ever after.

When the other willow, however, saw what had happened to his friend, he bowed his head sorrowing to the earth, and thus he has stood weeping ever since.

## THE SOLE.

The fishes once grew very discontented because no order was kept in their dominions. None turned aside for the others, but each swam right or left just as it pleased him, sometimes between those who wished to be together, or else pushed them to one side, and the stronger ones gave the weaker blows with their tails, which made them get out of the way as fast as they could, or else devoured them. "How nice it would be," thought the fishes, "if we had a king who should exercise the power of judging between us!" And so at last they assembled together to choose a lord, who should be he who could swim the quickest and render help best to the weaker fishes.

So they laid themselves all in rank and file by the shore, and the Pike gave a signal with his tail, on which they started off. Like an arrow darted away the Pike, closely followed by the Herring, the Gudgeon, the Perch, and the Carp, and the rest. Even the Sole swam among them, hoping to gain the prize.

All at once a cry was heard, "The Herring is first, the Herring is first! "Who is first?" asked the flat envious Sole in a vexed tone, "Who is first?"

"The Herring, the Herring!" was the reply.

"The nak-ed Herring, the nak-ed Herring!" said the Sole disdainfully. And since that time the Sole's mouth has become all on one side for a punishment.

# A PIONEER NAVIGATOR.

CLIO.

Christopher Columbus, an ancient Genoee,
Seeking for a new world, sailed across the sea;
Through tempests sore, and wild wave's roar,
Westward he bore, three weeks or more,
Danger then o'er, land lay before.

Upon that unknown strand
He was the first to land,
And there upon the sand,
With all his little band, knelt down
And thanked God for the land,
That ancient Genoee.

Christopher Columbus, that ancient Genoee,
Sailed back to the old world, across the raging sea,
And good Queen Isabella invited him to tea.
When this preference was seen
By the courtiers of the Queen,
With envy turned they green
At that ancient Genoee.

And they said to him, "Its true
That the world you found is new;
But the credit is not due
Altogether unto you.
Had you left it but unfound,
Some one else, in sailing round,
On its coasts had run aground,
Oh, ancient Genoee."

Then that ancient Genoee
To those courtiers thus spoke he,
In a calm voice: "Let me see
If among you one there be
Who will do this thing for me.
Let me see him who is able—
Stand an egg upon the table."

Loud laughed the Spanish courtiers
At that ancient Genoee.
From first to last the egg they passed,
But unsuccessfullee.
Then looked they all aghast,
As the man whom they had sassed,
Ever smiling quietly,
Gave the egg a little rap,
And the brittle shell went snap.
When he took away his hand,
Firm and fast the egg did stand
Upright on its shattered end.
And those courtiers, bold and high,
Quailed beneath the eagle eye
Of that ancient Genoee.

All the courtiers blushed with shame
At their treatment of that same
Man of great and wide-spread fame,
That ancient Genoee.

# A RELIGIOUS DOG.

R. THORNTON.

In the ancient and beautiful town of Chatham, N. Y., is a very remarkable dog, whose character and behavior would excite the admiration of all good men. On week days, he is a dog with like passions and behavior with other animals, but on Sunday his peculiarities and sectarian prejudices shine out. Unlike the crow, he can count, and knows when Sunday comes. He is not the same then as on other days. He indulges in no pastimes. He encourages no company and no familiarity. He says in actions louder than words to the vain and canine race, "Six days shalt thou play and do all your sports."

The family are all Presbyterians, but the dog is a Methodist. On Sunday mornings he attends the family on their way to church, leaves them at the door of the house of the Lord where they attend, and then goes on his solitary and unbroken way, till he comes to the Methodist Church, which is a little further on. When he reaches the church, he goes up stairs and has a particular place in which he sits; and when an intruder ventures into his place, no belle or madam of fashion who goes sweeping up the aisle of grace, and finds a plebeian in her elegant pew, can give more decided indications of displeasure and annoyance than does the dog. His seat yielded, he attends the service with decorum, and pays dogmatical attention to the word of Scripture. Every Sunday he can be seen on his way to church, foul weather as in fair—and his denominational prejudices are as well known as those of any gentleman in town.

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

H. V. OSBORNE, Editor.

## DUST TO DUST OR ASHES TO ASHES?

Gould was a so-called self-made man. Had fought his way—elbowed it, from Poverty Plain to Luxury Height, and, like most of these men who under great disadvantages strike and develop the vein of worldly success, possessed the essential element termed in common parlance, *brass*. From this brass he got gold, and found that the current value of the former increased as the coins of the latter multiplied. He grew into prominence and became a controller of votes. The latter lifted him into responsible positions, many of which he was especially qualified to fill. Self-made men of fortune, when honest, make good public officers: they know the value of money, are swift to improve advantageous opportunities, are, in the main, quick-witted, and are seldom imposed upon.

Gould was a good speaker. He talked at political, social and religious meetings. He always had something to say, and a confidence in himself which lent fluency to his speech and grace to his delivery. He was a reformer. An overturner of established customs, a restless, enthusiastic man. His name headed subscription lists, and endorsed crusades against rum, it lent its influence to the Compulsory School Education bill, and was the first on the President's list of anti-inflationists.

When Gould was down on the ladder's lower rounds, he married a girl on the same social level, and, as he climbed, he bore her along with him. Thus the plain little milliner of other days became the rich Mrs. Gould of present times, and from following fashions became the leader of them. But her heart did not uplift itself: she was always the simple-minded, innocent, artless girl of the past; nor did money change her views or alter the opinions she once possessed. She was no kind of a revolutionist, she kept on the even tenor of her way, and was content or would have been had Gould been less magnetized by tangents. Next to his boy of four, Gould loved his wife. The latter was not jealous of her rival! Little Jack led them both captives; they adored him; and two hearts centering in such a small object were of necessity brought very close to each other.

Gould was romping with his little white-frocked boy, when the committee on Cremation sought him for his influence. "We meet to-morrow," they said; "Hillton is to preside, and you must make a speech. Really, the only decent thing to be done with dead folks is to burn 'em up," they cried, "you must make folks see it as we do. Brush yourself up, Gould, and give it to 'em strong! These old musty customs must be abolished—its expensive to bury—and breeds disease. Incineration—"

"Incineration by all means," interrupted Gould, "and let the ashes be utilized!" (Gould always *did* take two steps to another person's one). "Let the ashes be utilized," he repeated with emphasis. "Why should we burn, to bury afterwards! Scatter the ashes to the four winds of Heaven, let them enrich the earth. I see you have not thought of this," concluded Gould, "but you'll agree with me when I get through with my speech. I can see the whole ground as clear in my mind's eye—why, men who object to Cremation, they are fools! downright fools!"

"Yes, they are fools, surely!" echoed the committee, and that Gould might wisen such, they took an early departure, and left him to consider undisturbed the best means to promote such a result.

On the night in question, when miserable talkers had furnished the dry sawdust in which to pack Gould's speech, the latter arose, and, ignoring preliminaries, aimed his first blow against the burial question, by striking at the expensiveness of such a mode. "The hundreds of dollars wasted over a—a—carcass," said Gould, "just think of it! Money that might keep starving people alive! money for which hearts are suffering and dying! money thrown away—*wasted*, like water poured upon the ground—all for a decaying, offensive, corrupt body! why, gentlemen, a dead man is no more than any other dead animal! The quicker we get rid of him the better. It is all very pretty and sentimental to make a great hullabaloo over our fallen comrades, but, after all, why not look the matter in the face, why not use a little common sense about it. Man is born to die—it is a common fate—an unavoidable one. Why not shake hands on the question, and agree that since there is nothing sacred about the soul's cast off shell, it shall be disposed of as quickly, quietly, and cheaply as possible. How can we achieve this in any more appropriate way than by burning? 'By a pure and holy flame!' It is a cleanly method—one perfectly sanitary, it can be done at a trifling cost, and seems to me feasible in every way. 'Heathenish,' some murmur! My friends, scholarly Germany—professors of science—men of letters—both at home and abroad endorse Cremation! Shall we pigmies of creation raise our voices against it?

"I have heard this citizen and that speak to-night in favor of burning the dead, but preserving the ashes! Now what under the sun moon and stars does any one want of the ashes! You don't want the body—and when everything possible has been extracted from it, and the bones reduced to impalpable powder—why

should you scrape it into urns!! Does the fire lend to the consuming body new charms? Does it bring back the spirit with which we once communed? No! And besides failing to do this, the whole undergoes a chemical change, and you have nothing that you once possessed, the very ashes are not powdered bones, fire has wrought in them a change, leaving something that never was before! Why then gather these ashes in urns! Gentlemen, you see the supreme ridiculousness of the idea! Yet ashes are not to be despised—far from it! Let them fructify the fields, let them promote the farming interests, let them enrich our gardens! Think of wasting 1.300,000,000 persons every third of a century! *Think* of it! Why, gentlemen, the more I think of it it seems to me the man who refuses to give his body to be utilized in this way, defrauds the world of its rights—and, gentlemen, need I say that the man who does this is no better than a common thief?" Then Gould went further and declared his willingness and anxiety to support his views, by directing that his own body should be subjected to fire when God should call his spirit home.

This is the speech curtailed, and divested of adjectives which Mrs. Gould read in the paper next day. Mrs. Gould thought retrenchment in funeral expenses a good suggestion, but a hundred million dollars yearly expended for funerals seemed to her a trifling item compared to that thrown away upon rum, tobacco, clubs, to say nothing of that invested in costly elegant attire, splendid parties, and political campaigns. And Mrs. Gould whispered to herself: "It is easier to begrudge money to the living than the helpless dead." She thought it was quite appropriate to carry the victors to their resting places with a moderate amount of glory and honor—a generous sprinkling of flowers—and now and then a sprinkling of tears! So soon forgotten any way! And then it was the last one could do for the loved one—and one felt like atoning then for all one had ever left undone in the past! Then the idea of utilizing dead folks! It hurt her! She liked to think of them as resting—sleeping. But making their ashes do duty on a farm—blown here and there by the winds of Heaven, wandering, homeless, uncared for, unrecognized, unloved—"Oh, don't!" she murmured, and shut her eyes to bar the tears.

"If you please, Mrs. Gould, would you come to the nursery—little Jack seem's like he's got the croup," said Nurse Brown, hurrying into the library, and then hurrying out again, followed by the frightened mother.

Well, it may have been the croup, and it may have been something else—human eyes are so blind, human ears so deaf when God stands claiming and calling His own. But little Jack Gould with a "Now I lay me," fell into a sleep that night, and angels witnessed God's answer to the prayer: "If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take,"—for ere the morning came, Jack opened his eyes in Heaven.

Gould had been off arguing Cremation in an adjacent county, and, elated with success, returned to his home—to find in the place of his laughing child, the fair, still body of little Jack, lying dead and beautiful before him. Poor Gould—alone by himself he gathered that fair little blossom in his arms, and swayed with it to and fro in his agony of grief. He kissed the cold face, and baby hands—he let the golden hair trail over his sleeve, he called to his child again and again, and hour after hour he sat there. Then, as the week before he had been interrupted with his child, a committee awaited him in the library.

"Ah, Gould, how are you? Sorry for your loss; little Jack was a promising boy! But death is the common fate of all, and we people of to-day have but little to do with sentiment, Gould, eh? We must take a common sense view of it, you know. We thought now it would be a good time to show we were in earnest in that Cremation business—and, by the way, if you will let us measure the carcass—the sooner the loathsome thing is out of sight—and that, too, in the quickest, cheapest way, the better for all of us."

Luckily for the committee, Gould was too stunned by his grief to resent in a muscular fashion the harsh, grating words of these sincere enthusiasts. He was speechless—he could only motion them from his sight, and go back to wail over his dead. Gould would have given his live body to be burned before he would have allowed a golden hair of Jack's head to have become singed. So the little fellow was buried from sight in the earth, and Gould has become so sentimental he considers the very ground that covers him as sacred.

Since that time when questioned regarding his views upon the subject, Gould tremblingly murmurs: "Cremation is a question which minds of science may argue, but hearts of feeling decide." And this is all he has to say.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

JENNIE.—Hygiene is the art of preserving health; the term is from *Hygieia*, the goddess of health in the Greek mythology.

CAMBRA.—The term *sterling* signifies money of the legalized standard coinage of the United Kingdom. The term is believed to be a corruption of *Easterling*, a person from the Continent, and therefore from the East in relation to England. The Easterlings were ingenious artisans

who came to England from Germany in the reign of Henry III. to refine the silver money, and the coin they produced was called *Moneta Esterlingorum*—the money of the Easterlings.

MRS. J.—Yosemite is pronounced Yo-sem-i-ty—you will find the word pronounced in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

JULIA.—There is a harvest time in which we all shall reap. It is your duty to sow, even though your efforts seem to take no root—to bring forth no fruit. You cannot tell when it is most favorable for sowing—but you know that you have His promise that you shall reap "if you faint not." Be encouraged, therefore—don't become weary in well doing, because you cannot see immediate results; don't faint by the way and let the favorable opportunity pass, but do with your might what your hand finds to do, and don't look backward to see what you have accomplished, but look forward to see what yet remains to be done. Isn't that the better way?

M. P.—We cannot give you very explicit instructions in reference to stuffing birds, but give you the following suggestions and hints found in a book on our library shelf, which may aid you in acquiring this art. You would be obliged to practice a great deal we think before becoming expert enough to be entrusted with valuable work of this nature—and even then we think the income would be very small, compared to other employment you might find: "Beginners in this interesting art should never attempt to stuff any bird smaller than a black-bird; the larger the bird the easier it is to stuff. First, put a small quantity of cotton wool down the throat, in order to prevent any moisture escaping from the stomach; this is highly important, and must never be omitted; then break the bones of the wings close to the body; divide the feathers from the breast-bone to the vent; divide the skin in like manner. Great care must be taken not to puncture the abdomen; raise the skin with the point of a penknife until you can take hold of it with your finger and thumb; hold the skin tight, and press on to the body with the knife further under, until you reach the thigh; break the thigh-bone close to the joint, and push it gently up until you can take hold of the flesh; now take the bone that is attached to the leg, and pull it gently out, turning the skin of the leg inside out; cut the flesh off close to the knee, and skin as far down to the back as you can. Do the same with the other side of the bird; if any wet escape from the flesh, dry it up with fresh bran. With a small pair of scissors, put the skin of both sides out of your way as much as possible; push the body up (the tail of the bird being held in your hand). Cut through as close to the tail as possible (this is done inside the skin); then take the bird by the back-bone, and gently push the skin down by the thumb-nail until you come to the wings; take as much flesh from the wing-joints as you can, and go on skinning till you reach the ears; take hold of them close to the skull and pull them out. Take the eyes out and be careful not to burst them, holding the skin with one thumb and finger, while you pull the eyes out of the skin with the other; after taking the eyes out put as much cotton in the sockets as will fill them nicely. Skin down to the beak very gently, cut the neck away from the skull, and also a piece of the skull to take the brains out; anoint the skin with arsenicated soap, put a little tow round the thigh-bones to form the thigh, and gently turn the skin back again; if care has been taken, the loss of the body will make but little difference to the size of the bird. Get three wires, one as long again as the bird, the other two twice the length of the legs, file them sharp at one end, bend the blunt end of the long wire, put some tow on the bend and squeeze it tight to fasten it, then twist the tow until it is about the size of the body, twisting as tight as possible. Have some tow cut up small, get a strong wire, rough one point, and turn the other into a bow to hold in your hand; take hold of some of the tow with the rough end, and push it up the neck; this requires but a small portion of tow; put some in the chest, and a little all over the inside of the skin. Put the body-wire up the neck, and bring it out through the skull at the top of the head; draw the body into the skin, and be careful not to stretch the neck; then put the other wires through the centre of the foot up the legs, being careful not to break the skin; put enough wire inside the skin to push into the body to fasten the legs; cut off a piece of the wire that has gone through the head, put it through the tail into the body (under the tail, of course); open the eye-lids, and put in the eyes (patience is required in young beginners to do this). Mount the bird on a perch fastened to a small board, bend the legs so that they will seem to stand in a proper position; be careful not to loosen the leg-wires from the body, bring the feathers nicely together between the legs, bend the neck, and put the head in the shape you think proper, then run a pin or a piece of wire through the butt of the wing and into the body, to keep it in its proper place. Should the bird be out of shape in places, raise the skin gently with a needle, put the feathers as straight as you can, put a pin in the breast, back, and under each wing near to the top of the thigh, fasten the end of the cotton to one of the pins, and gently wind it round the bird from one pin to the other; put up the bird when you see that it is right. You had better let the specimen dry of itself, then bake it; keep it free from dust, and it will dry in a fortnight. Spread the tail in a natural position, and when it is dry unwind the cotton; cut the pins close to the butt of the wing and the head; take out the others, and the bird is finished."

# LITERARY NOTICES.

MODERN DIALOGUES. Compiled by *William Clark*. Published by J. W. Daughaday & Co., Philadelphia.

This book contains 371, 12mo. pages, and they are well filled with dialogues splendidly adapted for school exhibitions, children's entertainments, &c., &c. The dialogues are varied, and furnished by many writers. The best among those we have examined are by Harry Cushing, and show a good deal of originality, especially in the plots. We have seen the book recommended to literary societies, but we think it altogether too simple for such gatherings, though it is just the thing for boys and girls. Price of book, post-paid, $1.50.

LINCOLN AND SEWARD. Remarks upon the Memorial Address of Charles Francis Adams on the late Wm. H. Seward. With Incidents and Comments Illustrative of the Measures and Policy of the Administration of Abraham Lincoln, and Views of the Relative Positions of the late President and Secretary of State. By *Gideon Welles*, Ex-Secretary of the Navy. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Before we decided on our calling in life, kind parents thrust paper and pencil into our hands, and endeavored to find in us a taste for art which might be cultivated. I suppose we were about six in years—we developed early!—but the outline of every act of ours was anything but artistic—so from some mistaken idea we were sent to a drawing master, to see if talent couldn't be bought. Persistency will overcome many obstacles, and rewards of confectionery many more—so in time we were able to draw a very creditable mill, and in more time a miller; he went on the credit system too. We wanted to make him *whiter* than the rest, but to do this with only white paper and a black pencil, puzzled our infantile brain. "Please, sir," said we, "we've got him down, on'y he ain't jest white enough, an' he's as white as white is, too! How shall we fix him?"

Then the bland old gentleman took the drawing, and with a skillful hand commenced to darken all the surrounding objects, and presently the miller grew as *paleful* as a bucket of flour, and we clapped our hands and cried out delightedly, "Oh, but he's a reg'lar dead man, he's so white!" Whereupon Mr. Blandy replied, "Yes, and I've put on black for him!" Then more solemnly he touched our shoulder, and said he, "Youngster, it's a way the world as well as painters have—if we want to whiten or bring into prominence a certain character, we darken that which lies the nearest."

Soon after that we were compelled to relinquish artful ways—but the impression which the old man's words made upon our youthful mind has never been effaced; and in reading the Memorial Address of Charles F. Adams on the late Wm. H. Seward, the teacher's words were brought forcibly to mind, and though we pronounced the Address as artistic in construction, it was simply in reference to the manner in which he whitened white. To put Lincoln in the shade for the sake of adding to Seward's glory, was in poor taste, and though for the time it created a sensation, it did not bring about the desired effect. If he had put them both into a halo, and swung around the circle a little of Andrew Johnson's career, we think he would have had white and black in all the vividness of a perfect contrast.

This book of Mr. Welles in reply to the Address referred to, was not prompted by any unkind existing feeling against the late Mr. Seward, but was written for pure justice's sake, to give the true history of the acts and views of each, and the measures of administration during Mr. Lincoln's Presidency. Mr. Welles believes as we all do, that it was the superior power *on*, and not "behind, the throne," that was the controlling spirit in his own administration—that Mr. Lincoln was himself the central figure, and Mr. Seward but the keen, sharp instrument in the skillful hands of one who knew his worth, and how to use him to advantage. Mr. Welles has apparently treated the subject with great candor and impartiality, and from his standpoint it seems to us no one could have a better chance for presenting the facts in their true light.

LOST HOURS. Words by *Boscawen*—Music by *Violetta*. Published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York City.

This is a very pretty ballad indeed, neither simple, nor yet too difficult for the average vocalist. The accompaniment adds much to its attractiveness. Price 30 cents.

LITTLE MAY (same publisher), music by Faustina Hodges, is a simple little song, on the "Little Maud" order. There is too much sameness to the music to admit of six verses, but for one or two stanzas it does very well. Price 35 cents.

CROQUET, ITS PRINCIPLES AND RULES, by Prof. *A. Rover*. Published by Milton Bradley & Co., Springfield, Mass.

We have before us a copy of the thirteenth edition of this book. During the eight years it has been published, it has become, probably more than any other, the acknowledged authority for the game in this country. It is concise and systematic, while it is complete and exhaustive, and is somewhat original in its treatment of the questions of double points, the booby, the flinch, &c. It also in this edition presents a new diagram for setting the bridges, specially adapted to short grounds but applicable to all. As this complete manual of 75 pages is sold for only ten cents, it should be the authority on every ground not governed by some other complete and acknowledged code of laws.

# OUR HOUSEKEEPER

Green Pea Soup.—Put two quarts of peas in three quarts of water and boil them two hours; then strain them from the liquor, return that to the pot and put in a slice of nice pork or bacon, with one onion chopped fine, a little thyme, salt and pepper. When the meat looks done, thicken the soup with butter rubbed in one spoonful of flour and mixed smooth with some of the liquor before it is put in the pot. Toasted bread, buttered, must be sent in with it.

Asparagus Soup.—Take three large handfuls of asparagus, cut off one inch of the tops and lay them in water, chop the stalks and put them in a soup pot, with one onion cut up, pepper and salt, and three quarts of water; boil briskly. When the stalks are done, strain them from the liquor, put that back with the tops, a hock of ham and a fat chicken. Boil it until the chicken is done, and thicken it with flour and butter rubbed together, and wet with some of the soup or milk.

Macaroni Soup.—Boil one quart of milk and one pound of macaroni cut in small pieces and scalded in hot water before it is put in the milk. When it looks tender take out part of it, add another quart of milk and boil it up, then add the other macaroni and a quarter of a pound of cheese; let it simmer awhile but not boil. Add a piece of butter rolled in flour, some salt and pepper, and have toasted bread to eat with it. Cold soup, kept from the meat soup the day before, and strained, can be used instead of milk.

Baked Shad.—Take some bread crumbs, chopped parsley, butter, pepper and salt, and mix them up with beaten yolks of eggs; fill the shad with this dressing, tie a string around it, put in a pan with bits of butter over the dish and a little water, and bake it in an oven. Rock and sheep's-head may be baked in the same way; takes longer time to cook rock than the others. Onion or garlic can always be added according to taste.

To make good Coffee.—Procure the best and wash it clean, roast it until of a golden brown color, mix the whites of three eggs with each pound of coffee while warm, and tie it up tightly in a jar. Grind the quantity you wish to make fresh every time. Put it in a thin muslin bag made for this purpose, drop it in the coffee-pot and pour boiling water on it. Cover it immediately and boil five minutes.

Coffee number two.—Parch nice clean coffee, with half a teaspoonful of lard to the pound, let it toast until you can break the grain, stirring it all the time; grind it as you wish. Take a teacup of coffee and the white of one egg, and stir it to a paste with cold water. Put it in a tin boiler and pour three pints of boiling water to it, put it on the fire and boil it five minutes, pour a cupful off and back in the top of the pot, and let it set a few minutes before pouring it off.

Coffee number three.—Parch your coffee as directed above, grind it and put it in a tight tin coffee box. Buy a block tin coffee-pot with a strainer. Put your coffee in the strainer and pour boiling hot water on it. It is clear, needs no egg, and has the pure, rich aroma of the coffee. When it has ceased to drip, pour off a cupful and pour it through the top again, to get all the strength from the coffee. Wash the pot nicely every time it is used. These pots are used in place of a costly urn.

Coffee number four.—Pick and wash your coffee, and carefully toast it a golden brown (a coffee roaster is said to preserve the aroma better than the spider usually used), grind it as you need it. Put water on to boil, and when hot, put the coffee in by the spoonful, stirring it all the time until all is in and it boils up to the top; put white of egg in or egg-shells crushed to clear it, boil it ten minutes, then pour a little cold water in it and set it aside to settle. Pour it off in the pot or urn you use at the table. Use a large cup of coffee to a quart of water.

Brown Betty.—1 cup bread-crumbs; 2 cups chopped apples—tart; ½ cup sugar; 1 teaspoonful cinnamon; 2 tablespoonfuls butter cut into small bits. Butter a deep dish, and put a layer of the chopped apple at the bottom; sprinkle with sugar, a few bits of butter, and cinnamon; cover with bread-crumbs; then more apple. Proceed in this order till the dish is full, having a layer of crumbs at top. Cover closely, and steam three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven; then uncover and brown quickly.

Eat with sugar and cream, or sweet sauce.

This is a homely but very good pudding, especially for the children's table. Serve in the dish in which it is baked.

Apple Batter Pudding.—1 pint rich milk; 2 cups flour; 4 eggs; 1 teaspoonful salt; ¼ teaspoonful soda, dissolved in hot water. Peel and core eight apples carefully, and range them closely together in a deep dish. Beat the batter very light and pour over them. Unless the apples are very ripe and sweet (for tart apples), fill the centre of each with white sugar. Bake an hour, and eat with sweet sauce.

Orange Roley-Poley.—Make a light paste as for apple dumplings or valise pudding, roll in an oblong sheet, and lay oranges (sweet ones), peeled, sliced, and seeded, thickly all over it. Sprinkle with white sugar; scatter a teaspoonful or two of the grated yellow peel over all and roll up closely, folding down the end to secure the syrup. Boil in a pudding-cloth one hour and a half. Eat with lemon sauce.

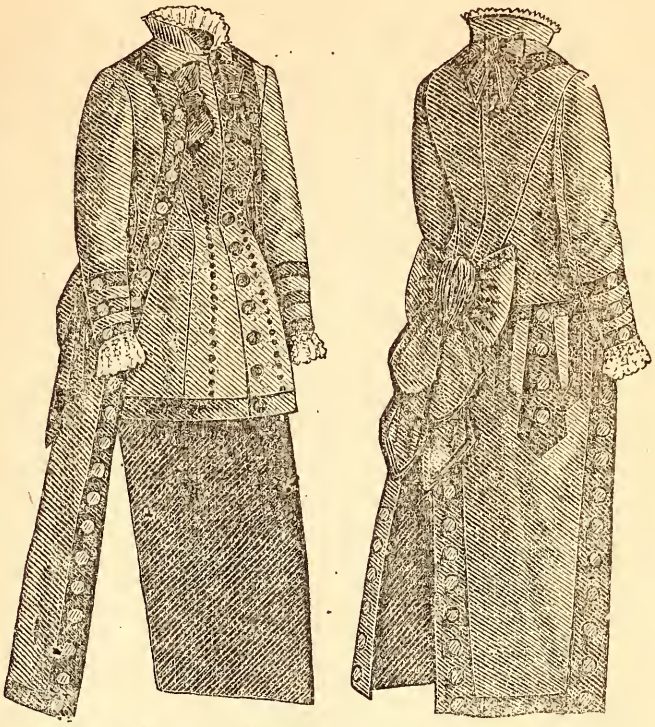
# NEW YORK FASHIONS.

*Furnished by the "Domestic" Sewing Machine Co.*

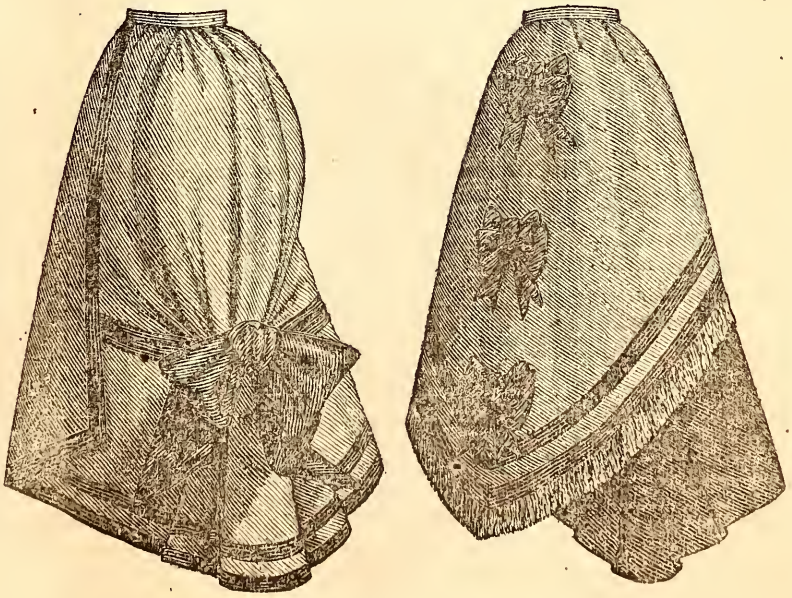
In spite of one of the most tardy seasons ever known to this latitude, the first of June finds styles for the summer more definitely settled than was expected. Later days will offer little besides newly designed traveling toilettes, and fancy costumes especially adapted to the season of gayety at watering places.

From a stand-point which overlooks all that has been offered since the earliest importations of this spring, the verdict is that black remains the favorite color, or rather no-color of the period. Nearly every toilette for street wear in this city, begins with black as a basis, while full two-thirds of the costumes offered in the largest houses are of handsome materials, exclusively black. By "exclusively" is meant not only made of black, but trimmed with the same. For traveling costumes, a black silk skirt forms the basis of some of the most stylish combinations, even bridal toilettes for this purpose showing black silk skirts with redingotes, polonaises, or long English basques of expensive camel's-hair cloth.

Entire suits of black silk are seen also for ceremonious visiting, church wear, and carriage service. These are positively short for every occasion, unless they are to be worn in the carriage, when demi-trains appear. Handsome as tablier forms of drapery are considered by most ladies, the style is one to be almost exclusively retained for indoor service, being too conspicuous and fanciful for the street. It is common, however, to dispense with an over-skirt, and mass two kinds of trimmings upon one skirt supplying the *pouf* effect originally due to the over-skirt, by a sash.



**No. 546. Ladies' Polonaise.** A novel and stylish combination of basque and polonaise is given in this garment, which may be appropriately made of any seasonable material. The short basque front admits of profuse trimmings on the dress skirt, while the deep, square side-breadths retain the polonaise outline. The pockets are placed well back of the under-arm seams, and long sash ends may be added effectively to the bow at the centre.



**No. 532. Ladies' Over-skirt.** The form of this dressy garment is especially adapted to combinations of material, and when the side *revers*, sash and bows are of a contrasting shade, either lighter or darker, a very pretty effect is obtained Fringe, lace, shirrings or kilt-pleated ruffles of the material would trim the edges handsomely.

A stylish grisaille silk so combined, has upon the skirt a half yard flounce which is completed with a narrow bias band and a standing ruffle, side-pleated. Narrower graduated ruffles, similarly arranged, trim the entire skirt to the point of contact with the basque. At the back, two extra widths of silk lined with grenadine skirting, are placed under the seam of the top flounce, and gathered in the waist-band, thus forming a *pouf*. Upon the waist-band under the arms, a sash of the dress material is made in a single box-pleat, and carried under the *pouf*, where it is tied in a large bow-knot, showing moderately long ends fringed out.

The basque to this costume is of simple shape, and handsomely fitted to the figure. Square fronts are sufficiently long to meet the skirt trimmings, but the backs are short, and cut square, showing little pockets set far back. The trimmings to the basque consist of a narrow, scant bias ruffle, and a band and tiny upright pleating corresponding to the finish upon the skirt. A moderately high ruff set full at the back of the neck, and almost plain at the front, is the only trimming upon the body of the basque.

Designs for polonaises are increasing in simplicity, and the necessity for handsomely proportioned patterns is more urgent than ever. Richest materials in the shops are included among fabrics called "camel's hair," although nothing but the finest hair of the Thibet goat enters into the composition of such fabrics. "Chuddah," the best of all these, is a material of rare beauty as to its texture, but as it is limited to a single shade of yellowish brown and one of creamy white, there is little room for selection. At ten dollars a yard, however, the demand is limited. Some of the comparatively inexpensive camel's hair fabrics are among the most striking and attractive—a widely striped diagona in stone-gray, a pretty basket figure in wood-brown, and a chevron with reversed stripes in snuff-colored brown, are among desirable varieties. All of these are more or less positive as to favor, while the independent buyer who knows her own mind, is likely to turn aside to the pretty fabrics marked at fifty cents a yard, knowing that their summer adaptability and fresh tints of silver gray will render them desirable.

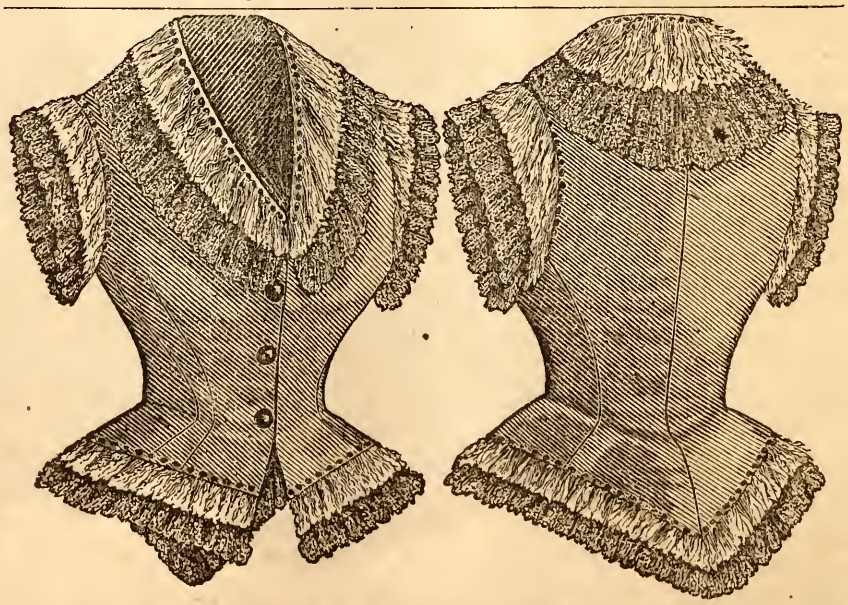
Foulards, granite mousselines, Parisian *de béges*, and a variety of unclassified fabrics are among the plentiful materials which will serve good purpose as school and traveling suits for young girls and misses.

Newest black grenadines offer excellent designs in small checks, and even, half-inch blocks, half solid, half open: also stripes of varying widths, with brocaded figures almost as delicate as Spanish lace. Plain, open-meshed, or "wire grenadines" as they are called, will form entire suits for church and streer wear, and will be made over lustreless silks expressly provided for this purpose. More dressy toilettes are seen of cross-bar grenadine, made over silk, and trimmed with dainty dispositions of guipure lace; while brocade grenadines, devoted chiefly to polonaise styles, will be beaded in the figures, and richly trimmed with beaded guipure lace. Fancy grenadines, inexpensive and showy, are again asking for favor, their satin, lace and brocade stripes rendering them favorites with young ladies.

Plain linens, blue, brown, stone color, and *écru*, are being called for in great quantities, and are made up with short skirts trimmed with scant ruffles scalloped and bound with a contrasting color. Blue is finished with white, and *écru* with brown; gray with brown and also with black. Simple polonaises belted to the figure show scant ruffles on the sleeves, which correspond to the skirt in trimming, and the moderate ruff which finishes the neck is faced with a color which makes a simple but effective contrast. Bone buttons of the shape of the pipings used, are added to these linen costumes.

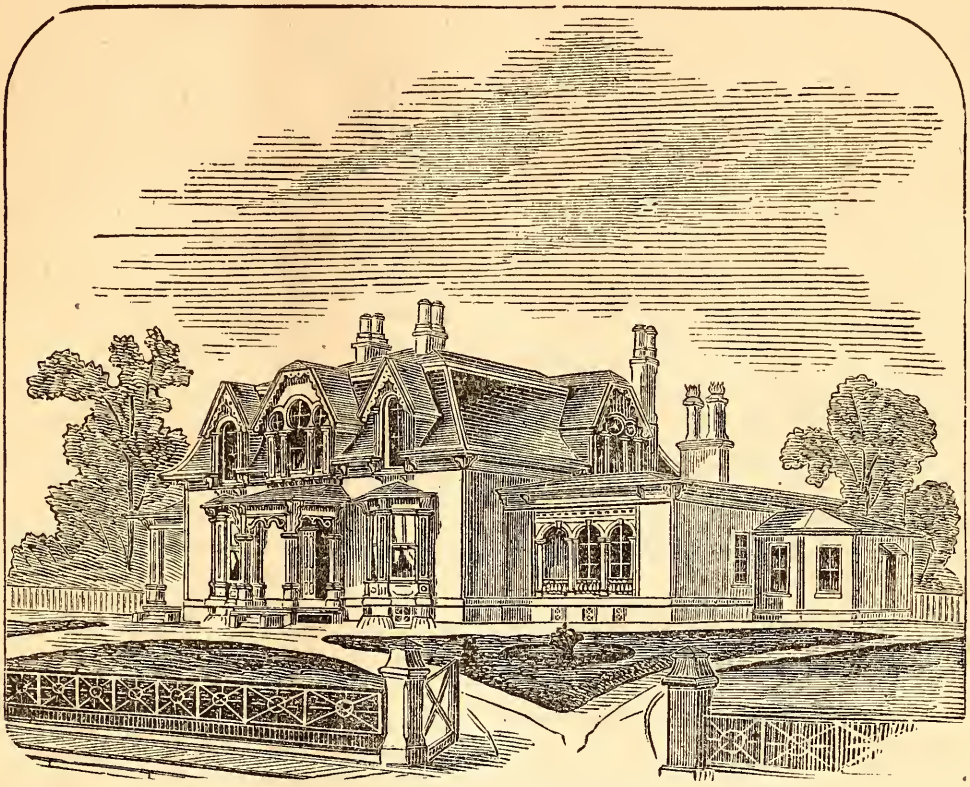
Prevailing wraps for ladies are in various sacque and Dolman shapes, exclusively of black. For misses and little girls, sacques are of gray, dark brown and hunter's green cloth, twilled.

Parasols are of moderate sizes, and if they are black are trimmed chiefly with fringe. White parasols with covers of Llama or Chantilly lace are reserved for dressy toilettes, and restricted chiefly to carriage service. Sun umbrellas are of dark brown, blue or purple armure, or Venetian silk, and moderately large handles are of ebony, horn, or fancy shaded woods.



**No. 537. Ladies' Sleeveless Jacket.** This design forms a pretty addition to a street costume, and may be of velvet, silk, or whatever composes the trimming of the suit, having sleeves of the dress material. It is finely proportioned, and easily fitted, there being no fullness in the seams of the plain postillion.

# ORNAMENTAL COTTAGE.

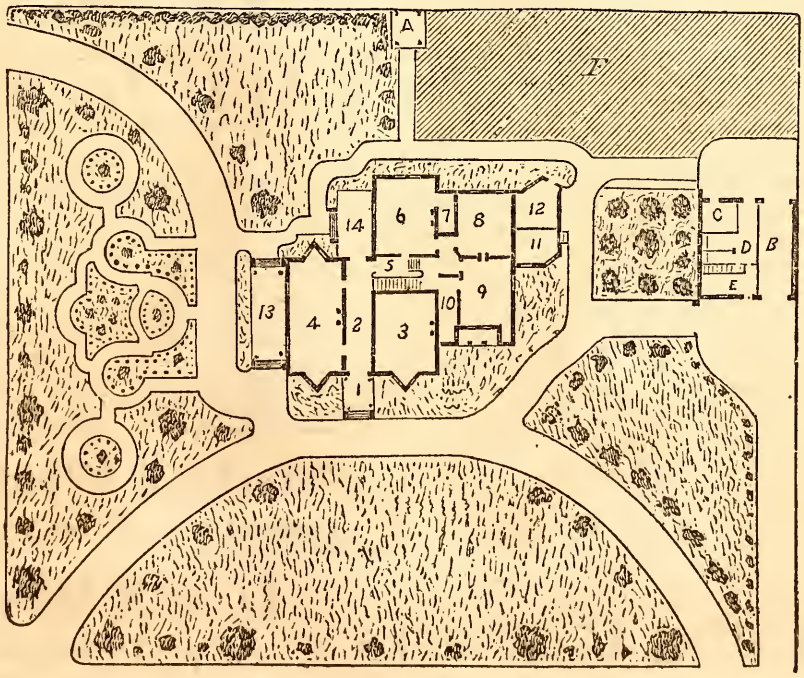


This design was drawn for Mr. Bless, a gentleman of Newark, New Jersey, and was erected of stone, with a French roof of slate, cut to ornamental forms, the chimneys finished with terra-cotta tops, thereby obtaining a light and graceful finish. The accommodations are ample, and the house is larger than one would think at a casual glance. A plan for the laying out and embellishment of the grounds has also been designed, which harmonizes and accords well with the character of the house. It is a great success, gives full satisfaction, and costs $10,000.

1, front porch; 2, hall, 7 feet 6 inches; 3, sitting room, 15 by 20 feet; 4, parlor, 15 by 28 feet; 5, stair-hall; 6, dining-room, 15 by 20 feet; 7, china closet; 8, kitchen, 15 feet 6 inches by 16 feet 6 inches; 9, bed-room, 14 by 17 feet; 10, bath-room, 5 by 16 feet; 11, wash-house. 10 by 10 feet; 12, coal-shed, 11 feet 6 inches by 10 feet; 13, 14, side porches.

A, summer-house; B, carriage-house; C, cow-shed; D, stalls; E, harness-room; F, kitchen-garden.

Designs taken from Hobbs' Suburban and Rural Architecture, J. B. Lippincott, Publisher, Philadelphia, Penna.



## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE WATERS CONCERTO PARLOR ORGAN.—We are glad to chronicle any new thing, or any improvement upon an old one, that tends to popularize music by rendering its study either easier or more attractive. Lately our attention has been called to a new patented stop added to the Waters Reed Organ, called the concerto stop. It is so voiced as to have a tone like a full, rich alto voice; it is especially "human" in its tone. It is powerful as well as sweet, and when we heard it, we were in doubt whether we liked it best in solo or with full organ. We regard this as a valuable addition to a reed organ.—*Rural New Yorker.*

We can conscientiously endorse the above, and from our knowledge of the firm of Waters & Son, feel sure their instruments will give the utmost satisfaction to those ordering them.

FASHIONS.—We feel assured that our lady readers will thank us for presenting another one of the interesting fashion articles, furnished us by the Domestic Sewing Machine Co., corner Broadway and 14th St., New York. As each article will contain fresh and reliable fashion intelligence, and exhibit illustrations of original styles designed by the same house, they will thus be kept constantly advised as to all the latest novelties, and the prevailing mode in the apparel of ladies of the best society. Patterns of these, as well as of the extensive variety of the celebrated "Domestic Paper Fashions," can be produced from any agent of the Fashions, or will be mailed to any address on receipt of price at the home office, Broadway & 14th St., New York.

In explanation of the illustrated fashions given this month, we would add that No. 532 is given in 9 sizes, from 20 to 36 inches waist measure, price 25 cents; No. 537 is in 12 sizes, from 30 to 46 inches bust measure, price 25 cents; No. 546, in 12 sizes, from 30 to 46 inches bust measure, price 35 cents.

**The Elastic Truss Co.** was incorporated in 1867. Its friends and patrons are from every land, and speak every tongue. It has outlived all rivalry. It has conquered the prejudice that was justly caused by all the metal trusses. It has grown stronger and firmer as the years have marched apace. Its friends are numberless, and like a giant its arms encircle the world. There must be some potent reason that has produced this wonderful result. That reason is the simple fact that the Elastic Truss is worn night and day with comfort, retaining rupture in perfect ease, causing no inconvenience, can never be displaced by the hardest exercise, yielding and adapting itself to every motion of the body, but always holding the rupture safely, and soon effects a perfect and permanent cure. This new and wonderful invention has produced a radical revolution in treating rupture, and has absolutely driven out of use all the wretched metal finger pad and spring trusses that formerly cursed the community and made life a burden to so many thousands and thousands of suffering ones, who now are happy, enjoying once more the blessings and comforts of existence. Full descriptive circulars, with directions, &c., sent free on request; and the truss is sold cheap, and sent by mail to all parts of the country, by The Elastic Truss Company, 683 Broadway, New York City.

## ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT.


**What Next? Wonderful!**

Best, cheapest, and most delightfully beautiful Magazine for Young Folks and everybody. On trial, **10 cents,** or specimens and the prettiest **$1.00 Chromo** *you ever saw,* **25 cents,** to any one who will raise a club. Splendid prizes for clubs. JOHN B. ALDEN, Pub., Chicago.

**OPIUM HABIT CURED.**

All Opium Eaters can easily cure themselves, by addressing

W. P. PHELON, M. D.,

**259 Randolph Street, Chicago, Room 2.**

**AGENTS WANTED**—Men or women, $34 a week or $100 forfeited; valuable samples free. Write at once to F. M. REED, 8th st., N. Y.

**NEBRASKA STATE REGISTER.**—A 40 column paper, published at the State Capitol; full of Nebraska news; has a Big Chief correspondent, who delineates Indian customs, in peace and in war. All interested in the great West should have it. $1.50 a year, in advance. Address WM. C. CLOYD, Lincoln, Neb.

**WANTED—AGENTS to take the CHAMPION STATIONERY PACKAGE ON CREDIT.**—It contains 18 sheets assorted letter paper, 18 envelopes to match, Patent Eraser, Burnisher, Pencil Sharpener, Letter Opener and Pen-holder combined, Patent Fountain Pen, Lead Pencil, Blotting Pad, Patent Yard Measure, Combination Key Ring, Shoe Buttoner, Glove Fastener, etc. Send two good references and 35 cts., for sample packages, with particulars, to

**J. BRIDE & CO.,**
**769 Broadway New York.**

**5000 AGENTS WANTED**—Samples sent free by mail Two new articles, saleable as flour. Address N. H. WHITE, Newark, New Jersey. 3m

**What Next? Wonderful!**

Best, cheapest, and most delightfully beautiful Magazine for Young Folks and everybody. On trial, **10 cents,** or specimens and the prettiest **$1.00 Chromo** *you ever saw,* **25 cents,** to any one who will raise a club. Splendid prizes for clubs. JOHN B. ALDEN, Pub., Chicago.

**SEND** 25 cents to Mauck's Herald, Cheshire, Ohio, for a copy and the 2 chromos. **Value and satisfaction guaranteed.**

**NEBRASKA INTELLIGENCE AGENCY.**—Full information of a business opening of any kind in Nebraska, sent on receipt of $3.00 each. Address JNO. M. BRADFORD & CO., Lincoln, Neb.

**SEND** for particulars of genteel, pleasant and profitable employment for both ladies and gentlemen. McLELLAN BROTHERS, 41 Park Row, New York.

**AGENTS WANTED** for new book

**"Tell It All"**

A Life's Experience in Mormonism. By Mrs. T. B. H. Stenhouse, of Salt Lake City. With an INTRODUCTION by **Harriet Beecher Stowe.** The genuine Autobiography of an educated lady, whose life has been spent in Polygamy. She tells the story of her life—of the mysteries, ceremonies, and doctrines of the Saints. IT INCLUDES THE *real* story of "ELIZA ANN—WIFE No. 19," TOLD IN FULL BY HERSELF. Complete in detail, delicate in style, "stranger than fiction: more thrilling than romance." It is THE ONLY GENUINE BOOK upon the subject EVER WRITTEN BY A REAL MORMON WOMAN. Endorsed by Governors, Chief-Justices, Judges, Bishops, Clergy, and eminent women, as of *wonderful interest, truthful, bold, and good.* **CAUTION.** All other books professing to be written by Mormon women ARE IMPOSITIONS. *See that your book contains Mrs. Stowe's Introduction.* 100,000 will be sold. Outfit ready Full particulars, testimony, terms, etc., sent free. A. D. WORTHINGTON & Co., Hartford, Conn.

**Workers Wanted.**

Send for premium list, and Agents' terms. Specimen Magazine, 10 cts. Address

**S. E. SHUTES, Publisher,**

**Newburgh, N. Y.**

## THE CRUCICAL TEST

of the value of a medicine is time. Does experience confirm the claims put forth in its favor at the outset, is the grand question. Apply this criterion, so simple, yet so searching, to TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT. How has it worn? What has been its history? How does it stand to-day?

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT is a household name throughout the United States. It is administered as a specific, and with success, in dyspepsia, sick headache, nervous debility, liver complaint, bilious remittants, bowel complaints (especially constipation), rheumatism, gout, gravel, nausea, the complaints peculiar to the maternal sex, and all types of inflammation. So mild is it in its operation that it can be given with perfect safety to the feeblest child; and so agreeable is it to the taste, so refreshing to the palate, that children never refuse to take it.

**For Sale by all Druggists.**

## Self Propelling Chairs

*For Cripples and Invalids.*

Can be EASILY propelled, either in or out doors, by any one having the use of hands. State your weight, and send stamp for illustrated catalogue of different styles and prices. Please mention this magazine. 9m

**S. A. SMITH**
No. 32 Platt St.,
N. Y. City.

## ARE YOU GOING TO PAINT?

**OVER 200,000 HOUSES**

PAINTED WITH THE

# AVERILL CHEMICAL PAINT

*White and all the fashionable shades, mixed ready for use, and sold by the gallon.*

## Read the Following.

DANBURY, Conn.

*Gents:*—In reply to yours, 23d ult., I would say that the Averill Chemical Paint on my house has given complete satisfaction. It has retained its color and brightness; while houses painted with white lead, and in less exposed situations are changing color and showing signs of wear.
CHAS. H. MERRITT, JR.

The Hon. JAS. S. NEGLEY, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: I have no hesitation in recommending the Averill Chemical Paint to those who regard economy and durability. The colors are rich and variable. Altogether, I find it the cheapest and best.

Hundreds of testimonials from owners of the finest residences in the country, with Sample card of Colors, furnished free by dealers generally, and by the

## AVERILL CHEMICAL PAINT CO.,

**32 Burling Slip, New York; or 132 East River St., Cleveland, Ohio.**

20th THOUSAND IN PRESS.—AGENTS WANTED for

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
# Kit Carson

by his friend, Lieut.-Col. Peters, U. S. Army, from facts dictated by Carson himself. The only authentic life ever published. Full of adventure and valuable historical information. 600 pages, finely illustrated. Send for illustrated circulars, containing complete particulars Free to all. Address DUSTIN, GILMAN & CO., Hartford, Conn

**RUBBER TYPE!** Nothing more attractive than our beautiful Type with Bronzes, &c., for linen and card marking, or business printing. Nothing sells better. Any style to order. *To Agents, big pay!* Send stamp to RUBBER TYPE WORKS, Box 668, Rochester, N. Y.

## OPIUM AND MORPHINE HABIT CURED!

Medicine compounded by a sufferer, a surgeon U.S.A. Also cures **Drunkenness.** *It always cures.* Send for work on "Opium-eating and its Cure," to W. B. SQUIRE, M.D., Worthington, Greene Co., Ind.

## WATERS' CONCERTO ORGANS

*are the* **most beautiful** *in* **style** *and* **perfect** *in* **tone ever made.** *The* **CONCERTO STOP** *is the* **best ever placed in any Organ.** *It is produced by an* **extra set** *of* **reeds, peculiarly voiced,** *the* **EFFECT** *of which is* **MOST CHARMING** *and* **SOUL-STIRRING,** *while its* **IMITATION** *of the* **HUMAN VOICE** *is* **SUPERB.** *Terms Liberal.*

**WATERS' PHILHARMONIC, Vesper & Orchestral ORGANS**

*in* **UNIQUE FRENCH CASES,** *are among the* **best made,** *and* **combine PURITY** *of* **VOICING** *with* **great volume** *of* **tone. Suitable** *for* **PARLOR, CHURCH,** *or* **MUSIC HALL.**

**WATERS' New Scale PIANOS**

*have* **great power** *and a* **fine singing tone,** *with* **all modern improvements,** *and are the* **BEST PIANOS MADE. These Organs** *and* **Pianos** *are* **warranted** *for* **6 years. PRICES EXTREMELY LOW** *for* **cash** *or* **part cash,** *and* **balance** *in* **monthly** *or* **quarterly payments. Second-hand instruments taken** *in* **exchange. AGENTS WANTED** *in* **every County** *in the* **U. S.** *and* **Canada. A liberal discount** *to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, Schools, Lodges, etc.* *ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES MAILED.*

**HORACE WATERS & SON,**
**481 Broadway, New York. P. O. Box 3567.**

HOUSEHOLD BLESSINGS!

## UNION WASHER AND WRINGER.

**AMERICAN MANGLE**

FOR IRONING CLOTHES WITHOUT HEAT.

## WELCOME CARPET SWEEPER.

Send for Circular.
**HALEY, MORSE & CO.,** 31 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

## EAT TO LIVE!

Write to F. E. SMITH & Co., Atlantic Mills, Brooklyn, N.Y., manufacturers of the **Crushed White Wheat,** for their pamphlet (sent free) on **Foods,** with important extracts from LIEBIG, JOHNSON and other scientists. Read it and save your **health** and **money.**

# CONDENSED PRICE-LIST OF
# GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS,
## 285 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Any of the following list of *Revolvers or Pistols* will be sent by mail or express, prepaid, to any address on receipt of price and 2 cents per ounce. Or by express, C. O. D., to any express office in the United States or Canada, with privilege to examine before paying bill,—provided express charges be paid one way before package is opened:

## Single Barrel Pocket Pistols.

No. 1.—American Single Barrel Pistols, using cap, powder, and ball; full length six inches; weight 6 oz.; price, 2 in. barrel, $1.00—3 in., $1.25—4 in., $1.50.
No. 2.—Hero Single Pistol, for cap, powder, and ball, steel barrel, varnish stock; length 6 in.; weight 6 oz.; price, 2 in. barrel, $1.50—3 in., $1.75—4 in., $2.00.
No. 3.—Vest Pocket Pistol, using No. 1 cartridges, 2-inch blued steel barrel, silver-plated frame, rosewood stock; weight, 3 oz.; price, $3.00.
No. 4.—Vest Pocket Pistol, using No. 1 cartridges, 3-inch rifled steel barrel, silver-plated frame, rosewood stock, shell extractor; weight 4 ounces; price, $4.50.
No. 5.—Pocket Pistol, using No. 32 cartridges, 3-inch rifled steel barrel, silver-plated frame, rosewood stock, shell extractor; weight, 5 ounces; price, $5.50.
No. 6.—Deringer Pistol, using No. 41 cartridges, 2½-inch rifled steel barrel, silver-plated frame, rosewood stock, shell extractor; weight, 6 ounces; price, $6.00.
No. 7.—Hampton's Bull Dog, only Pistol made using No. 44 cartridge, 4-inch rifled steel barrel, finely blued, checkered ebony handle, patent extractor; weight, 12 oz.; price, $7.00.

## Pocket, Belt, Army, and Navy Revolvers.

No. 8.—Great Western 7-shooter, No. 1 cartridge, 2½-in. rifled steel barrel, varnished stock, plated frame; weight, 6 ounces; price, $6.00.
No. 9.—Colt's Patent 7-shooter, only Pistol using long or short No. I cartridges, side loader, plated frame; whole length only 6 in.; weight, 7 ounces; price, $8.00.
No. 10.—Colt's House Pistol, 4-shooter, using No. 41 cartridge, 4-in. barrel, plated frame; weight only 14 ounces. Every farmer should have one in his house. Price, $10.
No. 11.—Colt's Belt Pistol, 5-shooter, using No. 38 cartridge, centre or rim fire, 4½-in. barrel. Suitable for hunters or travelers in the South or West. Price, $12.00.
No. 12.—Smith & Wesson, 7-shooter, using No. 1 cartridge, 3-in. steel rifled barrel, finely blued, rosewood handle, shell extractor; weight, 8 ounces; price, $10.00.
No. 13.—Smith & Wesson, 5-shooter, using No. 32 cartridge, 3½-in. steel rifled barrel, finely blued, rosewood handle, shell extractor; weight, 13 ounces; price, $12.00.
No. 14.—Smith & Wesson, 6-shooter, using No. 41 cartridge, centre fire, 7-in. rifled barrel, finely blued, rosewood handle, shell extractor; weight, 2 lbs.; price, $22.00.
No. 15.—Remington, 5-shooter, using powder and ball, 31 cal., 3-in. barrel, full length 7 in., either thumb or self-cocker; weight, 10 oz.; price, $8.00.
No. 16.—Remington New Pocket Revolver, 5 shots, 31 cal., 2 cylinders, using powder and ball or metal cartridges, 3½-in. barrel, molds, etc.; weight, 12 oz.; price, $12.00.
No. 17.—Remington New Police Revolver, 5 shots, 36 cal., 2 cylinders, using powder and ball or metal cartridges, 4½-in. barrel, molds, etc.; weight, 16 ounces; price, $14.00.
No. 18.—Colt Army or Navy Revolver, 6 shots, 36 or 44 cal., 7½ or 8-in. barrel, second-hand, nearly good as new, molds, etc., weight, 2 lbs.; price, $8.00.

## Muzzle-Loading Hunting, Sporting, and Target Rifles.

No. 19.—Bright iron barrel, side lock, sett trigger, brass mounted, ½ stock, 30 to 40-in. barrel, 7 to 10 lbs. weight, 50 to 200 balls to lb. Price, $10.00.
No. 20.—Bright iron barrel, side lock, sett trigger, brass mounted, ½ stock, patch-box, 30 to 40-in. barrel, 7 to 10 lbs. wt., 50 to 200 balls to lb. Price, $11.00.
No. 21.—Brown iron barrel, ribbed, side lock, sett trigger, brass mounted, patch-box, varnished, ½ stock, 30 to 40-in. barrel, 7 to 10 lbs wt., 50 to 200 balls to lb. Price $15.00.
No. 22.—Brown iron barrel, patent breech ribbed bar lock, sett trigger, brass mounted, patch-box, oiled or var., ½ stock, 30 to 40-in. barrel, 7 to 10 lbs. wt., 50 to 200 balls to lb. Price, $20.00.
No. 23.—Double Barrel Rifle, over and under or side by side, B. A. lock, brass mounted, patch-box, ½ stock, sett trigger, 30 to 40-in. barrel, 9 to 12 lbs., 50 to 125 balls to lb. Price, $35.00.
No. 25.—Double Barrel Rifle and Shot Gun, plain finish, good barrels, locks, and mountings, rifle barrel, 60 to 100 ball, shot barrel 12 to 16, 30 to 34-in. barrel, 9 to 11 lbs. Price, $32.00.
No. 26.—Double Barrel Rifle and Shot Gun, fine finish, extra barrels, locks, and mountings, sett trigger for rifle, 60 to 150 ball, shot barrel 12 to 20, 28 to 30-in. barrel, 9 to 11 lbs. Price, $45.00.

## Single and Double Barrel Muzzle-Loading Shot Guns.

No. 28.—Boys' Sgl Gun, iron barrel, plain finish, var. stock, small size, 30 in. barrel, $3.00; medium size, 36 in. barrel, $4.00; large size, with rib, 36 to 38 in. barrel, $5.50.
No. 29.—Great Western Sgl. Gun, made of Sringfield rifle barrel, bored smooth, 14 to 30 bore, 30 to 40 in., 6 to 8 lbs., price $7.50; with rib and solid pat. breech, $9.00.
No. 30.—London Fine Twist, pat. breech, ripped B. A. lock, chekered var. stock, blue and engraved steel mountings, 30 to 36 in., 6 to 8 lbs., price $12.00; with fine steel bar lock. $14.00.
No. 31.—Double Barrel, plain iron Im. Twist B. A. locks, plain blue mtg-, var. stock, range 30 to 40 yds., 30 to 32 in. barrel, 12 to 14 bore, 7 to 8 lbs. wt. $8.
No. 32.—Double Barrel, better finish, plain iron Im. twist B. A. locks, plain blue mtg., var. stock, range 30 to 40 yds., 30 to 40 in. barrel, 12 to 16 bore' 7 to 8½ lbs. wt. $9.00
No. 33.—Double Barrel, plain iron pat. breech, Im. twist, plain blue mtg., var. stock, range 30 to 40 yds., 30 to 36 in. barrel, 12 to 16 bore, 7 to 9 lbs. wt. $12.00.
No. 34.—Double Barrel, good iron barrels, pat. breech, Im. Lam. steel or Damascus, var. stock range 35 to 45 yds., 30 to 38 in. barrel, 12 to 16 bore, 7 to 9½ lbs. wt. $14.00.
No. 35.—Double Barrel, real twist barrels, pat. breech, swivel B. A. locks, var. stock, steel mtg., range 35 to 45 yds., 30 to 34-in. barrel, 12 to 16 bore, 7 to 9 lbs. wt. $15.00.
No. 37.—Dbl. Barrel London fine twist, pat. breech, fine swivel B. A. locks, checkered var. stock, blued and engraved mountings, 30 to 35-in. brrl., range 40 to 60 yds., 11 to 16 bore, 7 to 8½ lbs. $18.00.
No. 38.—Dbl. Barrel London fine twist, pat. breech, fine swivel bar locks, checkered var. stock, blued and engraved mountings, 30 to 35-in. brrl., range 40 to 60 yds., 11 to 16 bore, 7 to 8½ lbs. $20.00.
No. 39.—Dbl. Barrel London stub twist, pat. breech, steel swivel bar or S. A. locks, English walnut stock, fine steel mountings, 30 to 35-in. barrel, range 50 to 70 yds., 11 to 18 bore, 7 to 8½ lbs. $25.00.
No. A 40.—Dbl. Barrel fine English stub twist, pat. breech, fine steel swivel S. A. locks, extra walnut stock, fine steel mountings, 30 to 35-in. barrel, range 60 to 75 yds., 10 to 20 bore, 7 to 9 lbs. $30.00.
No. B 42.—Dbl. Barrel extra heavy, London fine twist Duck Gun, good bar lock, walnut stock, blued and engraved mountings, 30 to 35-in. barrel, range 75 to 100 yds., 10 to 14 bore, 9 to 11 lbs. $28.00.
No. 43.—Dbl. Barrel Laminated steel barrels, steel bar locks, English walnut stock, blued and engraved mountings, 30 to 36-in. barrel, range 50 to 75 yards, 11 to 16 bore, 7 to 9 lbs. $30.00.
No 44.—Dbl. Barrel, better Laminated steel barrels, steel bar locks, Eng. walnut stock, spring trigger, blued and engraved mountings, 30 to 36-in. barrel, range 50 to 75 yds., 10 to 17 bore, 7 to 9 lbs. $36.00
No. 45.—Dbl. Barrel, fine Laminated steel barrels, fine steel bar locks, curled walnut stock, spring trigger, blued and engd. mountings, 30 to 38-in. barrel, range 50 to 75 yds., 10 to 17 bore, 7 to 9 lbs. $45.00
No. 46.—Dbl. Barrel, extra Lam. steel bls., very fine steel bar locks, ex. curled Eng. walnut stock, spring trigger, blued and en. mtgs., 30 to 38-in. brrl, range 60 to 80 yds, 10 to 17 bore, 6½ to 9 lbs. $55.00
No. 47.—Dbl. Barrel, extra English Laminated steel bls., locks and mountings of very superior finish and workmanship by Greener, Scott and others, range 60 to 90 yards, 10 to 16 bore, 7 to 9 lbs. $75.00

## Breech-Loading Rifles. Single and Double Barrel Shot-Guns.

No. 51.—Steven's Patent Single Shot Gun, 30 inch steel barrel, oiled stock, blued mountings, 14 bore, 6 pounds, adapted to brass or paper shells. Price, with 1 dozen brass shells, $20.00.
No. 52.—Dexter's patent Single Shot-Gun, 30 to 32 inch steel barrel, oiled stock, blued mountings, 14 or 16 bore, 6 to 7 pounds, use either brass or paper shells. Price, with 1 dozen brass shells, $28.00.
No. 53.—Double Barrel Breech-loading Shot-Gun, fine twist barrels, steel locks, snap action, center fire, for brass or paper shells, 30 to 32 inch barrel, 7 to 8 pounds, 12 bore. $50 00.
No. 54.—Double Barrel Breech-loading Shot-Gun, fine Laminated steel barrels, steel locks, side snap action, center fire, for brass or paper shells, 30 to 32 inch barrel, 7 to 8½ pounds, 10 or 12 bore. $60.00.
No. 55.—Double Barrel Breech-loading Shot-Gun, fine Laminated steel barrels, steel bar locks, side snap action, center fire, for brass or paper shells, 30 to 32 inch barrel, 7 to 8½ pounds, 10 or 12 bore. $70.00.
No. 56.—Double Barrel Breech-loading Shot-Gun, fine Laminated steel barrels, rebounding locks, side snap action, center fire, for brass or paper shells, 30 to 32 in barrel, 7 to 8½ pounds, 10 or 12 bore. $90.00.
No. 57.—Double Barrel Breech-loading Shot Gun, extra Laminated steel barrels, extra locks, top snap action, center fire, for brass or paper shells, 30 to 32 in barrel 7 to 8½ pounds, 10 or 12 bore. $120 00.
No. 58.—Double Breech-loading Rifle and Shot-Gun, Laminated steel barrels, bar lock, side snap, center fire, rifle 38, 41 or 50 cal. shot, 10 or 12 bore, use brass shells, 28 to 32 in barrel. $75.00.
No. 60.—Breech-loading Rifles, steel barrel, 22, 32, 38, 44, or 50 cal., 26 to 28 inch barrel, 7 to 10 pounds. Price $30.00. Longer sizes to order, at 50 cents per inch extra.
No. 61.—Winchester Repeating Rifle, 18 shooter, 26 inch steel barrel, 44 cal., oil stock and sling, weight 9½ pounds. Price $50.00, with sett trigger extra $5.00. Longer sizes to order.
No. 62.—Spencer Repeating Rifle, 8-shooter, 30 inch steel barrel, 50 cal., second-hand but in first-rate order. Price $20.00. The 22 inch barrel, same style, $16.00.
No. 63.—Sharp's Sporting Rifle Breech-loader, 28 inch steel barrel, 90 round balls to pound, using paper cartridge ; any one can make them; 9 pounds weight, octagon barrel. $20.00.
No. 64.—Air Gun, using steel-pointed darts, for saloon or parlor use. Price $35.00. Flobert Parlor Rifle, using ball caps, with 250 rounds. $15.00.
No. 65.—Cap and Shot-Gun, for parlor use, using a shot and strong cap. Price, for best quality with sett trigger, $35.00; plain finish, sett trigger, $25.00.
No. 66.—Pocket Rifle, 10 inch steel rifled barrel, with attachable shoulder rest, uses No. 1 cartridges, plated frame, globe sights, very accurate shooter. $12.00.

## Ammunition, Fixtures, and Sportsmen's Materials.

Cartridges—per 100—No. 1, 50c; No. 1 long, 65c; No. 30, 90c; No. 32. $1.00; No. 32, long, $1.25; No. 38, $1.50; No. 38, long, $1.75; No. 44, $1.75; No. 56, $3.00.
Caps—English Waterproof, per box of 250, 25c; Double Waterproof, per box of 250, 60c; Best Pistol Caps, per 100, 20c; Waterproof Musket Caps, per box of 250, 40c.
Wads—Eley's Hair Felt, any size from No. 10 to No. 25, per box of 250, 25c; No. 9, 35c; No. 8, 45c. Wads by mail, 5c per box extra.
Wire Cartridges, for double shot-gun, will kill game 100 to 125 yards—all sizes on hand, at 75c per dozen, or $3.50 per gross.
Dog Calls—Small, 25c; Medium, 35c; extra large, 50c. Postage, 5c. Steel Nipple Wrench, 50c; Extra Tubes or Nipples, 25c.
Cleaning Rods, jointed, with brush swab and jag to carry in pocket, $1.25. Pocket Drinking Cup—Leather, 30c; Britannia, 75c.
Dog Whips, at 50c, 75c, and $1.00. Turkey Calls, $1.00; Duck Calls, $1.50. Hunting Knife, 8 inch blade, $2.00; Camp Knife, Fork and Spoon, $1.00.
Pocket Compass, $1.25. Dog Collars, 40c to $2.50. Powder at 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25, and $1.50 per lb. All sizes cartridges.
Wad Cutters—Iron, 35c; best Steel, 50c. Game Bags—1 pocket, $1.00; 2 pocket, $2.00; 3 pocket, $3.00; 4 pocket, $4.00; very fine, $5.00.
Gun Covers—Cloth, 50c; Waterproof Leather Cover, $1.75. Gun Cases at $5.00, $8.00, $10.00, and $12.00. Gun Oil, per bottle, 25c.
Shot Belts—Single, common, 50c; better at 75c, $1.00, $1.25; best, $1.50. Double Shot Belt, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00.
Powder Flasks—2 oz. at 25c to $1.00; 4 oz. at 40c to $2.00; 8 oz., shot-gun sizes, 50c to $2.00; 16 oz. at $1.00, $2.00, $3.00, $5.00.
Shot Pouches at 50c to $5.00. Bullet Pouch, with apartments for balls, caps, and flask, etc.—Best Leather, $1.75; Extra Engraved, $2.50.
Powder and Shot Measures, graduated, $1.25; Buckskin Money Belts, $1.25; Buckskin Boxing Gloves, per set of four, $5.00—Extra fine, $6.00.
Main Spring Vises, 75c. Cap Primers—Brass, $1.50; German Silver, $3.00. Gum Blankets, $2.50; Gum Poncho, $2.25.

## Implements and Fixtures for Breech-Loading Guns.

Draper's Brass Shells for Breech-Loaders—No. 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16, $3.00 per dozen. These shells use common gun caps.
U. M. C. Brass Shells for Breech-Loaders—No. 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16, $2.00 per dozen. These shells use Berdan's primers only.
Paper Shells for Breech-Loaders, pin or central fire—No. 8 and 10, $1.50 per one hundred. No. 12, 14, 16, and 20, $1.25 per one hundred.
Hall's Patent Crimper and Loader, for paper shells—Best in use. Price $2.50. Cap ejector and recapper, for pin fire, $2.50; Central fire, $3.50.
Pocket Barrel Cleaner, any size, $2.00. Cartridge Carriers, for thirty to one hundred cartridges, at $2.00 to $6.00 each.
Books for Sportsmen,—Art of Shooting on the Wing, one hundred pages, by mail, 75c. Game Laws of all the States, by mail, 60c.

**TAKE NOTICE.**—Our new Model American Double Barrel Duck Gun (No. 99), made of Springfield barrels, is now ready for delivery. Length of barrels, 34 to 40 in.; bore, 12 to 20; weight, 8 to 10 lbs.; patent breech; blue mounting; oiled stock. A good, strong, plain gun—just the thing for killing large game at long range—80 to 100 yards. Price $18.00. Same gun with fine side action bar locks, $20.00.

Packing Box for one gun costs 40 cents. For each additional gun, 20 cents.

**FISHING TACKLE.**—Hooks in great variety. Silk, linen, cotton, and hair lines. Minnow nets, ready for use, from 5 to 20 feet. Minnow netting by the yard. Seines, ready for use, from 10 to 100 yards. Seine Twine, Rods, Fly, Bass, and Trout. Cane, Japan, and Bamboo Poles. Artificial Minnows, Trolling Bait and Flies. Gut, Leaders, Reels, etc., etc. Send stamp for price-list.

Persons in want of any Gun or Revolver not found in this list, will please address us, giving description, and if possible we will furnish the same to order. Send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue. Address J. H. JOHNSTON, Great Western Gun Works, 285 Liberty St , Pittsburgh, Pa,, (formerly at 179 Smithfield St.,) and state that you saw this advertisement in WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.

TERMS.—Cash with order, or cash on delivery when goods are sent C. O. D. Purchaser pays return charges on money and charges for transportation. DISCOUNT—Three Guns or Revolvers at one order, 10 per cent.; six at one order, 15 per cent; twelve guns, 20 per cent. Money may be remitted by draft on New York, by Post-Office Order, by Express, or Registered Letter at my risk. Money by express should be prepaid. Money sent in a common letter is at sender's risk.

*Address all letters to* ***J. H. JOHNSTON, Great Western Gun Works,***
***285 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.***

Familes seek them, 'The Best,' Dealers treble sales with

**COLTON'S SELECT FLAVORS**

**Pure, Rich** *Flavoring Extracts of* **Choicest Fruits.**
Send full address with 3c. stamp for Choice Cook Book to J. W. C., Laboratory, Westfield, Mass., not to N. Y. Office.

**A NEW METHOD OF LIGHTING GAS BY ELECTRICITY.**
Being rapidly applied to Streets, Public Buildings, Halls and Private Dwellings. For particulars address J. H. STEVENS, Agent for the U. S. Electric Gas Lighting Co., 282 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

**DO YOU LOVE MUSIC?** If so, send us your address and the names of your musical friends, to whom we will mail, post-paid, our new Descriptive CATALOGUE of choice MUSIC, and specimen copies of the "MUSICAL WORLD," containing $1.00 worth of Music.
**S. Brainard's Sons,** Cleveland, Ohio.

$20 SAVED **FLORENCE** $20 SAVED

*The Long-contested Suit of the* **FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.** against the Singer, Wheeler & Wilson, and Grover & Baker Companies, involving over **$250,000,** *Is finally decided by the Supreme Court of the United States* in favor of the **FLORENCE,** which alone has *Broken the Monopoly of High Prices.*

**THE NEW FLORENCE**
*Is the ONLY machine that sews backward and forward, or to right and left. Simplest—Cheapest—Best.*
SOLD FOR CASH ONLY. SPECIAL TERMS TO **CLUBS and DEALERS.**
*April, 1874.* *Florence, Mass.*

# We Can't Talk

Without showing the condition of our *Teeth.* Every laugh exposes them. In order not to be ashamed of them be sure to cleanse them every day with Fragrant *SOZODONT,* and they will be kept white and spotless. The regular use of this peerless dentrifice prevents and arrests dental decay, and the gums are kept healthy and hard. *SOZODONT* removes every impurity that adheres to the teeth, and prevents the formation of Tartar, that great enemy of the teeth. Impure Breath is completely neutralized by the anti-acid and disinfectant properties of *SOZODONT.*

**Sold by all Druggists.**

EVERY LADY SHOULD HAVE A SET OF

**GOODRICH'S "SPRING" TEMPERED HEMMERS**

Consisting of Four Widths and a Dress Binder. Sent by Mail on Receipt of Price.
For Sale by all Sewing Machine Agents. *Price, Only One Dollar.* H. C. GOODRICH, 205 State Street, CHICAGO, ILL. 103 N. 10th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Inventor of The Goodrich Tuck Marker.

**PURIFY THE SKIN**
*By removing all taint from the blood. This can be effected with absolute certainty by using* **Stafford's Iron and Sulphur Powders.** *Whether the initiating principle in the circulation be that which causes scrofula, salt rheum, scald head, or any cutaneous eruptions, the beneficial effect will be the same. The sulphur converts the unhealthy secretions of the body into a gaseous form, and they are thrown off from the surface by the increased vigor imparted to the circulation by the* **tonic action of the iron.** *The morbid matter which causes the exterior inflammation is discharged through the pores, and the cuticle regains its natural color and smoothness.*
**Sold by Druggists. 1 Package, 12 Powders, $1; 6 Packages, 72 Powders, $5. Mailed Free. HALL & RUCKEL. 218 Greenwich St., New York.**

CUT THIS OUT.
LEUCORRHŒA, or WHITES, so common and dangerous among females, can be permanently cured by a newly-discovered remedy. Prescription in *plain English* mailed in plain envelope on receipt of one dollar. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or the money will be refunded. Try it. Address The Sinclair Dispensatory, 599 B'way, N. Y.

**THE TOLL-GATE! PRIZE PICTURE sent free!** A most ingenious work of art! **50** objects to find **40** pictures in one. A pleasing study and gem for parlor. Address, with stamp, E. C. ABBEY, Buffalo, N. Y.

**SEND** 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for *Pamphlet of one hundred pages,* containing lists of 3000 newspapers and estimates showing cost of advertising.

**MAD. De ROSSA'S ANTHEO —OR— COMPLEXION BEAUTIFIER.**
The best in the world. It imparts smoothness and **ROSY Freshness** TO THE SKIN. *Cures* all eruptions of the face. This powder *is not injurious.* Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. per box. MILLER BROS. 113 *Maiden Lane, New York.*

**"PAPA'S OWN GIRL."**
BY MARIE HOWLAND.
One of the keenest reviewers in this country says: "*This great American Novel is grander than anything* GEORGE ELLIOTT *ever wrote.*" what higher praise could it have?
PUBLISHED BY
**JOHN P. JEWETT, 27 Clinton Place, New York.**
LEE & SHEPHERD, BOSTON.
For sale by all Booksellers. Price, $1.75.

71.2009 084 08671